THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 4, 1966

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SECRETARY WEAVER

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VOL. 87 NO. 9

(REG. U.S. FAT OFF.)

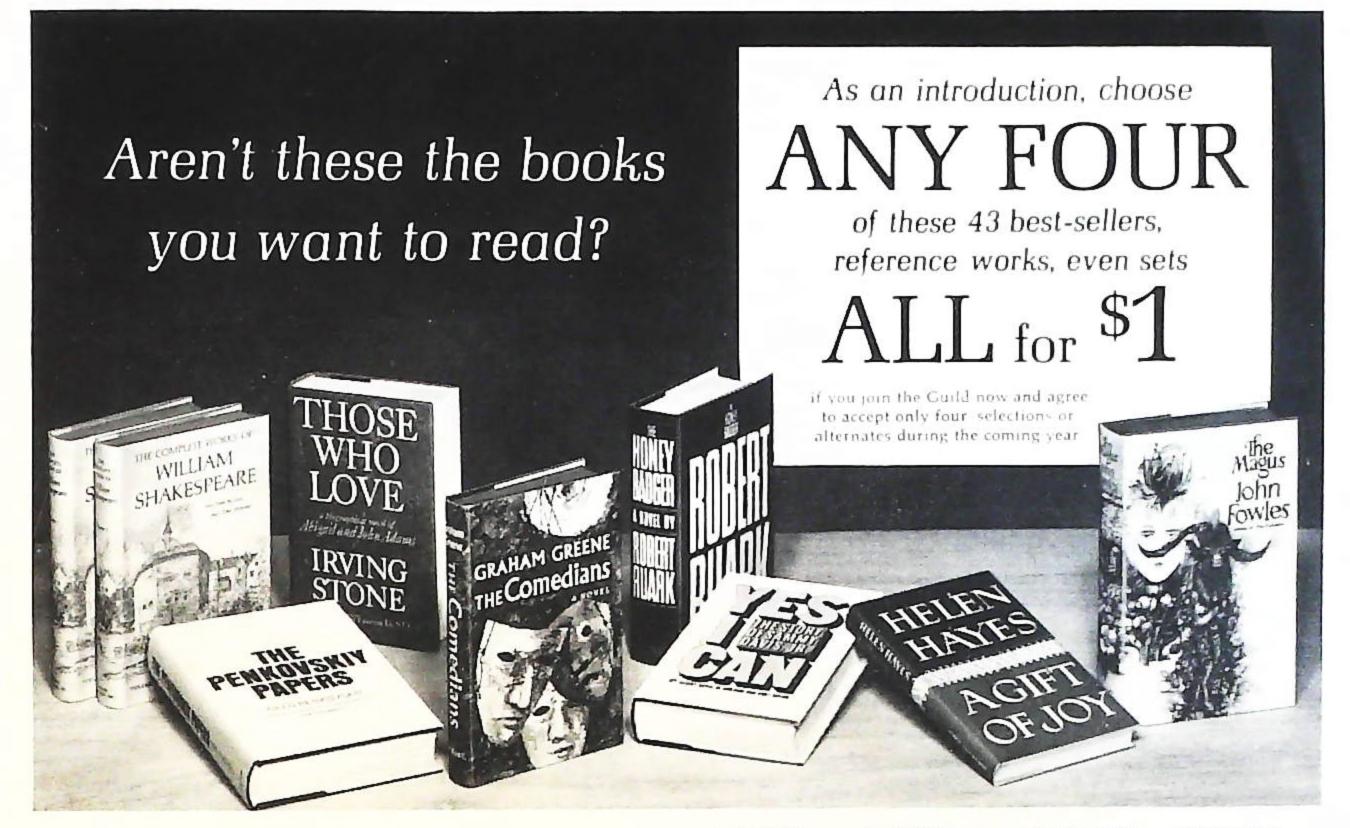
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The Johnson election

(Publisher's

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DEBUARS you have noticed how many of today's best-sellers are Literary Guild books. But, you may not have realized that members get these books as soon as published - and are guaranteed savings of 40% to 60% on every book they want

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Being first to enjoy the newest best-sellers at savings like these is a continuing benefit of Literary Guild membership. Months be fore publication. Guild editors contract for the books which in their judgment will be most widely discussed and enjoyed - from among thousands of manuscripts submitted by leading publishers. Handsome Guild editions are then printed in large, economical press runs which make possible the savings to members.

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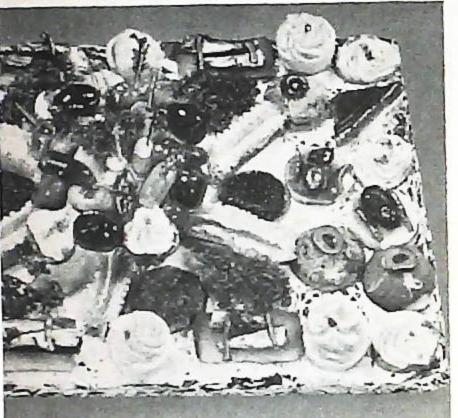
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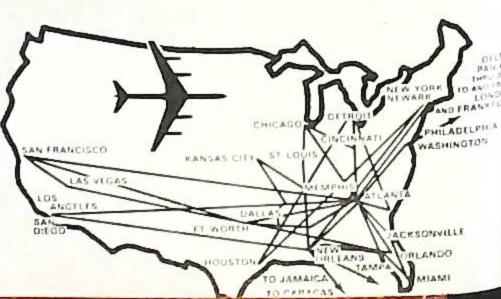


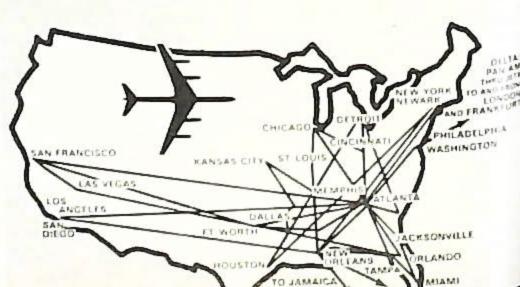


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Can you think of a nicer way to eat up 600 miles?

Cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, Champagne, vin Rosé . . . Gulf shrimp remoulade . . . a crisp tomato salad . . . charcoal broiled strip sirloin or filet mignon. What a delight to dine a la Delta! From Banner Jet First Class menus like this to appetizing Tourist fare, Delta makes your trip a real treat.





Mary got to school early for Student Council. Her team won in gym. After play rehearsal, she'll Watusi with the gang.

> She needs sugar in her life. For energy.

She needs energyless, artificially sweetened foods and beverages like a turtle needs a seat belt. Sugar swings. Serve some.

Sugar's got what it takes

...18 calories per teaspoon and it's all energy



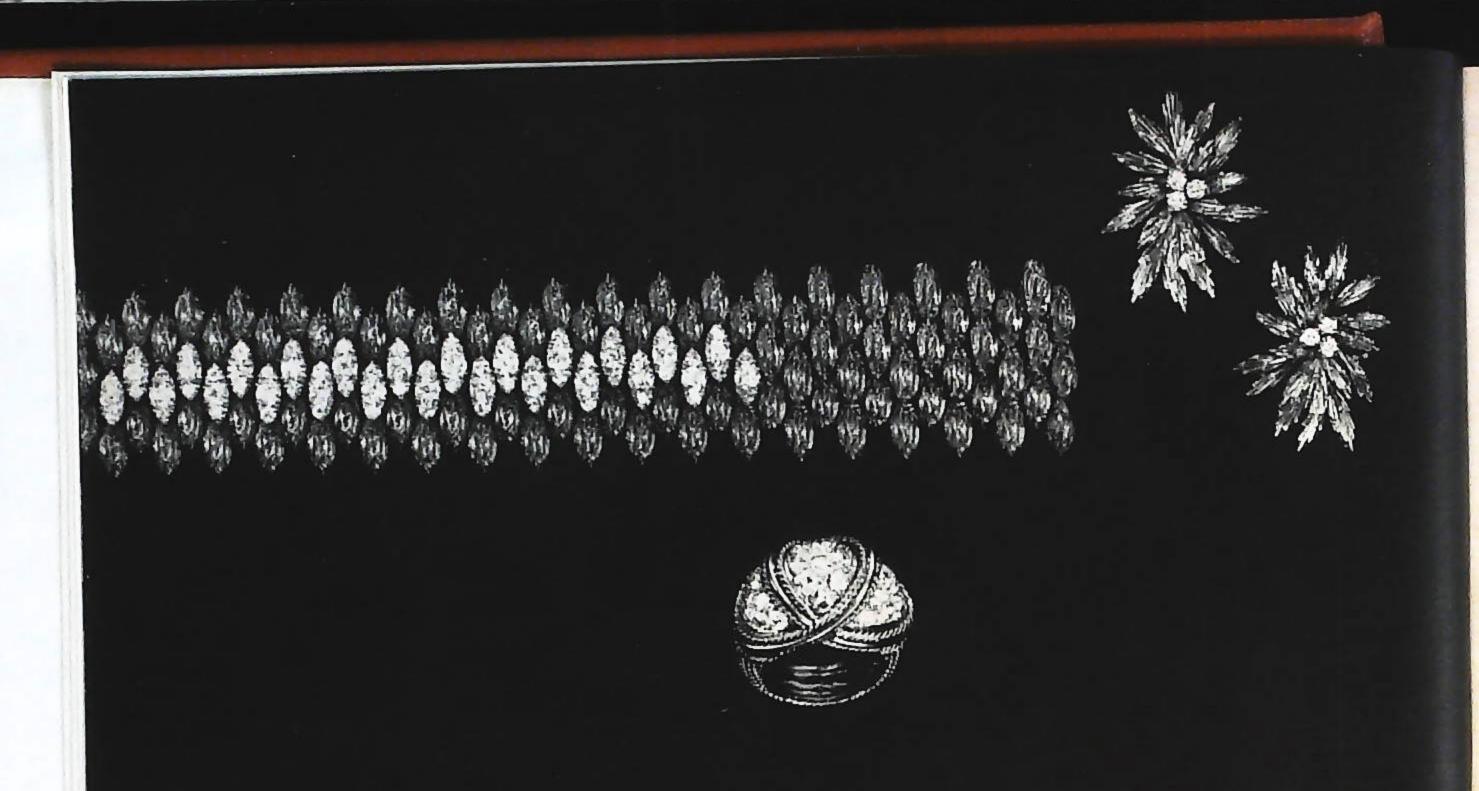
Note to Mothers:

Exhaustion may be dangerous—especially to children who haven't learned to avoid it by pacing themselves. Exhaustion opens the door a little wider to the bugs and ailments that are always lying in wait. Sugar puts back energy fast-offsets exhaustion. Synthetic sweeteners put back nothing. Energy is the first requirement of life. Play safe with your young onesmake sure they get sugar every day.

Sugar Information, Inc.

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

For sweetness with energy, get beet or cane sugar



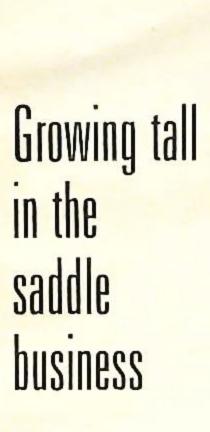
Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love

Love can never grow old. Neither can the beauty of the diamond. It matters little whether your gift for an important occasion or a special day is lavish or modest. The diamond's meaning is beyond all worldly values.

Bracelet, about \$3500; earrings, about \$250; ring, about \$950. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.







Vice President G. M. Powel of Employers Mutuals and President J. E. Watkins of Chattanooga Saddlery Company, Inc., anticipate the excitement these new western saddles will bring their owners. (They didn't allow this lunch-break amusement to become horseplay—a plant taboo.)

Wausau Story

In fifteen years the Chattanooga Saddlery Company has grown from a 12-man shop into an operation employing more than 200 men and women. Each week, now, some 1500 saddles are shipped for distribution across the U.S. and overseas.

"We must be doing something right," says President J. E. Watkins of his company's growth.

Many things right, we'd say—and among them, having the experienced counsel of Employers Mutuals of Wausau right from the very start.

With Employers Mutuals' sound guidance in safe procedures, Chattanooga Saddlery has integrated safety with routine, spared loss to employees and the company through the control of accidents and insurance costs.

If your company is growing or grown up, right now is the time to take a look at your business insurance needs. Workmen's compensation, group health and accident plans, all forms of fire and casualty insurance. Let the "good people to do business with" help you. Call Employers Mutuals of Wausau, listed in the Yellow Pages. Or, write Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Insurance of WALSALI



185 Offices Coast to Coast "Good People to do business with"

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966



most of the higher-priced sedans.)

in only 9.4 seconds-that still

squeezes about 26 miles from

each gallon of gas.

steering. Four forward synchro- Yawning trunk. (Swallows five

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Of course, the Triumph 2000

boasts such sedan-like features as

luxurious reclining front bucket

seats. Child-proof door locks.

make exciting sports cars. Like the

"gone Detroit." Because the 2000

is probably quite unlike any sedan

you've ever driven. In fact, you

might think you were driving a

With accurate rack-and-pinion

But please don't think we've

TR-4A and Spitfire Mk2.)

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when you test-drive the 2000. Otherwise, you might think you were driving the world's only 4-



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Your electric service costs so little, you can do all sorts of baking for a few cents' worth.

That's part of the miracle of electric service-its very low price. While the price of most things has been climbing over the years, the price of electric service keeps coming down. In fact, today the average family pays about 15% less per kilowatt-hour for service than it did 10 years ago. Which all goes to prove an important point. Sound business management - and energetic business enterprise - together mean dependable, low-priced electric service for you, both now and in the future.

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Watch for "Hollywood Palace," Saturday, March 12, 9.30 P.M., Eastern Time, on ABC-TV *Names of sponsoring companies available through this magazine.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 2 BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEA-

TER (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* William Shatner stars in a drama about a jungle doctor accused of malpractice and murder.

Thursday, March 3 CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). The Devil at Four O'Clock. Spencer Tracy, as a hardhanded Irish-American priest, and Frank Sinatra, as a hard-case Italo-American criminal, invoke the blessings of heaven in their work at a children's leper colony situated on the slopes of a volcano that may erupt any moment,

Friday, March 4 THE SAMMY DAVIS JR. SHOW (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Sammy's third appearance of the season will have more of himself and less of his friends. Guests include the Supremes and Jonathan Winters.

Saturday, March 5 ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The World Ski Jumping championship from Oslo, Norway; the Daytona 500 Stock Car championship from Daytona, Fla.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC. 9-11:15 p.m.). The Five Pennies. This movie biography of Jazz Musician Ernest Loring ("Red") Nichols is laden with heroics and sentimentality, but Danny Kaye and Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong have a ball and save the show.

Sunday, March 6

CBS NEWS RELIGIOUS BROADCAST (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). A tour around the new Israel Museum in Jerusalem to see exhibits ranging from 5th century Persian gold ornaments to Picasso and op art.

CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.) Part 3 of "In Search of Ezra Pound" traces Pound's childhood, college life and self-exile in Europe.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS. 6-6:30 p.m.). "Nehru: Man of Two Worlds" highlights Nehru's career from his days in prison to his election as independent India's first Prime Minister.

WALT D'SNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part 2 of the story about a girl who wants to dance, filmed with the Royal Danish Ballet.

Tuesday, March 8 CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "Our Friends, the French": the state of the Franco-American alliance as seen through the eyes of Frenchmen.

THEATER

On Broadway

a All times E.S.T.

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME! is an honest and lyrical, sentimental and humorous account of a young Irishman's preparations to leave his homeland for America. A uniformly excellent cast is headed by Dubliners Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford, who play the hero's inner and outer selves.

SWEET CHARITY. As a taxi dancer in search of lasting love, Gwen Verdon is Terpsichore's darling and fortune's foil.

Bob Fosse's choreography sizzles, but Neil Simon's book is a burnt-out case.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE is John Osborne's Inferno, the journey of an "irredeemably mediocre" middle-aged soul through a modern hell, all the while lashing out at his fate with visceral scorn and waspish humor. Nicol Williamson makes him a good sight larger than most heroes.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE blends Brecht with the Theater of Cruelty, mixing in philosophy, revolution and insanity. A skin-tingling assault on the senses.

CACTUS FLOWER is a French bonbon oozing with sex. Barry Nelson is a sybaritic dentist who is affair-prone; Lauren Bacall plays the slightly soured nurse who saves him-then conquers him. Director Abe Burrows keeps this candied love apple dripping with amusement.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU. A note of nostalgia and innocence is struck by the APA repertory company in its stylish revival of the 1936 George Kaufman-Moss Hart comedy classic.

Off Broadway

THE MAD SHOW. With only a passing nod to Mad magazine, this revue satirizes TV kiddie shows, soap-flake operas, recording stars. It has more jaw than teeth, but the show is entertaining.

HOGAN'S GOAT. Ethnic memory is tapped as William Alfred evokes Irish character, customs and clout in Brooklyn at the turn of the century. Beneath the blarney and blather lies the story of the making and unmaking of an American politician.

THE WHITE DEVIL. A revival in modern dress recaptures all the gory gothic elements of John Webster's 17th century melodrama of destruction wrought by ambition, greed, murder and revenge.

RECORDS

Folk & Other

PAUL BUTTERFIELD, at 24, is a virtuoso on the harmonica, the new "in" instrument that folk aficionados, picking up an old colloquialism, call a "harp." Butterfield's harp is electrically amplified, and he gets extraordinary saxophone-like effects with it. On his first album, The Paul Butterfield Blues Band (Elektra), he not only blows a wild-sweet harp but also shows that he is one of the best young bluesmen around by singing the likes of Shake Your Money-Maker and Thank You Mr. Poobah, vigorously backed by guitars, drums, organ and bass.

SANDY BULL, an accomplished guitarist, plays folk music as well as jazz, classical works and his own too-lengthy ragalike musings. His Inventions (Vanguard) includes such surprises as a Bach gavotte played on an electric guitar with an organlike sonority, a 14th century ballad performed on oud, banjo and guitar, and a swinging selection of 20th century rhythm and blues.

skouri, 28, singing in a supper club outside Athens and brought her to the U.S. to tour and record with him some Songs from Greece (RCA Victor), with folk lyrics but melodies mostly by Manos

a poetic language of love for Belafonte's mellifluous voice (In the Small Boat Walking on the Moon). Mouskouri adds some dreamlike songs about freedom (The Town Crier, The Baby Snake).

AMALIA RODRIGUEZ, one of Portugal's most marketable exports, is queen of the lemon-flavored café song known as fado (Fado literally means fate and is always cruel.) Amalia's new album, called the Soul of Portugal (Columbia), contains a dozen fados (Corner of Sin, Useless Angel), similar in mood to Edith Piaf's chansons but stamped with Portuguese rhythms and Amalia's tangy timber.

KENNETH MCKELLAR, a stylish Scottish tenor who is equally at home singing Handel arias, gives meticulous attention to Greensleeves and Other Songs of the British Isles (London). Abetted by a sensitive orchestral accompaniment, McKellar's expressiveness and polish bring freshness to such faded ballads as The Last Rose of Summer and Ye Banks and Braes.

THE ROMEROS, which is to say the young Spanish guitarists Celin, Angel and Pepe along with their father Celedonia, perform An Evening of Flamenco Music (Mercury). The quartet plays four of the gypsy dances, but the most brilliant interludes are Pepe's solos, including the flashy Bulerias and the moody Granadias.

CINEMA

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET. Folksy humor and lyrical fantasy heighten the impact of this masterly Czech tragedy-a deceptively simple tale of a hennecked nobody (Josef Króner) who befriends but ultimately betrays the doomed old Jewess (Ida Kamińska) whose button shop given to him by Nazis ruling a complacent Slovakian village in 1942.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW An Italian Communist, Director Pier Paolo Pasolini, vividly re-creates the world and work of Christ with a cast of nonprofessional actors, a script taken line for line from Scripture, and a blessed ab sence of the usual conventions.

KING AND COUNTRY. The trial and ex ecution of a pathetic World War I de serter (Tom Courtenay) mean agony for the officer (Dirk Bogarde) assigned to defend him in this rigorous British drama by Joseph Losey (The Servant).

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX. While the wreckage of a twin-engined transport sit zles in mid-Sahara, Director Robert Aldrich coolly studies a crew of survivor headed by James Stewart in their attempt to escape on a wing and a prayer.

OTHELLO. Playing the Moor of Venice if blackface, Laurence Olivier often strike verbal fire from the kindling poetry of Shakespeare's tragedy but fails to ignife the smoldering passion of the inner man

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO. Before and after the Russian Revolution, lovers move through a many-splendored landscape in David Lean's version of Pasternak's classic. Omai Sharif is Zhivago, Julie Christie his Lara

REPULSION. Terror shrouds a London flat in this classic chiller about a demure blonde murderess (Catherine Denember and her eager suitors.

THUNDERBALL. The latest James Bond HARRY BELAFONTE heard Nana Mou- survival kit includes an Aqualung, a hack pack jet and, again, Sean Connery con quering the fair sex and some foul foes.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD This strong, stark adaptation of John R Carré's novel has Richard Burton giving (Never on Sunday) Hadjidakis. Greek is his best screen performance as a burnt-out



TRICYCLE

Remember when you rode a tricycle as a kid? Compared with a bike it was pretty simple to handle. Same thing's true of the modern Piper Cherokee because it, too, uses the tricycle principle for its landing gear.

TT'S one reason why the Cherokee seems to want to do A everything right. It inherently rolls straight on takeoff and landing. If you land with a little drift, the tricycle gear automatically corrects for it, whereas older airplanes with their little tail wheels had a tendency to wander all over the place. And you don't have to teeter on a stall a few inches off the ground to make a "threepoint" landing. You just ease down onto the runway with seldom an embarrassing bounce.

Actually, all modern airplanes now use the tricycle landing gear and this innovation is one of several big reasons why flying is so much simpler than just a few years ago.

The tricycle gear takes on even better characteristics when combined with low wing design. That's why we at Piper, after building tens of thousands of high wing airplanes, have switched completely to low wing except for the Super Cub (still produced in limited quantity). With low wing several good things happen. First, the center of gravity is much lower. Second, the wheel tread can be made much wider. With low CG and wide stance there's no top-heavy tippy feeling when you fly the Cherokee.

The low wing offers other benefits, too. Visibility's so much better. And, in the Cherokee, a "magic" pillow of air between wing and runway cushions every landing.

\$5 Introductory Flight Lesson

Like to see for yourself? Five dollars is all you need for the Special Introductory Flight Lesson your Piper dealer is offering. With a government-rated flight instructor, you'll quickly learn how easy-and fascinating!-it is to handle the quiet, smooth-running Cherokee.

Visit your Piper dealer today-this weekend for sure. No coupon needed. Just come out to the airport, say you want to take the Special \$5 Introductory Flight Lesson, and the rest is easy.

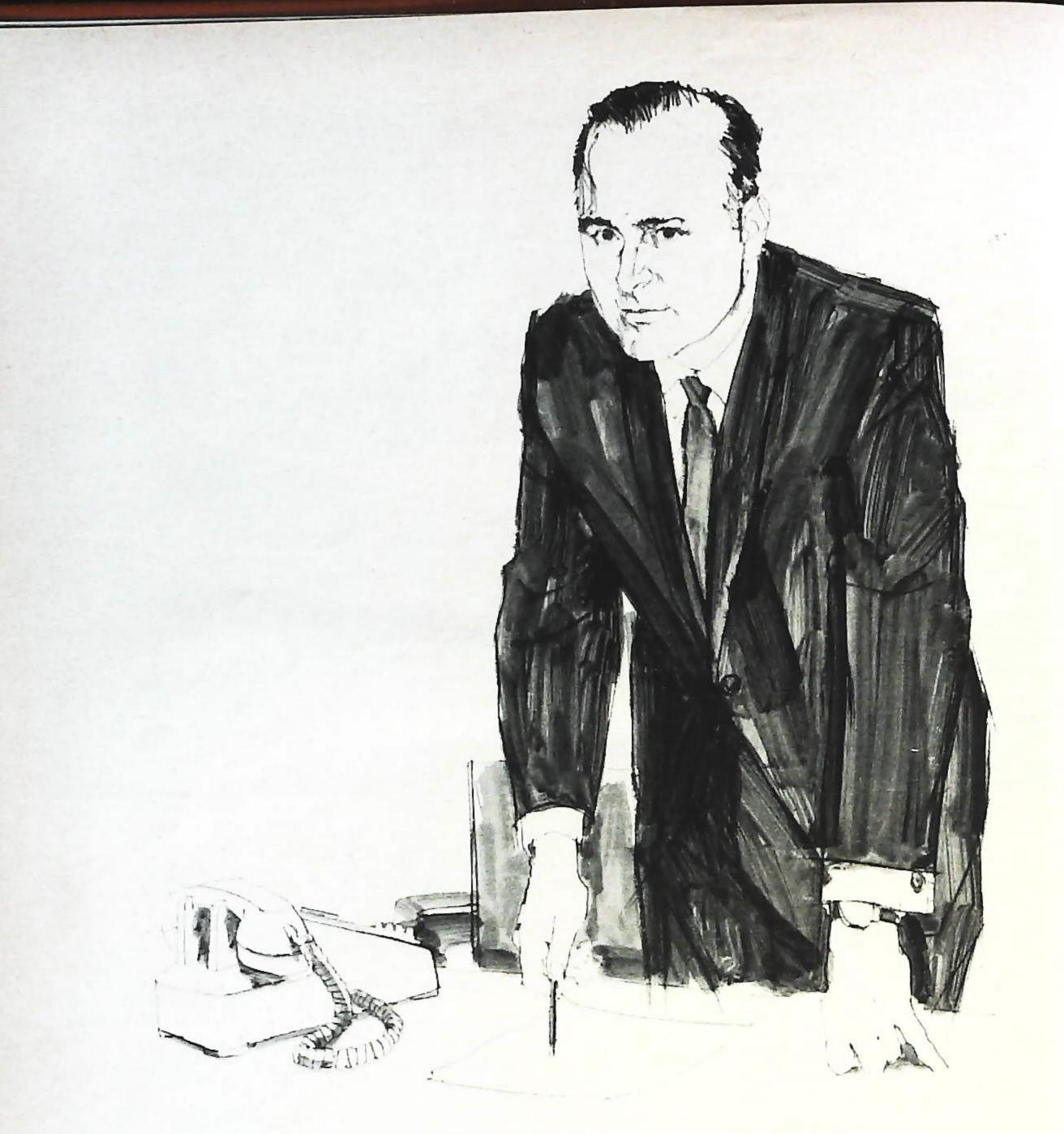


If you don't find your Piper dealer in the Yellow Pages, write for his name. You'll receive a Flight Facts Kit including 20-page booklet "Let's Fly." Just write Dept. 3-T.

> Lock Haven, Pa. (Main Offices) Vero Beach, Florida

PIPER HAS BUILT MORE AIRPLANES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966



"LONG DISTANCE SELLING IS GIVING US ANOTHER BANNER YEAR!"

says Philip Bell, President, Pearce-Simpson, Inc., Miami, Florida

"As a leading producer of marine and citizen's-band two-way radios, we have been doing 90% of our selling by Long Distance over the past three years," Mr. Bell points out. "We've enjoyed steadily increasing sales success at steadily decreasing costs—and last year we nearly doubled sales of the year before.

"With 925 dealers scattered all over the country, Long Distance provides us with regular sales coverage. Personal visits prove costly for us to use too frequently. We use Long Distance to get

reorders, solve problems as they arise, and maintain good manufacturer-retailer relations. The payoff clearly speaks for itself."

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Bell System

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Mr. Alec Pappas, Vice-President and Assistant Director of Engineering at the test site for a drone antisubmarine helicopter made on Long Island, N.Y. for the U.S. Navy's DASH weapon system



"Look, I work for a helicopter company. I'd rather invest in that than buy life insurance!"

"But a MONY man proved that I wasn't building up anything like the right amount of cash to guarantee my family an income if anything happened to me!"



MONY man Arthur Engelson talks it over with Alec Pappas "'I've got investments, some life insurance plus group insurance. That's enough, 'I told MONY man Arthur Engelson.

"But Arthur proved if anything did happen to me my family might suffer severe financial
hardship. What sounded like a
lot of cash wouldn't be in terms
of yearly income. If I wanted to
guarantee an income, one my
wife could live on for life and yet
big enough to support the children in the early years, then I
couldn't afford to stall
"So Arthur came up with a

really comprehensive plan One that could provide my wife a realistic lifetime income Or if all went well I'd have cash towards a retirement fund. Or cash I could borrow. Since then Arthur even helped me set up a trust fund through my bank.

MONY

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York, New York,

We hate to think you'd buy this shoe just because it looks great.



The four exclusive Wright Arch Preserver features have you stepping out free and easy, feeling better than you ever felt before. Looks and comfort. You'll admit it's rare to get both.

For the same Wright Arch Preserver comfort, 36-hole variety, ask your pro about PRO SHOP EXCLUSIVES

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British agent sent to set a diabolical trafor a tireless foe (Oskar Werner) in F-Germany.

DARLING. Low jinks in the jet set, with Julie Christie bouncing from pillow

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS. Baubles, bangles and Freudian beads bob to the surface when Director Federico Fellini (8) plumbs the subconscious of a matro (Giulietta Masina) beset by marital woes.

BOOKS

Best Reading

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL, by Ken neth Rexroth. Novel it is not, but it is novel autobiography of an old bohemian who describes with much wit and some wisdom the anarchists, pacifists, ragge utopians and plain cranks he encountered during a merrily freewheeling life.

THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL KEITE Chief of the German High Command, 1938 1945, edited by Walter Görlitz. Completed just before he was hanged as a war criminal, this memoir by Hitler's top militan man gives a fascinating account of t last days of the Wehrmacht as well as chilling insight into the moral myopi that afflicted the Nazi high command.

ALLENBY OF ARABIA, by Brian Gardner An eloquent and meticulous biography of Sir Edmund Allenby, the great Britis general whose Palestine campaign knocke Turkey out of World War I.

A CHOICE OF WEAPONS, by Gorda Parks. The well-known Negro photogn pher recounts without a trace of self-pit his struggle to find a better weapon the hatred to use against the injustices he en countered in a white man's society.

IN COLD BLOOD, by Truman Capote. The darkest side of murder-in this case the slaughter of a farm family in Kansasis illuminated with a fidelity that mak the act as real as it was meaningless.

A VISION OF BATTLEMENTS, by Anthon Burgess. This wry account of a young Bri on's jousts with the military bullies an oafs stationed on Gibraltar during an after World War II shines like a Faper bauble when compared with the usual sortment of wartime reminiscences.

THE PROUD TOWER, by Barbara man. The author skillfully reconstruct the edifice of Europe—comfortable, cor placent, seemingly secure—that was topple before the guns of August 1914

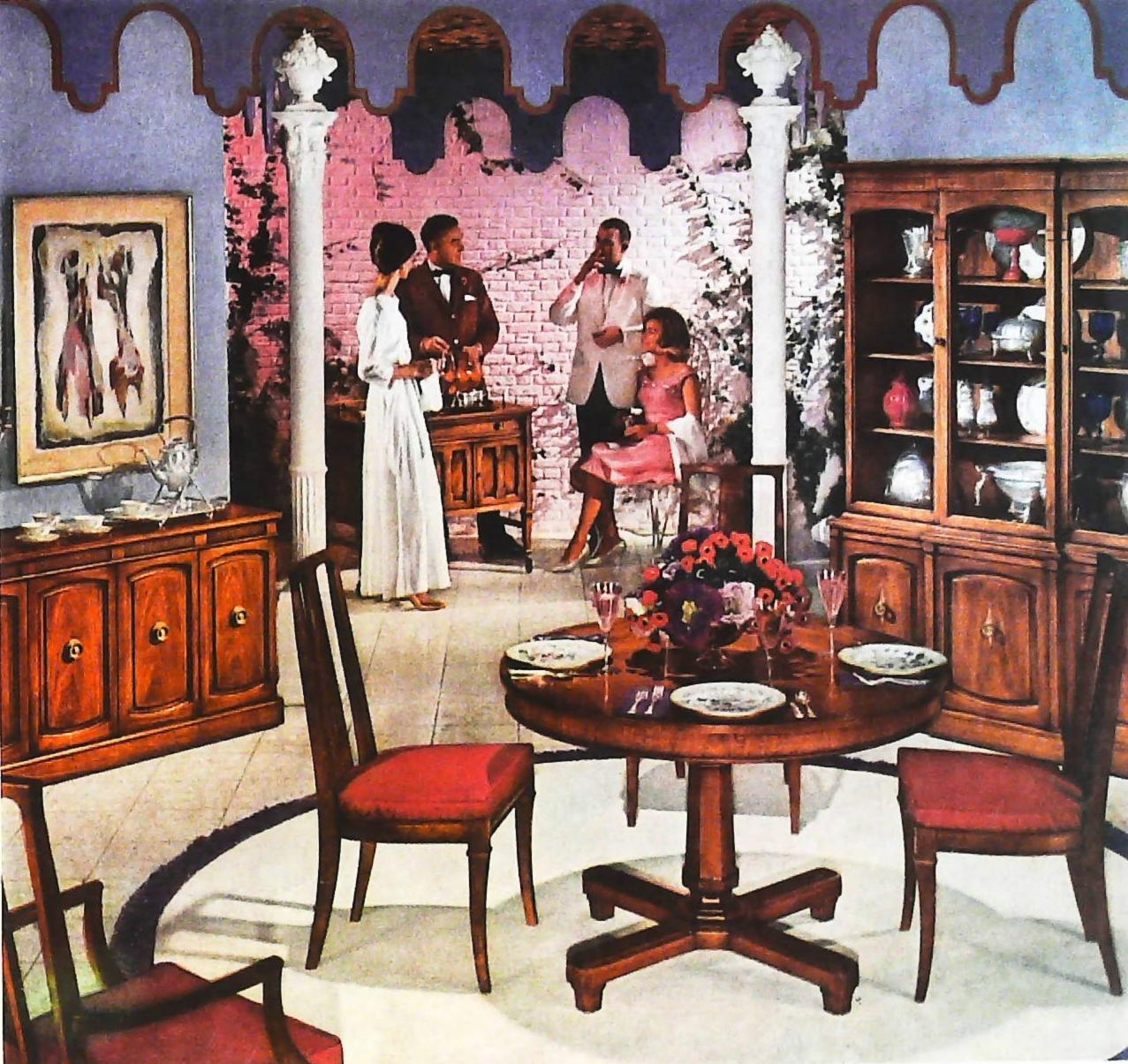
Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1. The Source, Michener (I last week) 2. Those Who Love, Stone (2)
- 3. The Double Image, MacInnes (3)
- 4. The Embezzler, Auchincloss (7)
- 5. The Comedians, Greene (5)
- 6. The Lockwood Concern, O'Hara (4
- 7. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (6)
- 8. The Billion Dollar Brain, Deighton
- 9. Thomas, Mydans (8)
- 10. The Rabbi, Gordon

NONFICTION

- In Cold Blood, Capote (1)
- 2. The Proud Tower, Tuchman (3)
- 3. A Thousand Days, Schlesinger (2)
- 4. Games People Play, Berne (4)
- 5. A Gift of Prophecy, Montgomery in
- 6. Kennedy, Sorensen (5)
- 7. The Penkovskiy Papers, Penkovskiy
- 8. The Last 100 Days, Toland 9. Yes I Can, Davis and Boyar (8)
- 10. A Gift of Joy, Hayes (9)



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LETTERS

Artur's Round Table

Sir: Thank you for a fascinating and perceptive story on Artur Rubinstein [Feb. 25], surely one of our most enduring—and endearing—musical geniuses. In a world in which so many distrust or dislike their lives, it's a pleasure to read about someone who loves and cares about his own enough to transmit his joy to

(Mrs.) Elida D. Lawson New York City

Sir: Your enthusiasm overreaches itself when you call his playing of Mozart "impeccable." Though fine indeed, it is still marred by that same romanticism that is the Rubinstein trademark. What is interesting in this regard is not the pianist's limitation but the certainty that he will improve, that in time his Mozart will have the clarity and refinement it needs. On the basis of his spirit and energy alone, Rubinstein deserves his superb life.

DONALD WILSON New York City

Sir: Rubinstein's unique blending of "romantic" and "modern" piano styles deserves the highest praise of the civilized world. But to state categorically that he is "the world's greatest planist," to put him on a pedestal above Horowitz, Richter, Serkin, etc., is irresponsible reporting of a type to which I think Rubinstein himself would take exception

MILTON SETZER

New York City

Sir: The Rubinstein story is a gem. WILLIAM M. AVERY JR.

Elmhurst, Ill.

War With Words

Sir: As a Vietnamese, I find your cover story on Premier Ky [Feb. 18] excellent. At last people will understand that the government is doing its best to defend and help the people. DOAN TAN HOL

Nashville, Tenn.

Sir Time's Viet Nam coverage has been nothing less than outstanding, the story on Dean Rusk [Feb. 4] nothing less than just Now, after a week of Fulbright's foreign relations circus, I think we can all agree with Truman's view of the man as "that overeducated Oxford s.o.b."

NORMAND W. DUFRESNE Lowell, Mass.

Sir: What we need is more "overeducated Oxford so.b.s" [Feb. 18] in Congress and fewer "shocking exposes" that are shocking only in their intent to malign. (MRS.) MARIE G. ALI

Mt. Rainier, Md.

To accuse Senator Fulbright of a blind spot" in not accepting the myth of monolithic-belligerent Communist bloc s to reveal your own. That Communist doctrine is neither monolithic nor necessarily nor always belligerent is no longer an opinion. It's a fact! I know of no repustable scholar who would argue otherwise HERBERT W WERLIN

Instructor in Political Science

tate University of New York tony Brook, N.Y.

My greatest fear is that the Fulbrights. Morses and Kennans will prevail

These men don't want to negotiate; they want to capitulate. L. G. HAMILTON

Geneva, Ill.

Third Force

Sir. True, Lockheed is a great company, and much of the credit belongs to Chairman Gross and his dynamic executives [Feb. 11]. You say the chairman is a banker turned supersalesman and that the president and vice president were accountants who became brilliant administrators. But it takes more than salesmen and administrators to produce technological triumphs. Oh yes, you did say. "Engineers and scientists constitute a third of Lockheed's work force.

CHRISTOS T. CHRISTY President

Engineers-Scientists Guild Lockheed Section Burbank, Calif.

Sir: About your story on Courtlandt Gross, I raised half of that \$40,000 to buy the company out of receivership in 1932, at the bottom of the depression, and served as a director during the formative years. As a close personal friend of Bob Gross from childhood, may I add that only a genius could play second fiddle to his inspiring brother all those yearsand in the end rise to greater heights.

MAJOR GENERAL LAWRENCE C. AMES U.S.A.F. (Ret.)

Oakland, Calif.

Stress & Distress

Lafayette, La.

Sir: TIME's discussion of clerical celibacy [Feb. 18] has done a great service by bringing into the open a festering sore in the structure of the church. Celibacy as a sine qua non for the priesthood of the Latin Rite is a product neither of the demands of faith nor of the conclusions of sound theology. The stress on celibacy in Western Catholicism at times borders on the irrational. The Oriental Church has realized the error of identifying a vocation to the priesthood with a voca-

tion to the celibate life. (THE REV.) ROGER J. MOAG Catholic Student Center U.S.L. Campus

Sir: As a married Roman Catholic layman. I have always felt that I should much prefer to receive marital guidance Sir: It is too late for the Ford Foundafrom a married priest. I firmly believe that tion to save the U.S. from so-called Amos clerical celibacy should be a matter of 'n' Andy accents. Dig the President! Dig

choice, not a requirement for ordination, Matrimony is considered a sacrament by Roman Catholics. Why deprive our priests of its many graces? DONALD E. COLOGNE

Smithtown, N.Y.

Sir. Your treatment of celibacy is misleading, superficial and one-sided You cite exceptional cases to show that the celibate priesthood is falling apart. You should realize that the church's situation in South America is anything but favorable. What you attribute to some priests there may be one of many symptoms of a more widespread disease infecting South America's Christianity. Perhaps in South America many priests "who found celibacy no problem were either emotionally immature or latent homosexuals." But don't imply that this is so everywhere.

JOHN J. BUCKLEY JR.

Archdiocesan Seminary Cardinal Glennon College St. Louis

Sir: A priest who seeks solution of his problems in marriage betrays an immature appreciation of what marriage is about. Marriage is not a solution, it is a vocation, wherein persons give themselves totally to form a new creation. The celibate is capable of the greatest fulfillment because the possibility of devoting himself to many rather than to one is uniquely his.

(THE REV.) STEPHEN F. DUFFY St. Augustine's Rectory Union City, N.J.

Taint Necessarily So

Sir: Three cheers for the Ford Foundation! It is time someone began teaching Americans their native tongue [Feb. 18]. But why stop with the American Negro? Slurred and mispronounced speech is one of the characteristics most frequently noted by foreign visitors among Americans. Classes like those you describe should be available to all students with poor speech.

JOHN M. BRENNAN

Port Jefferson, N.Y.

Sir: We wondered, as we drove South last December, when we would notice dialectolalia. It happened in Tennessee, when the gas-station attendant responded to my "Fill 'er up" by saying, "Hahtaste?" In a Florida state park the ranger said, "Ahmtored. Hadahordnot."

GEORGE JOHNSON Wausau, Wisconsin

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TIME, MARCH 4, 1966



Gershwin! Dig all the rock 'n' roll beat groups! Pick up on all the bestselling novels! Because I am one of them millions of "can-not-be/shall-not-be/integrated or (Uncle Ralph Bunche) assimilated," I figure it's best to talk, walk, sing and swing like a true nigger! It is like my music, jazz. It's personal, and the sounds often change from nigger to Negro and from colored to Afro. That's our sound. It's our contribution to the world, it's pure Afro-American. It's beautiful. 'Taint necessarily so that our sounds have to go.

TED JOANS
jazz poet

en route to Dakar

College of the Air

Sir: Your story on radio's vitality [Feb. 18] fails to mention college radio. While most college operations are limited to the campus, many are expanding. My own station, the country's oldest college station, has turned dream into reality: we have expanded to a 20,000-watt stereo FM station to serve Southern New England with public affairs and music programs. College radio is on the move—I believe that many of tomorrow's radio executives are getting their start at college stations rather than in broadcasting schools.

FRED BRACK Program Director

WBRU Brown University Providence

Prof's Pride

Sir: I appreciated your excellent piece on the Berkeley, Calif., Police Department [Feb. 18]. Every word of it is correct. I have special pride in the department because I am the sole remaining member of the University of California group that helped Chief Vollmer establish a modern department. Soon after Vollmer (a former mail carrier) became chief, he consulted Professors Jessica Peixotto, A. M. Kidd and me. Dr. Peixotto was a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections and taught criminology; Professor Kidd taught criminal law; I, formerly at Stanford, had also taught criminology and been chairman of the probation committee of the Juvenile Court of Santa Clara County. We drafted plans for the department and gave lectures on criminology to Vollmer's staff.

IRA B. Cross Retired Flood Professor of Economics Berkeley, Calif.

Acting It Out

Sir. In your review of John McGahern's The Dark [Feb. 18], you quote Samuel Johnson. "The Irish are a fair people. They never speak well of one another." They don't act well to one another either The Dark has been banned from Ireland, and McGahern has lost his teaching post at a Dublin school. He has, it seems, committed two unforgivable sins, not only has he written a "dirty" book; he has also (God protect us from all harm) married outside the church.

Maurice C King

Dublin

I Remember Ezra

Sir: You say of the Soviet decision to let Novelist Valery Tarsis go to England [Feb. 18] "The official rationale was that since Tarsis' most recent underground novel, Ward 7, concerns his experience as a political prisoner in an insane asylum, he is

a certified lunatic, hence not legally has for his ravings." America, remember E

LAWRENCE RUSSELI Torremolinos, Spain

Pooh Who?

Sir: Mr. Disney's Pooh presumpt [Feb. 18] isn't worth a tiddley-pum. PRESTON K. COVEY IN

Pittsburgh

Sir: A great salute to Mr. Disney, we has again brought to life one of the we derful characters of all time.

(Mrs.) Cora S. Killer Seal Beach, Calif.

Sir: You better watch out, Mr. Distr. That is not Pooh.

JULIE CLARK

Melbourne, Australia

Good Gout

Sir: Thank you for a story that did mate to improve the gout sufferer's image [F: 18]. My husband's gout attack was not by others with a "ho, ho, ho" attached and the usual remark, "That's the discoft the boozers and the high living "Not he ought to command a little responsible to the boozers. Mrs. Ewald F. Fischer

Hastings, Minn.

Degenerate Blintz

Sir: I wonder if Letter Writer George Cooley, commenting on Barbra Susand [Feb. 18], realizes that a crepe suze is nothing more than a degenerate bline Mrs. J. Roll

Cleveland

All Their Buttons

Sir: Before noticing the presence of pocket handkerchief and the absence stripes on the sleeves, I would have swyour example of avant-garde fashion [F25] was photographed in a Navy exchange The Double-B look is certainly not new to us.

S. A. Mohsberg III Midshipman 2/c, U.S.

Annapolis, Md.

Sir: Horrors! Is Time trying to standard new look in fashion by leaving the button on its double-breasted blazer buttoned? I heartily applaud the few gence of the Double-B style, but I obliged to point out that no Double man who is worth his brass would be a button unbuttoned.

ROBERTO C. BISSON

New York City

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & Lilling, Rocketeller Center, New York, N. V

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TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

A letter from the PUBLISHER Beuland M. Quer

↑LTHOUGH they have had their A share of close calls, the TIME correspondents covering the war in Viet Nam had, until last week, come through unscathed. On Washington's Birthday, Pentagon Correspondent John Mulliken, on a two-month tour of duty in South Viet Nam, became our first casualty. He was wounded -fortunately only slightly-by a sniper's bullet while on a searchand-destroy mission with the U.S. 25th Infantry Division's 2nd Brigade in a patch of woods 20 miles northwest of Saigon. The bullet drilled a clean hole through the heel, missed the bones. Mulliken, a combat veteran of World War II, took the matter lightly, cabled his wife from the hospital about the precise area of his injury: IF YOU WANTED TO SHOOT YOURSELF, THIS IS THE SPOT YOU WOULD CHOOSE TO DO THE LEAST DAMAGE. To the Silver and Bronze stars he already holds, his colleagues in the Washington bureau plan to add a third citation: the Order of Achilles.

IN the nine years since Ghana became independent, Time has been banned, burned, scissored, or otherwise censored in that country so many times that we've lost count. This was thin-skinned Kwame Nkrumah's way of registering his displeasure with stories that were frank and detailed about the "Redeemer's" oppressive regime and his economic mismanagement of a promising young nation. Another form of damaging official harassment has been the on-and-off exclusion -and in one case the arrest-of our reporters.

When Nkrumah's leftist police state was toppled by a military coup last week, Time's editors were eager



MEDIC & MULLIKEN

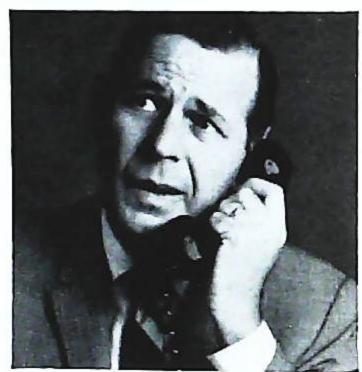
for coverage. First off the mark was Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer, based in neighboring Nigeria, who flew into Accra a few hours after the coup and was able to get his file to the editors just under the Saturday-night deadline.

Significant as the immediate news was, both Writer John Blashill, who toured South and West Africa in January 1965, and Senior Editor Edward Hughes, who reported to TIME from Africa for 2½ years in the '50s, envisaged a story that would place the coup in the framework of recent African history. To this end, correspondents tapped their sources in London, Paris, Washington and several posts in Africa itself. Writer Blashill found especially useful the perceptive chapter on Ghana in a new book, African Powder Keg, by Ronald Matthews, our correspondent in Tunisia. A source closer to home, a Ghanaian student working as a file clerk in Manhattan's Time & Life Building, proved knowledgeable about the new leaders in Ghana. His cousin is one of the top men in the new regime.

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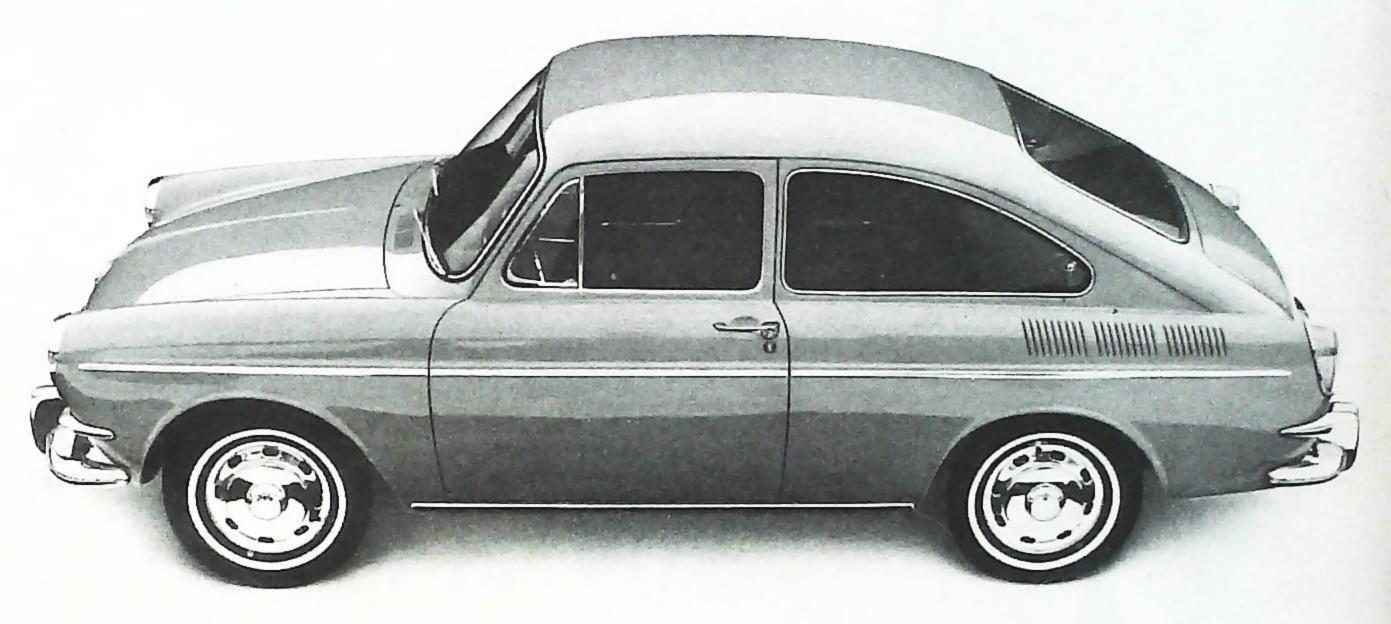
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TIME

Vol. 87, No. 9 March 4, 1966

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Hints of a Changing Equation

In the varying calculus of world politics, the principal constant is the fundamental conflict between regimes founded on repression and societies that aspire to liberty under law. The primary protagonists in the Cold War decades have been Communism and democracy; more immediately, they are Communist China and the U.S And while there have recently been some loud expressions of doubt and counseling of weakness on the free world's side, there were scattered signs last week that the struggle may be going better than most Westerners had dared to hope.

In Viet Nam, where years of frustration have given U.S officials a painful inoculation against euphoria, old hands almost embarrassedly admitted that things were looking up "I'm almost afraid to say it," allowed an intelligence officer in Saigon, "but I wonder if the Viet Cong aren't hurting-and maybe Nam-let alone Russia or China-is a even hurting badly."

Elsewhere there were other hints of a change in the equation of world affairs. In Ghana, where Kwame Nkrumah, one of Africa's last China lovers, had been ruthlessly consolidating a squalid little tyranny for nine years, a cadre of young colonels took advantage redeem their nation from his rule (see is the wave of the future

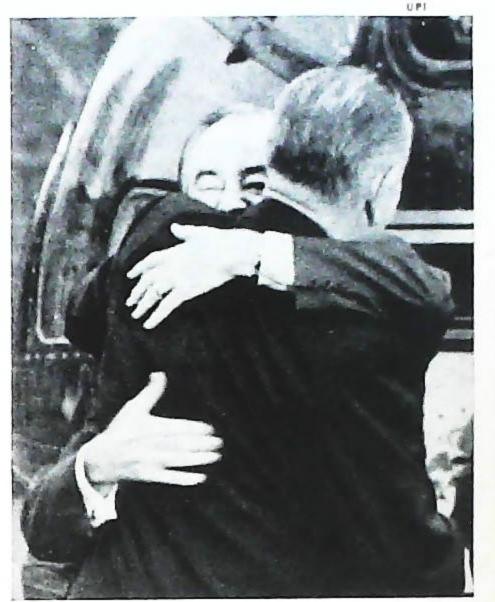
THE WORLD). In Indonesia, where Strongman Sukarno sought to refurbish his sullied image by firing Defense Minister Nasution, one of Peking's archenemies, anti-Communist students dared to howl their disapproval at the palace

In Russia, a new five-year plan jettisoned Nikita Khrushchev's dream of overtaking U.S. heavy industry by 1970 and focused instead on a goal that Red China's rulers condemn as pure capitalistic decadence—making life more pleasant for the people. Throughout the world, Peking seeks to incite "wars of national liberation." Yet in Red China itself, noted Columnist Joseph Alsop, the regime's paranoid leaders have become so distrustful of the younger generation that they have shipped all members of the three upper classes at pacesetting Peking University to Sinkiang. the Chinese Siberia, "to improve their minds by a period of hard labor."

Clearly, neither in Ghana nor Viet coup or demonstration or a series of advances and retreats any real premise or portent for the future. But the free world could take some comfort last week from the loosely linked chain of evidence around the world that repressive regimes were losing rather than gaining ground in their effort to impress of the Redeemer's visit to Peking to mankind that liberty, Communist-style,



NKRUMAH IN PEKING WITH CHOU EN-LAI (RIGHT) Redeemed from the Redeemer.



HUMPHREY & JOHNSON Light in the porthole.

THE WAR

"Restrained Optimism"

The helicopter bearing Hubert Humphrey eased deliberately through the chill twilight so as not to reach the White House lawn ahead of the TV cameras. It was the only leisurely part of his homecoming. The Vice President stepped from the chopper into Lyndon Johnson's capacious abrazo, then plunged into a hectic round of briefings and appearances. Having stumped nine Far Eastern countries to solicit support for the Johnson Administration's Viet Nam policy, his task last week was to convert the critics back home.

After giving the President an immediate "quick porthole look" of his impressions, Humphrey was back at 8 a.m. next day to address members of Congress. His listeners found Humphrey unwontedly militant, particularly since his mission had been to emphasize that the U.S. is as deeply committed to the struggle for a better life in Asia as it is to the defeat of Red aggression.

Talking "Win." In each of the "two wars," said Humphrey, "we have a right to have restrained optimism and confidence." Then, paraphrasing South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, he declared: "The National Liberation Front is neither national nor liberating. but it is a front. Communism is one thing as a theory for discussion in this country, but it is quite another in those small countries of Asia where its teeth are bared and its appetite consuming. Its creed is terror, murder, assassination." To make sure that the Administration's congressional critics got the point. Humphrey wondered aloud why some of them "always suggest what we might give up" in order to bring about negotiations. "Why not ask what Hanoi might give up?"

One listener who agreed went away saying: "He was talking 'Win.' He was much tougher than McNamara ever was before our committee, and tougher than Rusk." Senator Wayne Morse, who likes weak talk, grumped: "I think he has lost all his persuasiveness among people who think. I never expected my Vice President to make this plea for war."

Summoned back next day to brief a second group of lawmakers, Humphrey assured them: "We have now reached the stage where our military forces can sustain a planned, methodical forward movement." Though he was doubtful about the efficacy of B-52 raids on South Viet Nam when he left for the Far East, the Vice President added, he is now convinced they are useful.

Chums with Peking. Humphrey's handling of his trip and the subsequent briefings won him more attention than have come his way since his nomination in 1964. He also had his troubles. From Pakistan, where he had met the coolest reception of his tour, came a chorus of protest over a story distributed by the United States Information Service after he had left. It quoted him as saying that Pakistan was "fully aware of the threat of Communist China," whereas the regime is as eager as ever to stay chums with Peking. Humphrey subsequently denied making the statement. In India,

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was more polite, but still found it necessary to remind the U.S. publicly that Humphrey's visit had not changed her government's nonaligned foreign policy.

At home, Senator J. William Fulbright, on whose Foreign Relations Committee Humphrey once sat, embarrassed the Vice President by again inviting him to appear before the committee-even though he had already reported lengthily to the Congressmen (Fulbright left the Vice President's briefing 45 minutes early) and had turned down one invitation from the chairman the previous week. Fulbright's explanation for sending another was that he had found the White House presentation inadequate. "I really don't see the necessity for any further discussions," snapped Humphrey. "I suggest Congressmen should be looking for new issues and new copy and not having replays." Fulbright had reminded Humphrey that a vice-presidential appearance before his committee would not be unprecedented. Lyndon Johnson, while Vice President, actually asked to testify when he returned from an Asian trip in 1961. "That was his privilege," retorted Johnson's successor, "My name is Hubert Humphrey."

"A Fox in a Chicken Coop"

Few members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee followed its tell vised hearings on Viet Nam more close than the junior Senator from New Y who is not even a member of Willi Fulbright's debating society. As the terrogation droned on, Robert F. Ker nedy restlessly paced his Washingh office, occasionally caught himself ing back to the screen. Bothering Bol was his belief that Administrate spokesmen were dodging a key que tion: What role should the Viet Con play during a peace conference? An afterward?

Finally, Kennedy set a squad speechwriters to work on that unmoole issue, stayed up to polish their prountil 3 o'clock in the morning and noon delivered his minority opinion a well-attended press conference. When somebody asked him what he aimed do next with his proposals, Kenned statement that the allies should allow said with a grin: "I guess I'll take the home and show them to my wife."

Heavy Artillery. Perhaps the Senate should have done that in the first place uproar was provoked by Kenned

THE GREAT DEBATE ON A COALITION GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH VIET NAM

the Viet Cong "a share of power and responsibility" in Saigon's government. "If negotiation is our aim." he had said. "we must seek a middle ground. A ne-As it was, his unsolicited commen gotiated settlement means that each brought on a blizzard of criticism. The side must concede matters that are important in order to preserve positions that are essential." In other words, one way to end the war might be to guarantee in advance that the Communist guerrillas would be seated in a coalition government.

The Administration, which maintains that it is self-defeating to make any concessions in advance of negotiations, called in the heavy artillery. Under Secretary of State George Ball said the idea would lead "in a very short time" to a Communist government in Saigon. White House Adviser McGeorge Bundy reminded Bobby of what his late brother had said in a 1963 Berlin speech: "I am not impressed by the opportunities open to popular fronts throughout the world. I do not believe that any democrat can successfully ride that tiger." United Nations Ambassador Arthur Goldberg warned against giving up "all your points in advance" of negotiations.

No Beards. The heaviest barrage of all came from Vice President Hubert Humphrey in New Zealand, who took time out from his Asian tour to liken Kennedy's proposal to 'a prescription which includes a dose of arsenic." putting an arsonist in a fire department. and, for good measure, setting "a lox in a chicken coop

Editorial reaction was less than sympathetic to Kennedy New York Times that "both Peking and Hanor must have gained fresh encouragement by the joining of our Know-Nothings with our the measure would have gone through." Know-It-Alls" Kennedy, he observed cuttingly, would have been "more honest to suggest abandoning Viet Nam to impose wage-price guidelines, which without even bothering to negotiate.

over his remarks on Viet Nam-most

donating blood to the North Vietnamese or "anybody who needs it" would be "in the oldest tradition of this country." Recently he had carefully avoided identifying himself with the Senate's 'peace Democrats." Now he found himself proclaimed as their leader, hailed by the rote liberals of the California Democratic Council and even editorially embraced by the Communist Worker, which for years had dismissed him as a fascist-capitalist-imperialist. "I don't want the support of the beards," he protested, too late.

No Disagreement. Interrupting a skiing weekend at Stowe, Vt., Kennedy began collaring groups of journalists in New York and Washington to explain his position. His only aim, he insisted, had been to clarify the "confusion" among Administration officials -to which White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers stiffly retorted: " don't think it is the Administration that is confused.'

In full retreat. Kennedy called for help from retired General Maxwell Taylor, an old friend after whom Bobby named his ninth child. Taylor obliged him, but only added to the confusion in the process. Though he is an architect and stalwart supporter of the Administration's policy. Taylor professed that Kennedy's position was "very, very close to what I consider my position.

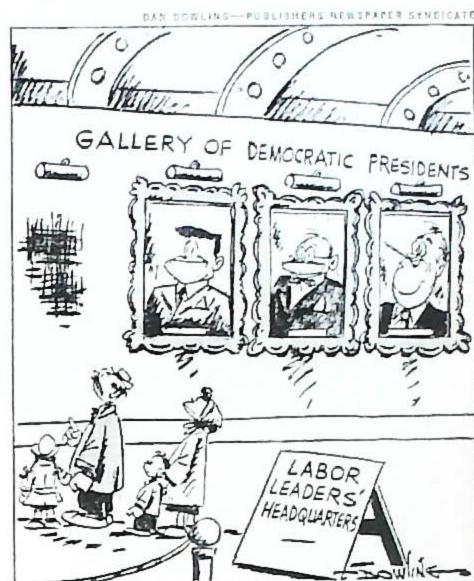
It quickly got closer. Kennedy called Movers to explain that all he was saying was that the U.S. should not "shut the door" on a Viet Cong role at a future conference or even in a future government, or else there might never be a conference. That issue, he now said, should be settled by negotiations, not before. Allowed Moyers: "If Senator Kennedy did not propose a coalition government with Communist participation before elections are held, there is no disagreement." At that point, finally. Bobby's reversal was complete. Said he: "I find no disagreement."

LABOR

A Family Quarrel

As A.F.L.-C.LO bigwigs gathered in Bal Harbour, Fla., for their annual executive-council meeting last week. they were in a grim mood. They were mostly unhappy over Congress' second refusal to repeal Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which allows states to enact right-to-work laws. Pete Mc-Gavin, executive secretary of the federation's maritime-trades department, spoke for many of his colleagues when Columnist C. L. Sulzberger concluded he observed, "If President Johnson had put as much emphasis on 14(b) as he did on his wife's beautification program.

That was not their only complaint Union leaders resent Johnson's attempts they regard as discriminatory. Labor Kennedy had got into trouble before was irked last year when the President allowed Congress to shelve the notably last tall, when, defending the minimum-wage bill, and is now disapprinciple of dissent, he suggested that pointed by the Administration's pro-



"LOOKS TO ME LIKE A PICTURE'S BEEN REMOVED

posal to set a minimum wage of \$1.60 an hour by 1968 rather than the \$1.75 that it has requested.

Bounced a Bit. When Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz went to Bal Harbour to argue the "good sense" and "good results" of the guidelines, the labor barons were hostile. "We bounced him around a bit," one official said of the private meeting with Wirtz. A.F.L.-C10 President George Meany, 71, issued a pronunciamento that sounded like a declaration of independence from the Democrats. "I'm quite sure the labor movement is prepared to make its own way politically," harrumphed the old Bronx plumber. "I don't buy the idea that we have no place to go. Some of the Democrats seem to have the idea that we've got to go along with them."

Lower-echelon labor officials emphasized that the federation's Committee on Political Education would step up its activities on a "nonpartisan" basis, aimed only at electing liberals in this fall's congressional elections. In fact, this is what COPE has always done; most of its beneficiaries have been and will continue to be Democrats. Moreover, Meany was careful to steer the animosity away from Lyndon Johnson.

Ladies Present. An official statement by the executive council blamed Senator Everett Dirksen, Republican minority leader, for the defeat on the 14(b) issue. As for the dispute over guidelines, Meany said that the "arithmetic smacks of trickery" on the part of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Meany said that he could not express his true feelings about the councilwhich is also advising the President on the minimum-wage bill-because "there are ladies present.'

Later in the week, having accomplished his dual aim of venting labor's frustrations and warning Congress that it would be wise to pacify them in an election year, Meany insisted that he had neither caused nor sought a split with the Johnson Administration. It was, said he, "just a family quarrel."

"FREEDOM IS AN INDIVISIBLE WORD"

After accepting the first Freedom House award ever given to a President while in office, Lyndon Johnson delivered a tersely eloquent restatement of U.S. aims. Excerpts:

Wendell Willkie, Franklin Roosevelt's opponent in the campaign of 1940, shared his belief that freedom could not be founded only on American shores or only for those whose skin is white. "Freedom is an indivisible word," Wendell Willkie said. "If we want to enjoy it and fight for it, we must be prepared to extend it to everyone-whether they are rich or poor, whether they agree with us or not; no matter what their race or the color of their skin." That was Republican policy 25 years ago. It was Democratic policy 25 years ago. It is American policy tonight.

Tonight, in Viet Nam, more than 200,000 of your young Americans stand there fighting for your freedom. But in these last days there have been questions about what we're doing in Viet Nam.

Open Pledges

Some ask if this is a war for unlimited objectives. The answer is plain. The answer is no. Our purpose in Viet Nam is to prevent the success of aggression. It is not conquest, it is not empire, it is not foreign bases, it is not domination. It is, simply put, just to prevent the forceful conquest of South Viet Nam by North Viet Nam.

Some people ask if we are caught in a blind escalation of force that is pulling us headlong toward a wider war that no one wants. The answer-again-is a simple no. We are using that force—and only that force—that is necessary to stop this aggression. Our numbers have increased in Viet Nam because the aggression of others has increased in Viet Nam. There is not, and there will not be, a mindless escalation.

Some ask about the risks of a wider war, perhaps

against the vast land armies of Red China. And again the answer is no. We have threatened no one, and we will not. We seek the end of no regime, and we will not. Our purpose is solely to defend against aggression. To any armed attack, we will reply.

Men ask if we rely on guns alone. Still again, the answer is no. From our Honolulu meeting, from the clear pledge which joins us with our allies in Saigon, there has emerged a common dedication to the peaceful progress of the people of Viet Nam. The pledge of Honolulu wil be kept, and the pledge of Baltimore stands open-to help the men of the North when they have the wisdom to be ready.

Is It Worth It?

Men ask who has a right to rule in South Viet Nam Our answer is what it has been here for 200 years: the people must have this right—the South Vietnamese people-and no one else. Washington will not impose a government not of their choice. Hanoi shall not impose government not of their choice. We will insist for our selves on what we require from Hanoi: respect for the principle of government by the consent of the governed

Men ask if we're neglecting any hopeful chance peace. And the answer is no. Our undiscouraged effort will continue.

Some ask how long we must bear this burden. And that question, in all honesty, I can give you no answer tonight. If the aggressor persists in Viet Nam, the struggle may well be long. Our men in battle know and they accerthis hard fact. We who are home can do as much.

Finally, men ask if it is worth it. I think you know that answer. It is the answer that Americans have given for quarter of a century wherever American strength has been pledged to prevent aggression. We keep more than a specific treaty promise in Viet Nam tonight. We keep the faith of freedom.

THE CONGRESS

The Two Wars

The bill, proclaimed Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, "is intended first and foremost to provide additional revenues to help sustain our operations in Vietnam." The House was unmoved. It was not, for a change, reservations about the war that worried Congressmen but the fact that President Johnson's proposal to raise an extra \$6 billion in taxes contained no proposals to cut back on domestic spending. As a result, the measure ran into unexpectedly stiff opposition.

Republican Whip Leslie Arends warned that "unless we stop spending, we will have additional tax-raising bills before us." A G.O.P. resolution came within 20 votes of knocking out the bill's key provisions, which will reimpose the 7% tax on new cars and the 10% tax on telephone service. In the end, the measure was passed by 246 votes to 146, but even most members who voted aye did so reluctantly.

In a less rebellious mood, the House next day approved, 350 to 27, the Administration's request for \$415 million in emergency foreign aid funds for South Viet Nam, Laos, Thailand, the Dominican Republic, and other countries that might need them. The Great Society also needs funds, and the Administration pressed ahead with several of its cherished projects:

• FOOD FOR FREEDOM. Before the House Agriculture Committee, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman defended the proposed \$3.3 billion-a-year Food for Freedom program with the arresting claim that U.S. food exports "will save more human lives than have been lost in all the wars in history."

• CONSERVATION. To ensure Americans "a sane environment," the President presented to Congress the most exhaustive conservation blueprint ever devised. He requested an initial \$10 million for a new Redwood National Park in California, plus funds for additional parks, rights candidate in 1968. seashores and hiking trails.

sault on water pollution, the President cited "one ultimate goal: to clean all of America's rivers." Johnson proposed that local, state or interstate compacts be formed "to clean and preserve entire river basins, from their sources to their mouths," and that the Federal Government supply 30% of the funds needed to establish sewage-disposal units along their banks

ALABAMA

George's Better Half

Solemnly pledging not to use "state facilities of any sort" to keep himself in power, Alabama's Governor George Wallace last week turned the state house of representatives into a convention hall to introduce his hand-picked gubernatorial candidate to a crowd of cheering partisans. "Ladies and gentlemen and

fellow Alabamians," said Wallace, "I present to you my wife."

Lurleen Wallace, 39, a shy, honeyblonde mother of four, took the podium for 2½ minutes to assure the folks that she had no intention of really governing Alabama if elected. As her husband put it, with characteristic finesse: "Both of us will be Governor of this state. I will make the policy decisions during her term of office.'

American politics has not witnessed such cozy conjugality since Texas' Ma and Pa Ferguson played ring-around-arosy with the Governor's mansion in Austin after Pa was impeached for peculation in 1917. Since the Alabama constitution forbids a Governor to succeed himself, George's support for Lurleen is based on the communal-property concept of public office. In his intended



WALLACE & WIFE Another hungry "I."

role as a kind of local Lord Bird. Wallace hopes to build support for another third-party presidential bid as states'

Of ten other gubernatorial candidates, • ANTI-POLLUTION. Urging a massive as- four besides Lurleen have a chance of surviving the first primary round on May 3. They are former Governor John Patterson, a rabid segregationist, and three moderates: Attorney General Richmond Flowers, former Representative Carl Elliott and State Senator Bob Gilchrist. If no candidate gets 50% of the vote, there will be a runoff between the two top vote getters on May 31. The winner will face a stiff fight from killed, U.S. Judge Joe E. Estes Livi a strong Republican Party, which is expected to unite behind its own bitter-end segregationist, Freshman Representative James Martin, 47. Martin, who entered politics in 1962, came within 6,800 votes of winning Veteran Lister Hill's U.S. Senate seat in that year by campaigning on the integration issue and his "perfect 13-year attendance record" at Kiwanis Club meetings. This experience could be a powerful arguing point if Martin runs against Lurleen.

INVESTIGATIONS

Knacker Knark Knipperdolling

For months congressional stenor phers catalogued the names and provi tations of klaliffs, kleagles, kladds kludds. Last week the House American Activities Committee decid that it had heard all the testimony is it needed-or could stand-and quie ended its hearings into the activities the Ku Klux Klan.

The investigation adduced very information about the Klan unknown to the Justice Department. Nor did lead to any convictions or indictmen city lights. though Imperial Wizard Robert St. ton, four grand dragons, a kludd and kladd were cited for contempt of Co gress. Yet the inquiry served a use purpose, if only by giving an opp tunity to a sorry klutch of knacke empire" is moved as much by doll lust as by racial hatred.

No one expects the Klan to disc rived on these shores. pear as a result of the House hearing their own organization.

ASSASSINATIONS

The Guns of Dallas

killed Garfield is sous clocke in f from Portland, Me., to Norfolk, Va., Justice Department. The weapon to shot. Last week the nation was sured that the 6.5-mm. Italian-m-Mannlicher-Carcano rifle with who Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated John F. Kennedy would not end up in a vate collection or a public peep show

John J. King, a Denver oilm gun fancier, paid Oswald's widow rina \$10,000 for the rifle a year promised an additional \$35,000 livery, then sued to recover the from federal authorities. In a courtroom, less than a mile from stretch of road where the President awarded the Federal Government manent custody of the assassinal rifle and the .38-cal. Smith & Wes revolver with which Oswald killed liceman J. D. Tippit. Both weaper said the U.S. Justice Departmen thus be preserved as relies of tiary and historical significance.

A knacker slaughters old horses for a knark is a hardhearted, unfeeling fello Knipperdolling is a religious fanatic

TIME, MARCH 4, 19

CITIES

Hope for the Heart

(See Cover)

"We cannot all live in cities," cautioned Horace Greeley a century ago, "yet nearly all seem determined to do so." His own classic answer to the problem, "Go West, young man," was no lasting remedy—unless one can ignore Los Angeles. Though Editor Greeley disapproved of the country's rapid urbanization, he nonetheless divined accurately one of the American's most deep-rooted traits: his hankering for

In 1966, 67% of the nation's population is jammed into 9% of its acreage. In all, 130 million people inhabit the 224 U.S. communities that are officially classified as metropolitan.* By A.D. 2000, 80% of all Americans—more than today's entire population—will be knarks and Knipperdollings* to doc city dwellers. In those 35 years, as Lynment for themselves that "the invisib don Johnson has warned, "we will have to build in our cities as much as we have built since the first colonist ar-

Johnson's Great Society is in large but the publicity has already dem measure based on belated governmental membership in most of the South (we recognition of the complex needs of an the exception of North Carolina, who urban nation. Indeed, the President hima number of new Klaverns have be self, as James MacGregor Burns points formed). It has also engendered intercout, has become the "Chief Executive dissension. Having learned how high of Metropolis." Not for 50 years has the hog their leaders live, Mississip the heartland of America been the phys-Klan chieftains are thinking of breakt jocratic demi-Eden of American myth, away to see if they can do as well the pastoral paradise hymned by Jefferson and Thoreau, limned by Eakins and Wyeth. The ganglia of history's richest nation lie today in the inchoate, intermeshed agglomerations of city, sub- ion. At the same time, the "oceanic amurb and country that have become Meg- plitude of these great cities," as Walt The pistol that shot Abraham I inco alopolis americanus. Such is its present is preserved in Ford's Theater, now rate of growth that by century's end, Washington museum. The gun thone concrete conurbation will reach

took McKinley's life is kept by a be By U.S. Bureau of the Budget definition, a torical society in Buffalo, where he we center city with a population of at least 50,000, plus that of its adjacent suburbs.



WEAVER AT FIRST CABINET MEETING Not because, but maybe in spite of.

in the East, another from the Mexican border to San Francisco in the West.

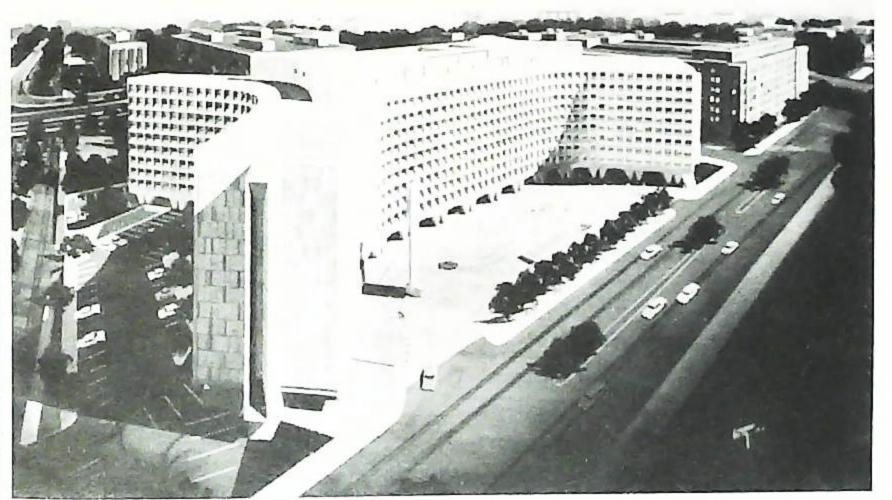
Diversity & Verve. Vaster in size and more splendid in promise than any other form of community in man's history, the metropolitan complex is the epicenter and embodiment of American life. In its Promethean ambit of interests, its cultural diversity and kinetic verve, the city's heart sets the pace for the rest of the nation, and indeed much of the world. It is an unrivaled functional framework for finance and business, a rich lode of pleasure, a superb showcase for art, theater, music, fash-Whitman rhapsodized in 1870, has cast tion. "Our task is to put the highest conup a titanic tide of troubles.

If no U.S. metropolis even approaches the appalling anarchy of far-off cities such as Calcutta, Hong Kong. Rio or Tokyo, the worst areas of urban America have in varying degrees almost every ill to which the industrial society

has fallen heir: unemployment, disease. crime, drug addiction, poor education, family disintegration—and slums. The middle class, the bulwark of good government in any community, continues as a result to migrate to the suburbs, helping to create the problem of proliferating racial ghettos. Almost every major U.S. city must fight advancing physical decay and increasing squalor, particularly for Negro populations, which within 15 years may outnumber whites in at least half of the North's big cities.

Predictably Unpredictable. In March 1965, President Johnson made it clear that it was time to invoke federal accerns of our people at the center of urban growth and activity," he told Congress. "For this is truly the time of decision for the American city." The 89th Congress approved Johnson's request for a new federal agency, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, to give Cabinet representation for the first time to the 130 million metropolitan Americans. The President appointed Robert Clifton Weaver, a Negro, as HUD's first Secretary last January, unpredictably tapping the most predictable candidate for the job. Weaver, 58, the portly, pedagogical administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency (HHFA), had been the No. 1 candidate to head HUD ever since John F. Kennedy proposed the new agency five years ago.

Weaver's intellectual and professional credentials are impressive. He is a Harvard Ph.D. (economics, '34), the author of four books on city problems, a canny, cautious veteran of 22 years of Government manpower and housing bureaucracies. As the first Negro ever to hold Cabinet rank, Weaver reasons that his race is irrelevant: "I don't delude myself into thinking that I've ceased being a Negro because I've received recognition in the mainstream of American society and because my prob-



ARCHITECT'S SKETCH OF NEW WASHINGTON HOME FOR HUD God made the cavern, but man made the house.

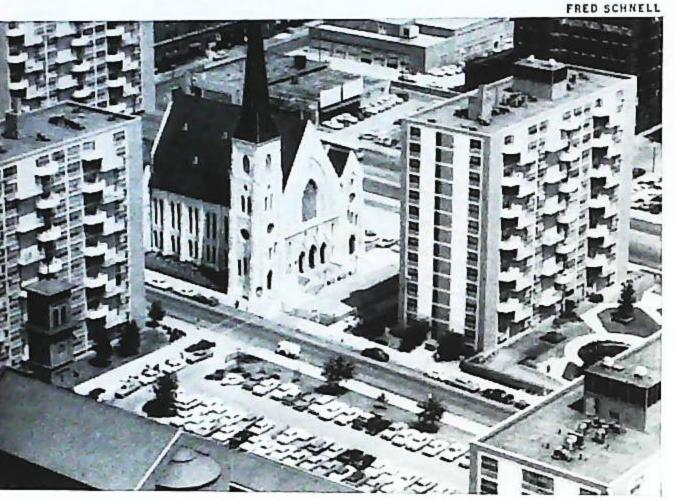
lems as a Negro have been somewhat ameliorated. I would like to feel that I was appointed not because I was a Negro, but maybe in spite of that fact."

One of Weaver's most welcome qualifications is that he himself is a lover of cities and a connoisseur of urban living. "The American city is like a beguiling woman," he says with gusto. "Each woman has her own attributes, and each man, thank God, can make a choice." Weaver raves about such cities as New York ("You can get the best

cause legislators are elected from districts based on the farm-heavy population ratios of 40 years ago. Reapportionment of state and congressional election districts has already begun to help balance the scales for the metropolis, but the suburbs, rather than the city, will get most of the benefit.

Urbanization is a worldwide phenomenon, and there is hardly a city from Vienna to Vientiane that is not hard pressed to accommodate swelling populations in orderly fashion. American cities face

Consultant Hans Blumenfeld liberate and rational. It is hard to outery 'to bring the middle-class far pletely renewed have risen 313%. urban exodus reflects Americans'



ST. LOUIS' PLAZA REDEVELOPMENT



PHILADELPHIA'S INDEPENDENCE MALL

It will take more than love for a woman 200 generations old.

meal in the country"), Chicago ("Such terrific oomph") and San Francisco ("I can walk with pleasure"). But it will take more than love to save the met "in my lifetime-certainly not in my span of public office."

Hat in Hand. Curiously enough, in the most successful democracy in history, the deterioration of the city has resulted largely from a governmental vacuum. The metropolis has traditionally been at the mercy of laissez-faire policies—and politicians. Too often the problems slop hopelessly across city and suburban boundaries: around New York City alone there are 1,476 separate jurisdictional districts.

The abiding quandary is financial. New York, the world's wealthiest city, has to borrow to meet its \$4 billion annual budget, last week was contemplating a whole new set of taxes (see U.S. Business). Yet, as Weaver points out, "if you start talking about putting on extra taxes, you may further accentuate the trend toward businesses leaving the central city and make its financial plight even worse than it was before. The whole notion that the city can lift itself by its own bootstraps is a snare and a delusion" Thus cities have no recourse but to go hat in hand to the Federal Government, which has taken billions in taxes from them and returned only token sums.

Short Shrift. Urban needs have historically been given short shrift in state

cheap meal and the lousiest expensive a special disadvantage, however, for they sprang full-blown from the wilderness; there was no planned base for rational expansion, as there was in Baron Haussmann's Paris or Peter the cities. Weaver is under no illusion that Great's St. Petersburg. In 1790 the nathe challenges that are now his will be tion's first census showed that 95% of Americans lived on farms or in hamlets. Then the eruption began: from 1800 to 1900, New York's population increased from 79,216 to 3,437,202, San Francisco jumped from zero to 342,782, Chicago from zero to 1,698,575. With few exceptions, notably well-planned Washington, one of the world's most handsome capitals, the growth was too explosive to pause for esthetic or demographic consideration.

The train, the subway, the telephone, the telegraph, and eventually the automobile, foreshortened distances; the countryside beckoned, and people sick of inner-city congestion rushed in hordes to the cool green plots of suburbia.

go? In his 1964 book, The Urban Complex, Robert Weaver reasoned: "It is an escape from changing neighborhoods, lower-class encroachment, inadequate public services and inferior schools. It is running away from the ugly facts of urban life; facts that have ministered by Weaver, aims always existed, but never for long on the doorstep of 'nice people' who had the option of escape."

the U.S. flight to the suburbs is less a status symbol for escapists than a realization of a universal human craving tan's Lincoln Center, Philadelphia's capitals and in Washington, largely be- for a bit of green space. Says Planning dependence Mall, Pittsburgh's TIME MARCH 4, 1966

memorably retorted: "God made cavern and man made the house

Suburban growth has also been p erfully stimulated by the Federal ernment—the FHA mortgage insura program, which Weaver has direct meadowland were taken to make without zoning controls of any kind. water supplies.

Sledgehammer Surgery. Within 1 at a higher rate. central city, the bulldozer has genererally subsidized (\$4.7 billion decaying downtown areas for new such sledgehammer surgery are may to have them and many are distinguished: Man

TIME, MARCH 4

pattern of residential distribution way Center, Detroit a Language pattern of residential voluntary St. Louis' Plaza Redevelopment, Hartford's Constitution Plaza. Urban reany sound reason for the fashion newar mas worked and now com-

There have also been some resoundseated anti-urban sentiment, the p ficials have found it too easy to wheedle ing failures. Overoptimistic local oftanical belief, in Poet William funds from Washington. One of the per's words, that "God made the co worst—both big and little—is McKees try, man made the town" (to w Rocks, Pa. (pop. 13,000), a suburb City Lover Oliver Wendell Hob bordering Pittsburgh. In 1957 county authorities decided to rebuild the town's crumbling commercial district; U.S. officials agreed to foot \$2.3 million of the bill, and the destruction was done. The 24-acre site would have been ideal for industry, which could afford it, but McKees Rocks officials insisted that it be developed for commercial use only Last week, eight years later, the land was still bare.

> Badly framed laws have allowed new highways to slash senselessly through residential areas, uprooting thousands of families and needlessly destroying neighborhoods. In New Orleans, an expressway now planned over local protest will bring the roar of rushing traffic to the historic Vieux Carré In New York City, a 20-year-old controversy still swirls about a proposed Lower Manhattan expressway while the decaying area through which it is to run decays further because no one wants to risk improving properties that may vet be destroyed.

Archaic Taxes. The trouble with the great majority of such projects is lack of vision and planning. "There isn't a metropolitan area in the U.S. that has for the past five years. Created in 19 its growth," says Baltimore Developer it fueled a feverish building boom James Rouse. "The best prospect we ultimately changed the U.S. from at have is that we will become a nation of tion of 52% renters to 62% homeor Los Angeleses." More than 800 U.S. citers. Unfortunately, the housing burea les have modernized their housing and racy has often been appallingly lack zoning codes in the past few years, and in esthetic and environmental visit Houston is now the only major city that Millions of acres of woodland has allowed itself to soar and sprawl

for highways, shopping centers and re Despite nationwide attempts to write mented rows of crackerbox houst new regulations, there are still 5,000,000 The result was in too many case substandard houses in cities—nearly all voracious sprawl of "slurbs," comb of them without running water or ining the worst elements of city door toilets—and in some areas the country. It is a fact of life that so number of barely habitable homes conurban houses are far more comtote unues to rise. In New York alone, subthan most inner-city dwellings. But standard houses have increased from suburbs have spawned their own pro 420,000 to 520,000 since 1960. Archaic lems of burgeoning school populated taxing methods actually discourage "Nice People's Escape." Why did they transit, highways, hospitals, sewage slumlords from improving their properties, since they would then be assessed

Instant Slums. Washington's first anbeen used to better advantage. The to swer to slums was the public-housing program, initiated 32 years ago. From 1949) urban renewal program. Also a peak of 58,000 units a year in the early '50s, it has slowed to a 24,000peacefully for the U.S. what We unit pace partly because it soon became War II bombs did for Europe to de evident that new housing on old sites only created new instant slums, and Other experts disagree, arguing that ner cities. The physical monuments to have them

A recent trend among Washington housing men, encouraged by Robert

Weaver as HHFA head, is to rehabilibuilding anew, using federal money to buy property outright or to subsidize landlords' improvements. One outstanding example is New Haven's Wooster Square, where more than 1,000 rundown buildings were spruced up and the neighborhood's original residential character retained without the upheaval of a new project. Yet this New Haven project cost the Federal Government \$19.3 million, an average of \$130 per city resident. At that per capita rate of expenditure, creating a Wooster Square in every U.S. metropolitan area would cost a cool \$13 billion. Another perennial headache for the metropolis is the spiraling cost of mass transportation. Simply to maintain existing systems will cost close to \$2 billion a year, while only \$155 million in federal money is now available.

City-Bred Muscle. This and most other urban problems seem almost trivial in comparison with those created by the changing race structure. Says Economist Miles Colean: "We can't get around the sad fact that middle-class families living in the city who depend on public schools have not made up their minds that they can live with Negroes." Weaver adds pointedly: "We need an open suburbia—not just an upper- and middle-income-class suburbia.

The color change in the U.S. city has been abrupt and traumatic. In the past 15 years alone, 5,000,000 Negroes have moved into U.S. inner-cities. From 1950 to 1960, Detroit gained 185,000 Negroes, lost 361,000 whites. St. Louis lost 22% of its entire white population, San Diego 15.4%, Newark 23.7%. Violence on the scale of the Watts and Harlem riots has so far been rare-

partly because the heavy concentration tate existing inner-city homes instead of Of Negroes in Northern cities has given them powerful new political muscle. "If he hadn't been urbanized, the Negro wouldn't have become a political factor and thus able to change his status," says Weaver, "The 'Negro Revolt' is an urban phenomenon. "Be Awfully Good." Robert Weaver.

three generations removed from slavery. has experienced firsthand few of the Negro's problems. His maternal grandfather, Robert Tanner Freeman, was the son of a North Carolina slave who bought freedom for his wife and himself in 1830, and took his surname as the proud badge of his liberty. Freeman graduated from Harvard in 1869 with a doctoral degree in dentistry the nation's first Negro to do so. His daughter Florence attended a Negro college (Virginia Union University). then married Mortimer Grover Weaver, a Washington post office clerk.

When Robert Weaver was born on Dec. 29, 1907, his parents lived in the hypersensitive environment of a neighborhood in which the Weavers were one of six Negro families sprinkled among 3,000 white families in northeast Washington. Florence Weaver drummed a rigid code of behavior into Robert and his older brother, Mortimer Jr., read to them the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow, repeatedly preached that "the way to offset color prejudice is to be awfully good at whatever you do." Recalls Robert Weaver: "My brother Mort was the bright one I became adept with my hands." So adept was he that when he was 16. Weaver was a qualified electrician and set up a profitable summertime business wiring Negro homes.

"It Depended on Me," Not until the Weaver boys entered Washington's rigidly segregated public-school system did they find themselves in an all-Negro world. The educational standard was high, however, and Robert had no trouble getting into Harvard. His brother. just graduated (Phi Beta Kappa) from Williams College, was also there, taking graduate work in English, and when Robert was refused a room in a freshman dormitory because he was a Negro, the brothers took a room off-campus. They decided to attend law school together, but in 1929 Mortimer died of an unexplained illness. Life suddenly took on harder lines for Robert Weaver. "I always felt I had a smart brother, so I didn't have to do much," he recalls. "But now I had to say to hell with law school. Everything depended on me."

Weaver got his master's degree in 1931 and a doctorate from Harvard in 1934, returned to Washington and was hired by Interior Secretary Harold Ickes as a race-relations officer. Weaver decided that race relations begin at home. Traditionally, Negroes were expected to eat in the Interior Department's nonwhite "messengers' lunchroom." Soon after Weaver arrived, he and a friend strolled into the whites' cafeteria and ate lunch. A group of enraged white



GRANDFATHER FREEMAN Since he was.

women flounced into Ickes' office to ask him what he was going to do about "the niggers." Infuriated, the Old Curmudgeon bellowed back, "Not one damned thing!" The cafeteria remained integrated.

Ultimately, Weaver held several New Deal jobs dealing with discrimination in employment and housing. Possibly more important than his official duties in those days was his role as a leader of "The Black Cabinet," an influential group of tough-minded young Negroes in F.D.R.'s Administration—among them U.N. Under Secretary-General Ralph Bunche, U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals Judge William H. Hastie, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy



WEAVER & WIFE "I don't say, 'Hello, I'm a Negro.' "

Wilkins. They did much to bring full integration to Government offices.

Top Dixie Student. Though he was chairman of the policymaking N.A.A.C.P. board of directors in 1960, Weaver has never been a picket-line, front-line fighter in the civil rights movement. His role has been, in his words, that of "a liberal rather than a Negro; I feel that black chauvinism is no better than white chauvinism."

Weaver is a sybaritic, wholly citified man who loves Broadway plays, savors his stereophonic collection of Liszt and Chopin piano concertos, relishes Italian food (favorite is shrimp marinara), sips twelve-year-old bourbon when he works at home at night. He dresses in bankerconservative clothing, favors dark suits and dark Homburgs at the office, a plum-colored smoking jacket and black leather slippers at home. When he became HHFA director, Weaver promptly moved into an urban-renewed Washington apartment ("I wanted to put my money where my mouth was"), but within a year put his money into more luxurious accommodations (\$300 a month) on fashionable upper Connecticut Avenue.

Weaver's wife Ella is an auburn-

who has a University of Michigan master's degree and a Northwestern University Ph.D. in speech. She did her undergraduate work at the Carnegie Tech drama department from 1929 to 1932 despite an unwritten policy that no Negroes were allowed. Everyone thought she was white-including the all-white Southern Club of Pittsburgh, which awarded her at the end of her sophomore year a scholarship for being the top Dixie-bred student.

Before Mort Weaver's death, Ella was his steady girl; afterward she began to date Robert, and in 1935 they were married. Ella is still frequently mistaken for a Caucasian and seldom volunteers a correction. "I don't say, 'Hello, I'm a Negro,' just as you wouldn't say, 'Good morning, I'm a Catholic' or whatever you are," she says. The Weavers have no children; an adopted son died three years ago in a game of Russian roulette.

Monstrosity Unassembled. Weaver's professional career has been a shining example to U.S. Negroes. After leaving New Deal Washington in 1944, he worked for the U.N. Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, taught at several colleges, ran a fellowship program for the John Hay Whitney Foundation, was picked in 1955 by New York's Democratic Governor Averell Harriman to be State Rent Commissioner—the first Negro to hold a cabinet post in state history. In December 1960, John Kennedy, whom he had advised on civil rights during the presidential campaign, named Weaver director of HHFA—at that time the highest federal post ever held by a Negro. Said Weaver then: "I want to be the best possible administrator. Incidentally, I'm a Negro.'

a complicated conglomeration of agencies-FHA, the Urban Renewal Administration, the Public Housing Administration, the Federal National Mortgage Association ("Fannie Mae"). Weaver himself labeled it "an administrative monstrosity," but he did little to pull it together. In too many cases, city officials complained, it seemed that the Congress would pass a housing bill, the President would sign it, and then Weaver's agencies would immediately wrap it in red tape. Yet it was one of the Government's biggest financial operations, with a capital outlay of investments, grants, mortgages and housing subsidy contracts totaling close to

\$73 billion. Human Renewal. In the past, HHFA tion & Welfare) to the design and reprograms had dealt essentially with money-bricks-and-mortar policies. But Weaver, who has said repeatedly, "You cannot have physical renewal without human renewal," attempted from the first to instill a more humanized philosophy. He stimulated better-looking public housing by instigating awards for design. He improved relocation policies by increasing funds available to help small businessmen displaced by to identify these and encourage terrific wallop, but I have no doubts as the momentum that had propelled him Leahy and Halsey.

gives nonprofit corporations cut, oriented community action program. (31%) mortgage loans at the Tr. Understandably, Weaver has picked ate incomes.

for rent help. Congress refused to beauty. propriate funds for it, and many destroyed his chances of becoming H Secretary. Weaver now airily dismiit all as "purely a printer's slip."

Strength & Diversity. Weaver's pointment as head of HUD did bring universal joy to municipal ficials, many of whom were hop that a mayor might get the job academic background and experien him better qualified than any city than with city hall politicians.

were built around 1800. What a the only hope for the American city. markable coincidence it would be the density established for those F terns of life happened to be right 1965!" To such barbs, Weaver rel frostily: "I'm all for letting people want to live in the suburbs do if people want city living, I improve our cities and I want them have city living. This is a country strength is diversity."

Expanding Empire. The same be said of HUD. Weaver faces of coordinating diffuse and disorgant federal programs ranging from end disposal research (under the Pi Health Service) and the location new inner-city schools (Health, Ed of metropolitan freeways (Bureau Public Roads) He has no chirter annex other agencies' territories (31)

urban renewal. He saw to it that the Administration to sponsor reorgan haired, fair-skinned North Carolinian Housing Act of 1961 included grants tion plans to bring them about

for recreational and scenic open-spibig, politically sensitive area that will areas. And he pushed through in almost certainly be identified as HUD bill controversial Section 221d3, wh property is Sargent Shriver's poverty-

ury's expense to provide housing academic experts and Government cadisplaced families of low or mod recrists for several top jobs. His Under Secretary is Robert C. Wood, a bril-Weaver also revived the long-liant Massachusetts Institute of Techmant idea of federal rent subsidies nology expert on metropolitan governthe ailing and aged. That propoment, who helped draft major tasknarrowly passed the Congress last , force reports on cities for the President. but the eligibility regulations were Assistant Secretary for Metropolitan carelessly written by the HHFA Development is Charles M. Haar, 45, "hardship" cases with as much as to a Harvard law professor who headed 000 in net assets could have qualithe President's task force on natural

Creative Federalism. The final definiple thought that Weaver had ther tion of HUD's responsibilities may spring from the President's "demonstration" program for cities offered to Congress in January. It calls for a \$2.3 billion, six-year pilot project aimed at encouraging broad, unified plans that will prod suburban and inner-city governments into the cooperative ventures that they have so assiduously avoided in the past. Though its initial appropriation of \$12 million is scarcely enough in Government housing clearly m to buy 11 miles of Manhattan subway, the program at last-and at leastficial. Nevertheless, he has a reputal recognizes that the metropolitan crisis for being professionally cautious a demands a coordinated, scientific appersonally aloof—a man more of proach to quicken civic consciences and fortable with ivory tower theoretic radically improve the total context of city living.

As HHFA Director, Weaver follow Underpinning this imaginative conan essentially inner-city-directed policept lies Lyndon Johnson's oft-repeated rather than attempting to deal with -and more often misunderstood-demetropolis as an entity. That approximand for "creative federalism." Its has attracted criticism. Argues H simple essential theory is that Washingvard Business School Economist R ton has the power and the money, but mond Vernon: "To talk about rebut that its application can be most wisely ing central cities for re-use by per prescribed by those closest to the probthere now is a good political moves lem—the municipalities themselves As HHFA director, Weaver headed a bad social one. Our Eastern of There, ultimately, lies the greatest if not

HEROES

Home Is the Sailor

All the way from Washington, Chester Nimitz had studied the statistics of disaster. None conveyed so urgently the task that faced him as the sight that met the admiral at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Day, 1941. Where three weeks earlier the proudest flagships of the U.S. Navy had swung at anchor. only small boats plied through the oil slick, still bringing ashore the dead crewmen of a dead fleet.

Thirty-seven years earlier, his Annapolis classbook had taken a curiously prophetic bearing on the sailor who was to lead his nation out of the greatest naval disaster in its history. "He is a man," it had said, "of cheerful vesterdays and confident tomorrows" So it will be a matter of deft and exce he proved to be. As new Commander ingly diplomatic manipulation aimed in Chief of the Pacific Fleet, Nimitz set finding some semblance of cohesiven out first to restore the Navy's shattered The HUD empire is certain to exp nerve—and then to restore the Navy Says Weaver. "There are certain I have complete confidence in you tions which must in time be placed men, he briskly assured the ashen-faced the department. The problem now staff at Pearl Harbor, "We've taken a emy lost four irreplaceable carriers and

to the ultimate outcome." In less than two years, U.S. shipvards enabled him to begin to fight on even terms. In the meantime, perilously outnumbered, Nimitz played a brilliant game of parry and thrust.

Break in the Chain, Japanese strategy was to 1) destroy the rest of the Pacific fleet that had miraculously been on patrol when the dive bombers struck Pearl Harbor, and 2) build such strong defenses on its newly won island bases that no new U.S. force, no matter how strong, could possibly break through to disturb the inner empire. The island of Midway, 1,136 miles northwest of Pearl Harbor, was to be the final link in this defense chain. At the end of May 1942, some 200 ships, the bulk of the Im-

from victory to victory. For the Japanese. Midway became an unmentionable word. Nimitz indulged himself in a rare pun: "Perhaps we will be forgiven if we claim that we are about midway to our objective." Though more than three years of hard, bitter fighting remained, that single, three-day battle marked the turning point of the Pacific war, the beginning of the end of Japanese ambitions.

A spare, modest, friendly man, blueeyed, Texas-born Chester Nimitz never won or sought the public renown that came to the aloof MacArthur or his own subordinate, flamboyant William ("Bull") Halsey. Early in his career Nimitz had run a destroyer aground in Manila Bay, escaping with a reprimand



NIMITZ (RIGHT) WITH MacARTHUR, F.D.R. & ADMIRAL WILLIAM LEAHY (1944) Of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

perial Navy, converged for an invasion of Midway and a second surprise attack on the battered Pacific fleet.

By then, Nimitz was ready. From a reading of the Japanese "Purple Code," deciphered by Army cryptographers nearly a year before, naval intelligence knew an attack was planned at invasion point "AF." Washington thought that "AF" was Hawaii itself. Nimitz was certain it was Midway. He bolstered the little island with every plane he could spare, ordered nearly every ship in his command to rendezvous just outside what he thought would be the farthest radius of Japanese air patrols. Nimitz urged on his commanders the same policy principle of "calculated risk" that he himself had followed in ordering his ships to Midway. He explained: "You shall interpret this to mean the avoidance of exposure of your force to attack by superior enemy forces without good prospect of inflicting, as a result of such exposure, greater damage on the enemy."

Unmentionable Word. His gamble paid off. In the resulting battle, the en-

when he might have been drummed from the service; he was seldom thereafter unsympathetic to the shortcomings of junior officers. Despite his burdens as wartime commander, he revived the custom of inviting every commander who passed through Pearl Harborfrom tugboat skipper to captain of the biggest battleship—to chat with him in his office.

After the war, Nimitz, now one of four five-star admirals,* succeeded Admiral Ernest King as Chief of Naval Operations in Washington until 1947, when he returned to his adopted home in the San Francisco Bay Area to serve the University of California as a regent and his nation as a naval adviser; a fivestar admiral is never retired. In his study he kept mementos from the days when he commanded the greatest armada the world has ever seen-or is likely to see again. Last week Nimitz, 80, died at his home and was buried beside the Pacific, at his own wish, without the pomp of a state funeral, like any other sailor home from the sea.

* The others, all dead: Ernest King, William

THE WORLD

GHANA

Goodbye to the Aweful

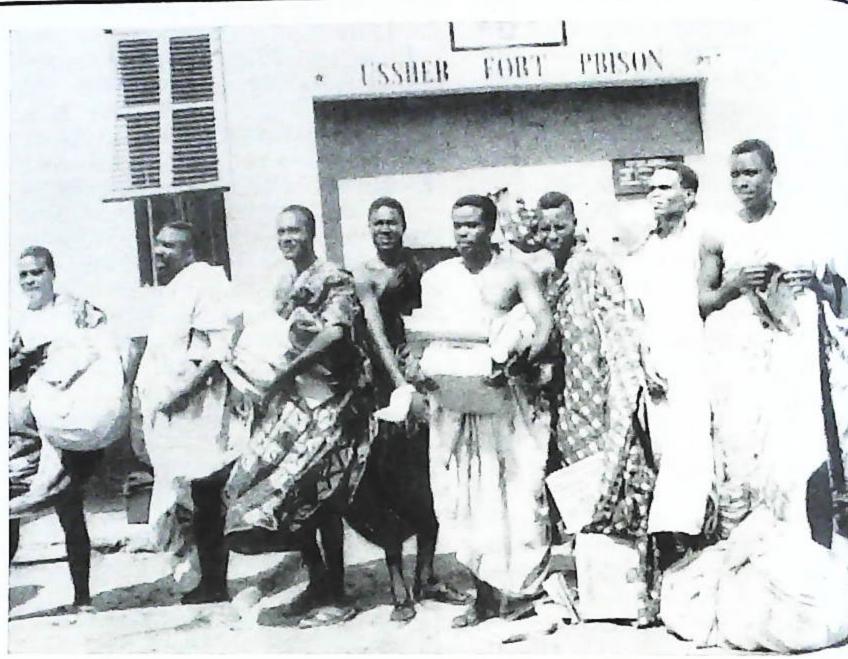
The world has known many tyrants, but few were as reckless, as demanding, as pretentious, as noisy and, at the end, as rejected as Kwame Nkrumah. He was the founder of his country and had been the very symbol of black African independence. Yet last week when he was overthrown, scarcely a tear was shed for him in Africa or anywhere else in the world.

The end came while Nkrumah was flying toward Peking on a self-appointed, self-inflated peace mission. Like the Nigerian coup six weeks earlier, it was led by Sandhurst-trained officers who knew precisely what they were doing. At 4:30 a.m. in the predawn darkness of Accra, two brigades of Ghanaian troops quietly took over the airport, the cable office, all government ministries and the government radio station. While early-morning market mammies stared, Jeeploads of soldiers moved into the suburban gardens of government Ministers and tanks deployed around Nkrumah's presidential compound itself.

White Handkerchiefs. There was little resistance. Nkrumah's presidential guard, dug in behind the four concentric walls surrounding the compound, held out for several hours; but by noon, downtown Acera was jammed with jubilant Ghanaians, dancing in the streets, cheering, singing, many of them wearing white handkerchiefs around their heads and white clay on their faces as a token of victory. "Fellow citizens," announced Colonel E. K. Kotoka, one of the coup leaders, in a



ANKRAH By the sons of Sandhurst.



FREED POLITICAL PRISONERS Just about everybody lost his enthusiasm.

broadcast over Radio Ghana, "I have come to inform you that the military, with the cooperation of the police, have taken over the government. The myth surrounding Nkrumah has been broken."

It was quite a myth while it lasted. In his 15 years as Ghana's Prime Minister, Founding Father, President, Commander in Chief and Osagyefo (Redeemer), Francis Nwia Koffe Kwame Nkrumah, son of a village goldsmith, had striven with some success to make himself all but synonymous with God. His face appeared on Ghanaian stamps and coins, statues of him littered the country, and his name flashed in neon in Acera. Ghanaian schoolchildren began each day by reciting that "Nkrumah is our Messiah, Nkrumah never dies." Among his official titles were Victorious Leader, the Great Messiah, His Messianic Majesty, the Pacifier, the Aweful, and His High Dedication.

Maginot Hilton. Ghana used to be known as the Gold Coast, and independence, in 1957, came with a silver lining. With cocoa exports thriving and the beginnings of a modern industrial plant, the country had \$560 million in foreign currency reserves, boasted one of Africa's highest per capita incomes. Nkrumah squandered it on such expensive status symbols as an international jet airline, which loses almost twice as much money as it earns, and a \$20 million international conference site which includes a bulletproof, bombproof, twelve-story apartment hotel that Acera wags call "the Maginot Hilton." To promote his image abroad, he opened 61 foreign embassies; his entourage to Peking last week numbered no fewer than 71 persons.

He spent wildly and hadly on crash

-two-thirds of all salaried workers Ghana—and corruption was ramp. The wife of one of Nkrumah's Ministr imported a gold-plated bed, and one his close advisers emptied his privi swimming pool to provide storage spa for the stream of "gifts" he exact from local and foreign businessmen

The \$198 million Volta River Pro will eventually turn Ghana into We Africa's major producer of elect power and irrigate 6,000 sq. mi of f farmland. But not for many years " there be customers for all the juice will generate. All in all, Nkrumal reckless spending has brought th as close to bankruptcy as any can get. Foreign currency reserve were wiped out long ago, and the tion's foreign debt now totals a stage ing \$1 billion, most of it in short-ter

In his obsession for absolute por Osagyefo banned all opposition passed a series of laws empowering to jail all suspected enemies indefin and without trial, declared Chanone-party state with himself as petual President. He also outlaw strikes and clamped rigid government control over the press

Strong Suspicion. All the while was proclaiming himself the father Pan-African nationalism, and grinds

out intricately vague political doctrines had been army chief of staff until Nkruabout "African socialism." It all sounded splendid enough, and his fellow Af- their plans for Nkrumah's overthrow. ricans were impressed at first. Later. Perhaps because Nkrumah himself was when they found his agents bent on overthrowing their regimes, other African leaders lost their enthusiasm for the freedom pioneer. He was strongly suspected of instigating the 1963 assassination of Togo's President Sylvanus Olympio; last year 14 French-speaking states joined together in a formal denunciation of his eternal plotting.

At home, too, he was running into trouble. Shortages of such basic items as soap and matches were felt in every home, and most Ghanaians deeply resented his government's blatant corruption. At least five attempts have been made to assassinate him. Nkrumah's answer was to crack down even further. increase his security guard—and to retreat behind the four walls of his pal- mah separated from the rest of the ace. He reportedly took to wearing a guests. After that first party, Peking's bullet-proof vest, nervously kept five embarrassed bosses canceled the rest bullet-proof Rolls-Royces ready to car- of Osagyefo's program. ry him around Acera, waiting until the last minute to choose the one he would

By last summer, he suspected everyone of plotting against him. He packed off his Cabinet for three weeks of enindustrial schemes. Since 1962, he b forced "self-study" while he attended launched 47 state enterprises that he a Commonwealth conference in Loninvaded almost every sector of the eco don, turned the government over to to Ghana to throw the military out, but omy. All but three of them are deep three hand-picked cronies in his ab- he was obviously whistling in the dark. the red, and the Kwame Nkrumah Scisence. Ever suspicious of his army, he "If he does, we'll cut his throat," Works had to close down after the fired its commanders when he heard ru-grinned a soldier on duty at a roadblock months because it had used up all mors that they had been "talking near Acera. Offered exile in Guinea by Ghana's scrap iron, its only source against" him, took command of the his good friend Sékou Touré, Nkrumah raw material. Government payed army himself. Then, three months ago, replied with a cryptic cable: WILL VISIT swelled to an amazing 250,000 peop he announced plans to form a "people's you soon. militia," the obvious purpose of which was to neutralize the army if it tried to move against him.

> Late News. That, as far as his officers were concerned, was the final blow. Led by Major General Joseph Arthur Ankrah, a tough, pro-British soldier who

> VARREN KING-H Y DAILY NEWS

BUT KWAME!

TIME MARCH 4, 1966

UGANDA

Coup of Convenience

mah fired him, they secretly drew up

absent, it was surprisingly bloodless.

Two Cabinet ministers were killed, and

25 soldiers reportedly died in the fight-

ing at the presidential compound, but

most of Nkrumah's vast array of pleni-

potentiaries were hauled off to jail rath-

er than shot. His Egyptian wife and

three children were even allowed to fly

The news came to Nkrumah rather

late—after he got off his plane in Pe-

king, but just before he showed up for

a gala state banquet. By then, his Red

ized that they were stuck with a Presi-

dent without a country. With cold for-

mality the party went on, but Chinese

protocol officers carefully kept Nkru-

With that, Nkrumah disappeared into

his suite in Peking's Welcome Guest

House and refused to come out.

Through his Foreign Minister (and for-

mer President of the United Nations

General Assembly), Alex Quaison-Sack-

ey, who was traveling with him, he

announced that he would "soon" return

Fate of Many. In Accra, the military

down to business. A seven-man National

Liberation Council headed by General

Ankrah was named to head the govern-

ment. One of its first acts was to open

the political prisons in which more than

1,000 of Nkrumah's enemies had been

held for months—even years. Suddenly

the newspapers and radio stations, which

had so slavishly adored Nkrumah, were

heaping scorn on their onetime leader.

The new regime had its own words of

explanation. Said Radio Ghana: "This

act has been made necessary by the

economic and political situation in the

country." Nkrumah had brought Ghana

to "the brink of national bankruptcy

tion. This will be done almost imme-

diately, and we hope to announce meas-

ures for curing our troubles within the

next few days." In this type of spirit,

the new leaders promised to provide

strict separation of powers, reorganize

the government and appointed a com-

mittee to rewrite the constitution, which

later would be submitted to the nation

the fate of many a departed demagogue

in the past. With hammers, chisels and

even wrecking cranes, crowds fore down

Meanwhile, Nkrumah was suffering

in a referendum.

his statues.

What we need is a radical revolu-

hosts had also got the word, and real-

off to exile in Cairo.

The strange goings-on in Uganda last week presented a variation on Africa's current crop of coups. Uganda's government was overthrown all right, but not by military men. It was Prime Minister Milton Apollo Obote himself who seized full powers, and he did it, so he said, only to prevent another coup which was being planned against him.

Obote has long nursed an ambition to do away with the political opposition and run Uganda on a one-party basis

EAST AFRICAN NEWSPAPERS



PRIME MINISTER OBOTE The stories were a scream

under the domination of his fellow government wasted no time in getting Nilotic tribesmen of the north. Trouble is that a split recently began developing even in his own Uganda People's Congress, caused by a group of Bantu Cabinet ministers determined to resist control by the northerners. The split widened last month when the anti-Obote faction supported the charge in Parliament by an opposition party leader that the Prime Minister, two of his ministers. and the deputy army commander had illegally shared a \$325,000 windfall that was captured from Simba rebels by Uganda troopers during the 1964-65 Congo rebellion. At first, Obote agreed to set up a judicial panel to investigate the charge. But before the judges could convene, Obote took matters into his own hands. Ordering the arrest of five of his ministers, Obote had them dragged screaming and kicking from a Cabinet session by members of his personal 500-man police force. Next he suspended the constitution and began broadcasting wild stories about internal intrigues and the threat of invasion by

> Obote's actions caused deep divisions among Uganda's 8,000,000 people. His political opposition refused to be intimidated. "It is the duty of all Ugandians to protect the constitution and to die

foreign troops.

for it, if necessary," cried Kabaka Yekka Party Leader Daudi Ocheng. "Once the constitution is broken, the rule of the jungle takes over." Actually, whether there was to be any dying appeared to be up to the four-battalion army. So far, its loyalty seemed badly split between Obote and the figurehead chief of state, Sir Edward ("Freddy") Mutesa, 42, who is the Kabaka, hereditary ruler of Buganda kingdom, most powerful of Uganda's four regions.

GREAT BRITAIN

Veering Toward a Vote

Britain buzzed with speculation last week over whether Prime Minister Harold Wilson would call a general election in the next few weeks. He had every reason to do so. The pound is strong, foreign affairs by jetting off to Moscow for talks with the Kremlin's duumvirate, Aleksei Kosygin and Leonid Brezhnev. In three days of conferences, he won a Soviet pledge to consider larger purchases in Britain and a promise that Premier Kosygin would soon pay him an official visit. Though Wilson could report no progress toward settling the Viet Nam war, the fact that he sent his disarmament minister to seek out Hanoi's top man in Moscow would help silence Labor's antiwar clique, which accuses him of not doing enough to halt the conflict.

"No Raffing." Into public view last week came one issue that Wilson wanted out of the way well in advance of a national vote. It was his long-awaited White Paper outlining a new "defense posture for the 1970s." While Wilson

AP

WILSON & KOSYGIN
But when is the right time?

wages are up, and unemployment is at a near-record low. The fortunes of the Tory opposition are down, with polls showing Labor moving farther ahead in popularity. What better time to seek a margin in Commons more comfortable than the present three-seat majority? But to all inquirers, the stolid little Yorkshireman had one answer: "I shall make a statement in the right way at the right time, but at the moment I am not in a position to say what the right way is or the right time."

Talks in Moscow. For all Wilson's caution, the campaign had in effect already begun. A campaign manifesto for Labor was already coming off the presses. The Conservatives sent a version of their own to the printer. Both parties were setting up speaking schedules, booking accommodations and distributing new campaign material. Party whips arranged with radio and TV executives for equal time.

Wilson himself was acting more and more like the Compleat Campaigner. He sought to buttress his position on

was in Moscow, Defense Secretary Denis Healey presented that posture to the House of Commons. Object of the plan was to reduce Britain's "overstretch" by trimming the strength of its armed forces abroad by one-third and cutting expenditures by one-sixth to \$5.6 billion annually—a figure that would then represent about 6% of Britain's gross national product.*

Despite the reductions, promised Healey, there would be "no ratting on our commitments." But it clearly meant a drastic revision in the traditional composition of Britain's three services. Cruelest cut of all went to the Royal Navy, which will lose all of its four carriers, now the nucleus of Britain's sea power The army will reduce its garrisons in Malta and Cyprus, will withdraw entirely from British Guiana and Aden The Royal Air Force's V-bombers, which now constitute Britain's nuclear strike force, will gradually be grounded.

* As compared to 9% in the U.S., 476% in West Germany and 4.6% in France.

Instead of financing the developof expensive home-grown weapons ain will buy much of its gear for 1970s from the U.S., a decision. strikes a severe blow at Britain's flying aircraft industry (see WORLD) NESS). The R.A.F.'s new bomber 6 will be 50 swing-wing General Dyn ics F-111A's, which Britain is his from the U.S. for \$297.5 million navy will be outfitted with four t type Polaris submarines, and the will be regrouped in a few strategio located bases (Singapore, Bahrein braltar) from which units can be quite airlifted to trouble spots by a flee 48 U.S.-built Herky Birds.

March 31. Ironically, the most ing attack on the new policy came from the Conservatives but from a borite, Christopher Mayhew, who signed in protest as Navy Minister. \$5.6 billion budget, warned Math was "too small if we stay east of s and too big if we do not." Though had quit specifically over the can question, he told the House that his greater fear was that Britain sim could no longer support its world defense responsibilities unless it pended so heavily on U.S. assistance the British would become "auxilia rather than allies of the Americans"

Despite Mayhew's criticism, the adefense policy caused fewer polaripples than the Prime Minister I feared. Though many Empire-min Britons were shocked by the cuthatheir reaction was more than offset the millions of British who feel the vigorous hold-down on defense speing is long overdue. Thus William returned to London to find his polar house quite in order. The best spelation was that he would call a gent election for March 31.

RUSSIA

A Little Realism

Soviet economic plans usually s more like daydreams than serious! casts of intended achievement classic was Nikita Khrushchev's 8 year plan (1959-65), which proto make Russia a Communist utop 1970, complete with the world's his standard of living and largest induproduction. Moscow's new leader more realistic. Last week Premier sei N. Kosygin unveiled a new nive plan that takes up where Khoushe seven-year plan leaves off cone the old bombast, the exuberance phony dreams. And gone—for e was the promise of utopia.

Emphasizing their new "language truth," the Soviet planners admitted the good life is still a good way of 1970 they expect the Soviet male income to be up 85% from 1900 impressive, but still only halt of Khrushchev goal. Where Khrushchev goal where khrushchev goal



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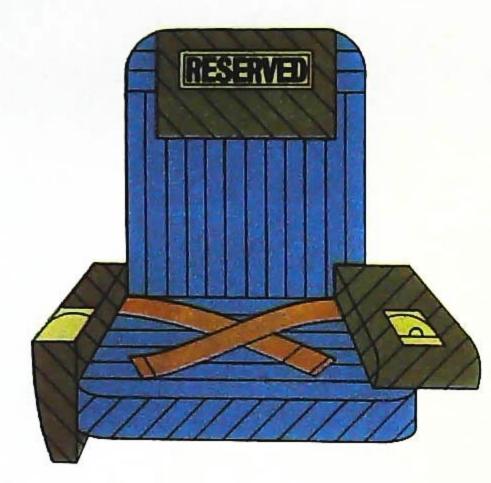
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reach the goal—some 800,000 units a year—output would still amount to little more than one-twelfth of the U.S. production in 1965. Some Western Kremlinologists felt that the revised goals were within reach; others, that they were still a shade too high Either way, they underscored the tremendous economic problems that Moscow faces. With 45% of the American G.N.P. and a population 20% larger than that of the U.S., Russia must shoulder a heavy arms burden, support costly space research, and at the same time meeting the growing and impatient expectations of 232 million people.

kw-h. Over the same period, steel pro-

duction is supposed to climb to 124

million tons a year (v. Khrushchev's

145 million tons), oil production to 355

million tons a year (v. Khrushchev's

380 million tons), and fertilizer output

to 62 million tons annually (v. Khru-

shehev's 77 million tons). In agricul-

ture, Khrushchev had called for an 8%

annual increase in grain production and

a total crop of 229 million tons by

1970. The new plan projects a more

realistic 4% yearly increase and a 170

Soviet planners also softened the em-

phasis on heavy industry and called for

more consumer goods. By 1970 they

hope to double production of television

sets, treble the production of refrigera-

tors and quadruple the production of

cars. Yet even if Soviet automakers

As part of their new realism, the

million-ton crop by 1970.

And Don't Come Back

When Soviet Rebel Novelist Valery Tarsis, 59, was permitted to fly to Eng-sense. land last month for a lecture engagement, Western observers were frankly surprised. Tarsis had spent six months in a Moscow insane asylum for his outspoken attacks on Soviet officialdom in his first published underground novel, The Bluebottle, badgered the author-



WRITER TARSIS A different sort of asylum.

ities still further last year with a scathing account of life on the funny farm, called Ward 7. All the same, counseled Komsomolskaya Pravda, "Let him go. We know why they [the West] need him. It is to pump all the anti-Soviet fascist vomit out of this mental case and then dump him onto the garbage heap. Let him go."

The authorities let him go, all right. Last week the Supreme Soviet's Presidium announced that it had deprived Tarsis of his citizenship, "for actions discrediting a citizen of the U.S.S.R.," leaving him permanently stranded in Britain. Tarsis had asked for it. He had roundly condemned "Soviet bandit fascism" at a London press conference, followed that blast with an article, obviously written before the edict but published after it, in the Sunday Telegraph reporting that despite savage persecution, "our people's immeasurable love of freedom is growing day by day."

It seemed curious that the Kremlin had allowed him to leave. One theory had it that Tarsis' trip had been meant to distract attention from the trial of Soviet Writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky (Time, Feb. 18). According to a more ingenious version, he had promised the KGB (secret police) to publicly condemn Sinyavsky and Daniel when he reached London, then proceeded to do just the opposite. What seemed most likely, however, was that the Soviets had simply hoped that Tarsis would seek asylum of his own accord, thereby sparing them the problem of coping with a certified lunatic who, on occasion, makes altogether too much

FRANCE

Soil, Sky & Sea

"Alors," announced Charles de Gaulle at his press conference last week, "We will speak of NATO," That, in itself, was no news: he has been speaking about NATO, not always very kindly, ever since it was founded in 1949. Last week, however, he publicly gave NATO a timetable for getting out of France. De Gaulle told his audience that France would "modify successively the measures currently practiced" before the North Atlantic Treaty expires in 1969. "It means re-establishing a normal situation of sovereignty, so that everything French, including soil, sky, sea and forces, and any foreign element in France will in the future be under French command alone."

to evict or take command of SHAPE headquarters outside Paris, 14 U.S. Air Force bases, 26,000 U.S. servicemen, and NATO's complex network of pipelines and storage dumps in France? He was not saying, for part of his plan, in the canny tradition of French diplomacy, was to provoke the U.S. into offering some compromise or alternative before the actual bargaining begins.



DE GAULLE A canny plan for eviction.

Washington did not rise to the bait. "1969 is quite a long way off," remarked one U.S. diplomat, aware that many things could alter France's attitude between now and then—including the departure of Charles de Gaulle. In any case, plans have been made to cope with outright ouster. Already the dayto-day supply of the U.S. Seventh Army in Germany is based not on French ports but on Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg. And though it would cost at least \$700 million, the U.S. could move most of its facilities in France to the Low Countries and West Germany. To the U.S., it seemed a sizable sum to charge for amour-propre. But not to De Gaulle. As an atomic power, he said, France has world responsibilities. "France desires to handle these responsibilities herself. This desire is incompatible with the organization of defense under which she is now subordinated."

ITALY

A Fine Italian Hand

A new 26-member center-left coalition Cabinet put together by Christian Democratic Premier Aldo Moto was sworn in by President Giuseppe Saragat in Rome's Quirinale Palace last week. There was practically no difference between this Cabinet and the last, which Exactly how did le grand Charles plan fell 33 days before. Nonetheless, Italy applauded, and the Milan stock market surged to a new three-year high. Italians rightly understood that Premier Moro had triumphed over a positively Borgian plot.

> The latter-day Cesare was Moro's ambitious ex-Foreign Minister, Amintore Fanfani, who left the Cabinet under fire in December because of his (and his wife's) bumbling attempts to

solve the Viet Nam crisis. Fanfani forced Moro to resign in January by talking some of Moro's (and his) fellow Christian Democrats into voting down a trivial nursery-school bill in the Chamber of Deputies. Fanfani wanted more than to just get back into the Cabinet. He wanted Moro out. So he persuaded the right wing of the Christian Democrats to insist on the inclusion of their leader, ex-Premier Mario Scelba, in any new Cabinet. Why? Because, naturally, as a bitter foe of the left, Scelba was certain to be rejected by Moro's Socialist coalition partners, and thereby force a new deadlock to plague Moro.

Moro is a meek little law professor from the University of Bari, who never drives above 35 m.p.h. and maintains that he would only be caught dead in an airplane. But he possesses a virtue rare in Italy. He is a born listener. He patiently attended while the feuding faction leaders talked themselves out, then shyly pointed out to Scelba's fans that they were being used as Fanfani's tools. With that, the rightists withdrew Scelba's Cabinet candidacy, settled for two new lesser Cabinet posts. Fanfani was not consulted until everything else was set. Then Moro told a minor Senator to call him and offer him the Foreign

Ministry. Sourly, Fanfani accepted. With luck, the new Cabinet will last until the new elections in April 1968. This would make Moro runner-up for the postwar endurance championship among Italian Prime Ministers, after the late Alcide de Gasperi, who resigned in 1953. However, Italian politicians, especially Christian Democrats, dislike strong leaders, and they will be doubly tempted to cut Moro downjust as they did De Gasperi. Observed one Roman: "Aldo Moro is the father of his party right now, but it's risky being Papa if your children have an Oedipus complex."

INDONESIA

The Bung's Bounce

"Here I am, Sukarno, President and Great Leader of the Revolution. I will not retreat one step or even one millimeter!" There he was indeed, full of bombast and braggadocio, munching cake and sipping orangeade—and apparently back on top of the heap. After five months of submission to his anti-Communist generals, Indonesia's President last week demonstrated the reasons behind his reputation as Southeast Asia's most durable politician.

Almost as if his own position had never been in jeopardy, Sukarno blithely fired Defense Minister Abdul Haris Nasution, leader of the anti-Red forces that put down last October's Communist coup. He also installed a new Cabinet, some of whose members-though avowedly non-Communist-were far to the left of the generals. Nasution took the demotion quietly, but it was an ominous silence. Still loyal to him are Army Chief Suharto and the crack Siliwangi Division, elements of which moved into Djakarta last week. "We are ready to move the second Nasution gives the signal," claimed the Siliwangi's commander.

Nasakom Is No More. Sukarno managed his comeback subtly. Outwardly he appeared submissive, while secretly calling in junior officers for sessions ripe with flattery and promises. The seeds of rivalry were quick to sprout. At the same time, he wooed and won Moslem groups long neglected by the government. All the while, the Bung was practicing the traditional Indonesian musjawarah, a catharsis by conversation that ultimately leads to consensus. Last week Sukarno felt it had been reached.

Whether or not Nasution's ouster sticks, it will be some time before Sukarno again feels free to court the Chinese-backed Partai Kommunis Indone-



SUKARNO ANNOUNCING CABINET CHANGES
From seeds to sprouts.

sia as ardently as he did before the October coup. In the first place, P.K.I. ranks have been severely depleted by anti-Communist slaughter, and surviving party members are lying low. Secondly, Sukarno knows that a return to the pro-Communist past would trigger an army coup, Nasution or no Nasution. Indonesia has accepted the decline of Communism to such an extent that even Sukarno's beloved acronym Nasakom (a combination of nationalism, religion and Communism, on which his policy is based) has been amended to Nasasos (for socialism).

Rage in Yellow Shirts. Even at that Sukarno's balance is precarious. Last week mobs of angry anti-Red students stormed through Djakarta, blocking entrances to Merdeka Palace with stolen trucks and forcing Sukarno to send helicopters to pick up his Cabinet ministers for the swearing-in ceremony Nervous guards fired into one group. killing three students. That brought on a second mob scene, with 100,000 students—led by yellow-shirted members of the Indonesian Student Action Command (KAMI)-lining the five-mile 10neral route. Sukarno retaliated by oullawing KAMI, declaring a curfew and forbidding groups of five or more to meet in Djakarta. With that, he retreated behind machine guns to Mer deka Palace to await developments

With the army sullen and the students enraged, Sukarno's comeback might prove a short one.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Tunnel Rats

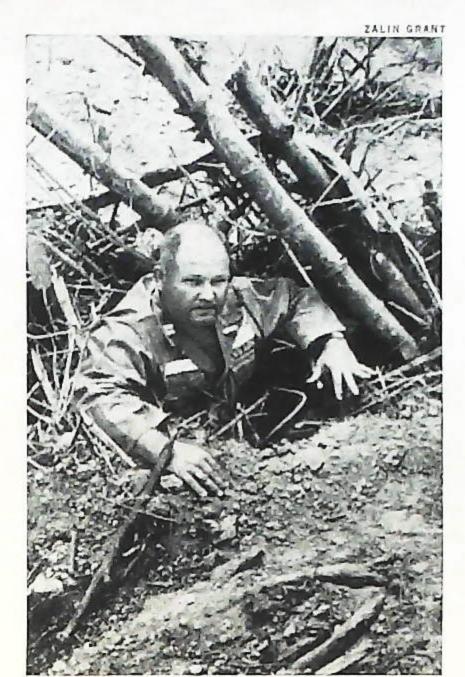
To the Viet Cong, a shovel is as important as a rifle. Steadily increasing pressure from American ground and air power has literally pushed the Reds underground, and in the past few years they have carved out a subterrancan Viet Nam that is every bit as complex as the surface one. Every city is ringed

by miles of intricate tunnels; Red redoubts in the countryside are riddled with sniper-manned "spiderholes," command bunkers, storage vaults, and even underground hospitals with electricity and running water.

Like some breed of superbadgers, the Reds dig round the clock. Even hard-core V.C. troopers often dig an hour each morning instead of doing calisthenics, but most of the excavation is done by three-man teams of "volunteers"—usually village boys and girls impressed for the duty—who are expected to dig three yards of tunnel a day. The results are amazing. At Cu Chi, the newly blooded American 25th Infantry Division last month found a three-level tunnel network that snaked to 15 feet below the matted jungle and stretched more than 200 yards.

Viet Cong tunnels are shored with bamboo, take right-angle turns roughly every ten yards to baffle the blast of satchel charges dropped in the mouths of the tunnels. The Viet Cong use rabbits or gophers in open-topped cages to bore breathing holes to the surface. Headquarter complexes also have primitive "early warning" systems for air attack: conical pits five meters deep, from the bottom of which a man can hear planes miles away, as if he were resting in the cup of a giant ear.

Foiling the Fire Ants. At first, American troops simply destroyed the Red tunnel complexes. Then it became evident that intelligence, food, even weapons could be retrieved from them. In



TUNNEL RAT THORNTON

Big ears in a conical pit.

the vast Ho Bo Woods, 35 miles northwest of Saigon, U.S. troops found a 14-mile tunnel complex that contained some 100,000 documents—listing everything from names of Viet Cong terrorists to billet locations of every senior American officer in Saigon. Obviously, all tunnels would have to be explored.

In the 1st Infantry Division, that job falls to a four-man team called "the

Tunnel Rats." Since January, the team has been crawling through miles of mazes in the no man's land north of Saigon, braving booby traps and 100° temperatures. The Rats are an oddly equipped lot: they carry .22-cal. pistols (since .45s would shatter their eardrums at close quarters), wear leather gloves and kneepads, and are connected to the surface by half a mile of wire that runs to a battery-powered headset. Taped to their ankles are smoke grenades, for use when the Tunnel Rats are ready to emerge, and want to avoid a bullet from a startled American's rifle. Another necessity: an aerosol bomb to attack the half-inch "fire ants" that often infest the tunnels.

Notes from Underground. Once explored, the tunnels are ready for demolition. But as Captain Herbert W. Thornton, 40, Alabaman team leader of the Tunnel Rats, says: "There isn't enough dynamite in Viet Nam to blow up all of them." That problem is solved by 10 lbs, of a crystallized riot agent called CS (O-chlorobenzalmalononitrile), developed by the British for mob control. Placed on top of a powder charge, the CS is blasted throughout the tunnel, sticking to walls and floors. When it is disturbed by returning Reds, it gets into the respiratory system and causes nausea and painful burns.

Even without CS, tunnel life is grim for the Viet Cong. A diary captured in a complex north of Saigon last week carried a typical lamentation: "Oh, what hard days! One has to stay in a

THE PURPLE HEART BOOGIE

Every war breeds its balladeers, and Viet Nam is no exception. Xenophon's Greek mercenaries marched "up country" into the Persian empire 2,300 years ago to the rhythm of harshly sung battle hymns; Wellington's light infantry quick-stepped through the Iberian peninsula to the bugles of *Over the Hills and Far Away*. Pershing's doughboys remarked the lack of lingerie in Armentières, while Rommel's Afrika

(To the tune of I'm Movin' On)

I was landin' on a paddy, thought I had it made.
Until a friendly farmer threw a hand grenade—
I'm movin' on; I'm movin' on.
Convoy flyin' through Man Giang Pass:
Play the Purple Heart Boogie on the Air Cav's ass
I'm movin' on; I'm movin' on.

Korps lusted for Lili Marlene. In Viet Nam, the anonymous lyricists sing of "the Air Cav" (the 1st Cavalry Division turned Airmobile) and "pees" (South Vietnamese piasters worth roughly a penny); they abbreviate the helicopter gunships that support them to a curt A.R.A. ("aerial rocket artillery"). "Charlie" is the enemy, Victor Charlie being Viet Cong in the military phonetic alphabet. Top tunes in Viet Nam today:

(To the tune of Rock of Ages)

Victor Charlie—at Plei Me
Threw a hand grenade at we.
So I caught it, in my palm,
Threw it back, and he was gone.
Victor Charlie, at Plei Me,
Thanks a lot, you s.o.b.

(To the tune of The M.T.A.)

Let me tell you of a Cong by the name of Charlie
On that tragic and fateful day.
He put ten rounds in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,
And went out to zap the A.R.A.

But did he ever return? No, he never returned, and his fate is still unlearned. He may run forever through the trackless jungles. He's the Cong who never returned.

Charlie handed in his rifle at the An Khe station And he turned into a refugee.

When he got there the boss man told him "one day's labor," And he gave him only fifty pee.

Now Charlie's wife went down to the airstrip
One day at quarter past three,
And from the open chopper she pulled Charlie to safety
and they infiltrated Plei Me.

But did he ever return? No, he never returned, and his fate is still unlearned. He may run forever through the trackless jungles. He's the Cong who never returned.



STUDENT RIOT IN DJAKARTA

Catharsis by conversation to consensus.

tunnel, eat cold rice with salt, drink unboiled water!" That was the last entry. Next day, Tran Bang, the 29-yearold diarist, was killed in an American assault on the once-inviolable underground world of the Viet Cong.

AUSTRALIA

Toward Acceptance of Asians

As Minister of Immigration, Harold Holt established a milestone of sorts in 1952 by ruling that Japanese wives of Australian servicemen could enter Australia in spite of the tight restrictions on Asian immigrants. As Prime Minister, Holt last week ordered a reexamination of Australia's immigration policies with a view to bringing them more in line with the country's emerging awareness that its destiny really rests in Asia. Already the review has produced one result: a prime-ministerial recommendation reducing the 15-year period that non-European immigrants must wait before becoming eligible for citizenship to five years, the same as for European settlers. Holt also hopes to make it easier for Asian executives and technicians who come to Australia on assignments for their companies to bring their wives and families with them. Commented Sydney's Morning Herald: "The minor changes that Holt has mentioned will go some way to undo the immense harm caused by the present rigid white-Australia policy."

Other press comment was equally laudatory.

SYRIA

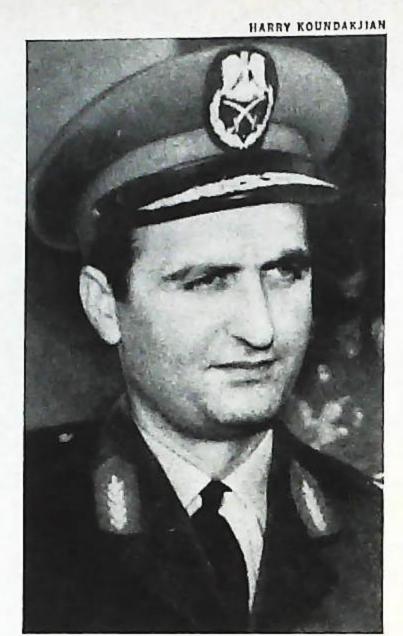
A Party Affair

In long-turbulent Syria, no one has yet been able to topple the ruling Baath (Renaissance) Party. To be sure, there has been a dizzying chain of uprisings within the governing hierarchy itself, but they always left the top man intact: Strongman Amin Hafez, 43. Last week the party went through its 15th major reshuffle since seizing power in 1963. Only this time, Hafez himself was shuf-

fled right out.

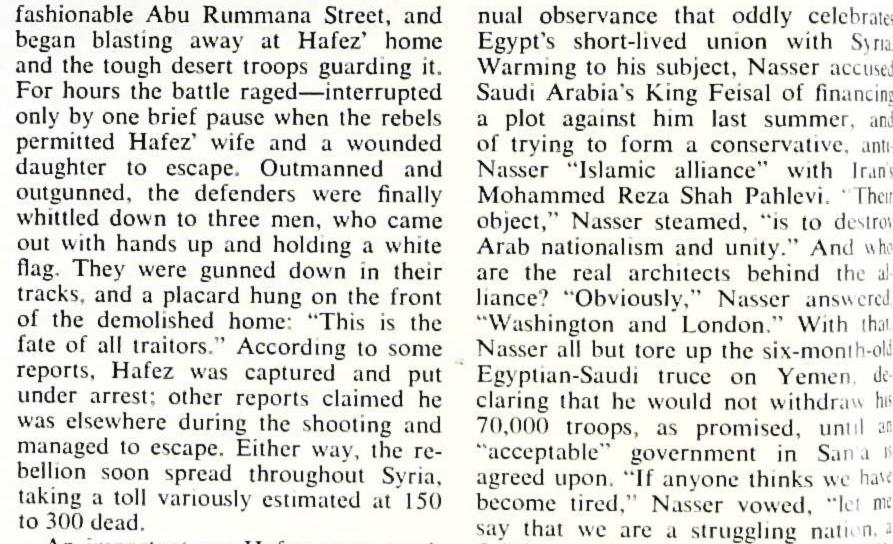
The coup grew out of a split between the party's leftist moderates, led by Hafez, and a powerful, pro-Peking group of officers led by General Salah Jadid. Where Hafez sought closer ties with Egypt, Jadid demanded a complete break. Where Hafez pledged Syria to a nonintervention agreement with other Arab nations, Jadid wanted Syria free to meddle where it might. As for Hafez' Russian-style socialism, Jadid insisted on a far stricter Red Chinese version. Last December their feud exploded into the open when Hafez discovered a Jadid plot to overthrow him. Hafez chased his rival underground, forced pro-Jadid Premier Youssef Zayyen to resign, and replaced him with his own man, Jadid kept consolidating his power, however, and last week he struck back.

Early one morning pro-Jadid troops and armored units rolled up Damascus'



JADID

Shuffle off to Peking.



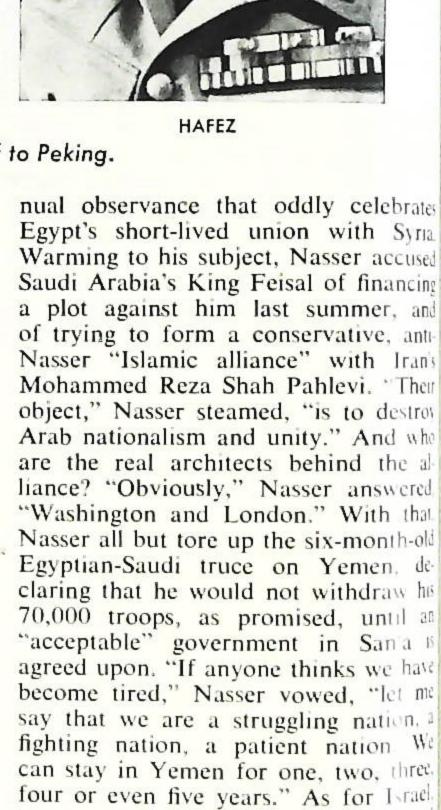
An important pro-Hafez army garrison in the north was still holding out at week's end, but nevertheless the rebels went on the air to call themselves "the provisional command of the Baath Party," and termed the coup a party affair to "correct" a situation that "threatened to impose a dictatorial regime on the country." As their chief of state, they named Noureddin Attassi, a Jadid-style leftist and Hafez' onetime second-incommand. As Premier, they appointed -once again-Youssef Zayyen.

EGYPT

Back to the Balcony

In recent months, Gamal Abdel Nasser has been the very model of sweet reasonableness. He has counseled caution in Arab threats of war against Israel, taken steps to end the war in Yemen and toned down his blasts at the U.S. Perhaps the strain of moderation was too great, for last week he was back at his old propaganda stand, happily blasting everyone in sight.

The occasion was Unity Day, the an-



Nasser threatened a "deterrent war"

the country decides to go ahead will

the development of an atomic we ipon

In the same hot breath, Nasser also at

tacked Tunisia's Habib Bourguib 1 fe

daring to advocate Arab negotiation

with Israel.

GEORGE DE CARVALHO

What was eating Nasser all of a sud den? Genuine fear of encirclement b the Arab conservatives? Frusti ation over his expensive troop commitment in Yemen? Some old Middle East hand thought it might be merely a yearning for the good old days when he was con stantly embroiled in international trigue. They suggest that President Johnson may have stirred him up sending Averell Harriman to Cairo will a virtual invitation to join the Vic Nam peace effort. "Lyndon's gone and dragged Nasser away from the fireplace and onto the balcony again," sighs on American expert. "Once you get him out there, it's a helluva job to get his back to the fireplace again."

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PEOPLE

"Of course we'll live off his income," insisted the bride-to-be. "He wouldn't think of it any other way." And another thing, Luci Baines Johnson, 18, pointed out in an interview with McCall's, those reports that she had to strong-arm Daddy into approving the match were just "hogwash." When she brought her beau, Pat Nugent, whose career plans are still up in the air, down to the ranch last October, the girl explained, "my father came to us and asked: 'What's all this I read in the newspapers?" And that, said Luci, sticking out her jaw, "is when we sat down and reasoned together."

At first there was some doubt she would make it there at all. But then the stout Boy Scout commissioner and five other loyal subjects on the tiny British West Indian isle of Nevis pleaded that Queen Elizabeth II not ignore them on her month-long Caribbean tour. And so she came. As the royal yacht Britannia docked at the jetty, nearly all 13,000 Nevisians were dancing in the streets. Then with endless royal waves, Elizabeth and Prince Philip drove off through the cotton and sugarcane fields to pay a gracious call at the birthplace of one of the Crown's less loyal subjects—Alexander Hamilton.

It was the old mousetrap play. The U.S. Army captain and the Vietnamese airborne battalion, which he served as adviser, fought their way into a Viet Cong camp near Bong Son one night, only to find the place deserted. Then, at midnight, with the ammo running low, everyone loved me, and I even sang Captain Pete Dawkins, 27, had the those dreary I.R.A. songs that Brendan V.C. red-dogging in on both flanks. After a quick firefight, Army's 1958 All-



CAPTAIN PETE DAWKINS Out of the mouseirap.

IME, MARCH 4, 1966

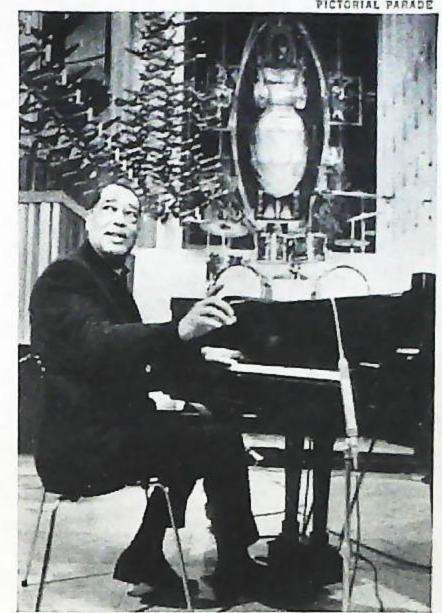
America halfback huddled with his assistant, Lieut, Dick McDaniel, a former Nebraska end, and called for a "quick draw"-an artillery barrage from the nearby 1st Air Cavalry Division. That play scored fine, and afterward, as Dawkins and his unit rested in Saigon, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky awarded him and McDaniel South Viet Nam's second highest decoration, the Gallantry Cross.

After five weeks of arguments, Widow Mary Hemingway had her verdict. She had tried to stop publication of a book by A. E. Hotchner (TIME, Feb. 11), a friend and drinking pal of Ernest's during his last years, describing how the prideful lion sometimes fell into black and irrational moods before eventually shooting himself in 1961. In writing these reminiscences, argued "Miss Mary," Hotchner had used Papa's spoken words, which should be considered his property. But New York State Supreme Court Justice Harry Frank ruled that "spontaneous oral conversation with friends" cannot be considered subject to copyright. Random House will publish Papa Hemingway in April.

And wasn't it a long, fond wake the widow held? After Irish Playwright Brendan Behan died of "the gargle" two years ago, Beatrice Behan, 40, told Redbook in Dublin, "I spent a few months drinking around in the pubs where they knew him." After a while, said Beatrice, "I felt his personality slipping under my skin. I imagined that used to sing. But then I realized I was not being natural, so I drink but little now." Still, considering the mourning after, the great gargler's widow conceded: "I love the life of the pubs."

Filed for probate in Manhattan Surrogate's Court, the will of General Motors Magnate Alfred P. Sloan Jr. grandly disposed of \$90 million, with \$60 million pouring into his Sloan Foundation, \$10 million going to his alma mater, M.I.T., \$10 million to the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, and \$10 million to the Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, both in Manhattan. His brothers and other relatives, said a lawyer for the estate, "were provided for earlier."

As the provost of England's Coventry Cathedral explained after his new and radically beautiful church had risen beside the ruins of the old cathedral bombed out in 1940, "History has given us a chance to experiment, but we're not banging cymbals and drums." Maybe not then, but some distinctly unconventional sounds were issuing from Coventry last week as Duke Ellington, 66, staged the European première of his jazzy Concert of Sacred Music,



DUKE ELLINGTON Back to the cymbals and drums.

swinging out on the steps of the chancel beneath Graham Sutherland's tapestry of Christ in Glory (TIME cover, Dec. 25, 1964). "There's a story of the man who accompanied his prayers by juggling because that was the thing he could do best," said the Duke. "That's what we're doing-we're playing our kind of music here.'

I'll endorse with my name any of the following: clothing, cigarettes, tapes, sound equipment, ROCK 'N' ROLL RECORDS, anything, film and film equipment, Food, Helium, Whips, MONEY-love and kisses Andy Warhol, EL 5-9941.

That's how the ad in the Village Voice ran and, while it wouldn't exactly be like having Mickey Mantle endorse your shaving cream, manufacturers might well consider what Andy's painstaking pop pictures did for Campbell Soups. As yet no helium or whip manufacturers have called up for the artist's endorsement, and what Andy really wants is to lend his name to some nice Manhattan restaurant, which in turn would agree to keep him and his entourage in sandwiches and beer up in his loft. But kindly don't send any of those canvas Oldenburgers.

Most of his impressive art collection looks genuine enough, sprinkled as it is with the signatures of people like Picasso, Matisse and Henry Moore. But you never can tell, testified Collector Nelson Rockefeller, 57, at the New York State attorney general's hearing on art fraud. There was that time in Sumatra in 1930, the Governor went on ruefully, when he picked up a lovely piece of "primitive sculpture," only to have a local innkeeper inform him that the things were mass-produced for the tourist trade. On other occasions, admitted Rockefeller, he's been a "sucker," and "naturally, I feel very silly."

AMERICAN HUMOR: Hardly a Laughing Matter

IIIUMOR can be dissected, as a frog can," E. B. White once warned, "but the thing dies in the process and the innards are discouraging to any but the pure scientific mind." Until recently, many American humorists obeyed that caveat by looking the other way when the subject was raised, or treating the whole thing as a joke. Robert Benchley spoke for most of his colleagues when he lampooned the scientific students of humor with his dictum: "We must understand that all sentences which begin with W are funny." Well, something unfunny has happened to American humor. Today the humorists are outexamining the examiners, some of them even making second careers as commentators who probe and pontificate on the radio and TV panels that ceaselessly sift American manners, morals and mores.

The reason for all the talk is that the nature, quality and targets of American humor are undergoing considerable change. Bob Hope and Columnist Russell Baker both believe that the change is for the better, and Carol Burnett proclaims: "Humor has gotten braver; we're doing nuttier, wilder things." S. J. Perelman, on the other hand, says unequivocally: "I have never seen so much ghastly work, even in television, as this year." And as far as Playwright (Cactus Flower) Abe Burrows is concerned, "there is nothing to kid any more. This is the age of consensus, and all the humorists are censoring themselves." If the purveyors of humor disagree on whether the change is for better or worse, however, they at least agree that it has profoundly affected their art.

That art has its roots in the work of a writer who made his Mark before the century began, "All modern American literature comes from one book by Twain called Huckleberry Finn," wrote Ernest Hemingway. "There was nothing before. There has been nothing as good since." If Twain affected serious writers, he affected humorists even more. His timing as a public speaker is still being imitated by stand-up comedians. His wry one-line sermons ("Man is the Only Animal that blushes. Or needs to") have influenced every prose humorist who followed him.

Two generations afterward, Will Rogers twitted in the Twain vein, taking America and Americans to task: "Politics has got so expensive that it takes lots of money to even get beat with." Soon afterward Fred Allen followed with his own caustic acid. "He was not brought by the stork," Allen once said about a heritage-happy snob. "He was brought by a man from the Audubon Society personally." During the Depression, Allen recommended setting up "a crumb line for midgets." His friendly enemy, Jack Benny, was not far from Twain's platform personality in a radio skit in which he was held up by a burglar. Thief: "Your money or your life." Benny (after a 30-second pause): "I'm thinking. I'm thinking."

Unshockable Audiences

Twain had his circuit circus, Allen a large radio audience. But TV has exposed more Americans than ever before to a steady, if often unsatisfactory, diet of humor. It offers dozens of stand-up comics a month (on such as the Ed Sullivan and Johnny Carson shows), and some 30 situation comedies every week. As the word fun becomes more and more an adjective, the comic is also spilling over into the commercials; where once the pitchman raved supreme, he now adds a light or whimsical touch to ads-in Buster Keaton's Ford-truck plugs, for example, or Bert Lahr's potato-chip commercials and Jack Gilford's Cracker Jack spiels. The comedians soften the sale—and they frequently outshine the programs.

Today's humor may not be much rougher than it was on the American frontier, but it has shed its inhibitions in full public view. Sex is no longer a taboo topic; it is, in fact, one of the commonest. Humor has not only been firmly en-

trenched in the bedroom, but is increasingly being into the bathroom. Even caustic Cartoonist Jules Feiffe "It's astounding what's allowable today." The gentle wit. Contemporary audiences are largely unshockahl build up enough pressure to get a laugh, humorists have do not laugh because they understand, and says Playwrward to this ride," said Lady Godiva shiftlessly. (A Thousand Clowns) Herb Gardner, "The worst kill When they do put up with their world, the college stulaughter is too much understanding."

A Dark Breed

ened up on late-night TV, they began to use Jewish w which the dubbed-in sound track is totally different from phrases and jokes, many of which made Bloomington hat is occurring on-screen. as hard as The Bronx. Jewish humor has penetrated size In line with the increasing tolerance of American life, Pauline Kael, "but there's a lot of hostility in it."

making his anti-hero a round-shouldered, wide-hipped ome farming, just for the hell of it." Jew helpless to handle his neighbors, his job or ever flirtatious wife ("I saw a kiss. I saw tongues") Jews course, have no priority on black humor One of 118 de To the unquestioning audience, the state of American money and morality (The Magic Christian).

a means to a goal," he says. "The ultimate effect puld, unless it is reversed, become the dark ages of Amerfrivolity but bitter pessimism." As Critic Leslie Fiedle an humor.

to find subjects for humor is in the news, and comenipolating to itself, giggling at its own jokes. Even the few truly humor reflects a growing dependence on current evalking to itself, giggling at its own jokes. Even the few truly The best humorous columnists—Art Buchwald and Rumorous shows—Get Smart!, The Dick Van Dyke Show—The best humorous columnists—Art Buchwald and Rumorous shows—Get Smart!, The Dick Van Dyke Show—and Baker—naturally look to the news for their subjects fiter week. "It's not surprising," says S. J. Perelman, "that so do more and more comics. "People are a lot more like the traces a lot like the like th about humor today," says Bob Hope. "People like IME, MARCH 4, 1966

medians to be current. We have to do the things they're iding about. De Gaulle, for example. One man against the orld—he's jealous of the American and the Russian walk space; he's still trying to walk on water."

This concern with events has had its impact on the cams, where a news-hungry generation that has been in on information explosion since the beginning finds the gentle, phisticated comedies of the '30s and '40s relics to be wed on the museum of the Late Show. Their memories dies that once titillated the town have been replace less of Benchley than of Berkeley, and, in the absence of such farces as What's New Pussycat? and Kiss Me, 5 ich protest humor, they have concentrated on deliberate in which playboyesque exaggeration has been substitute surdities that refuse to deal with the adult world. Such sphant with a jar of peanut butter? A peanut that never rgets or an elephant that sticks to the roof of your mouth) gun to abandon sex to take up the grave topic of dead the more recent grape jokes. (What's purple and hums? in The Loved One, proudly promoted as a picture n electric grape. Why does it hum? It doesn't know the something to offend everyone." Yet audiences have generals). Another collegiate fad was the Tom Swifties, inspired proved shockproof to spoofs on death and destruction. Author Edward Stratemeyer's series. "I've been looking

nts do so mostly to put it down, cheering on in traditional llegiate fashion the impudent and the impertinent. Sarnic Singer Tom Lehrer remains a remarkably long-lived Another type of inhibition has been banished by the vorite, with five current records to skip study by. A recent siderable Yiddishization of American comedy. Before hrer tune: "Doin' the Vatican rag/ Get in line in that Tonight show, the only Jewish comics most of Amocessional/ Step into that small confessional/ There the knew were simply comedians who happened to be by who's got religion'll/ Tell you if your sin's original." few of whom would risk their inside Yiddish humor nother favorite is urbane, eccentric Woody Allen, who is general audience. But as the funnymen limbered and crently flipping the filmniks by writing a Japanese movie

into print as well. How to Be a Jewish Mother becaregro-Jewish-Irish dialect jokes are just about dead, at big seller, bought by a lot of readers who were mast in public. More in tune is Negro Comedian Dick Greg-Jewish nor mothers. Still, beyond the simple shory's definition of North and South: "In the South, they don't shrugging caricatures and the throwaway Yiddish, the ire how close I get as long as I don't get too big. In the ish experience is flavored with some sour salt. "Jewish horth, they don't care how big I get as long as I don't get is supposed to be warm and familiar," says Movie (o close." Despite the disappearance of the old ethnic Because of this hostility—and the fact that the majimption that only a really minor minority lacks the strength of top U.S. humorists are Jewish—Jews figure prompt high rapper from harmless slep to uppleasant slure Q Why humorists," an easily applied label that sticks to those examine the megaton-megalopolis age and find it tunny hat is strictly taboo right now is Viet Nam, says Jonathan in a fearsome way. In Catch-22, now a classic of its Minters. Not that he need travel that far. Winters gets his Joseph Heller presents an American pilot who would have ughs from way-out exaggerations of American types. Playhis country's bases for "cost plus 6%." In Stern, Bruce ig the farmer: "The Government pays me \$25,000 just to Friedman deflates the American concept of the here atch the ground. Sometimes I think I would like to do making his articles.

The Giggling Robot

stars, Terry Southern, a Texas gentile, has been oper medy may appear to be healthy indeed. The proliferation successfully in the black for years with ham-handed f comedy into every corner of American life, the spreading on pornography (Candy), nuclear war (Dr. Strang lord pness and the general joking seem to indicate one of the chest times for comedy in American history. But do they? For Heller, the change to basic black was not made, closer examination of current comedy reveals neither a cally for laughs. "I am not using humor as a goal, benaissance nor a reformation but the beginnings of what

16 Television, the disseminator of most current American only valid contemporary work." Nonetheless, the streomedy, has abdicated originality in favor of the safe and critics of blackness are found among humorists mariame. As recently as ten years ago, such comedians as Sid whom believe that humor that does not make people laesar and Ernie Kovacs were savagely satirizing everyis not humor at all 6 is not humor at all. Some of the critics, however, coming from fatherhood to French movies. Today on TV, black humor with the latest property is rarely allowed to humber into view unless preblack humor with sick humor, whose chief practitioned by its keeper—situation. Perhaps, too, it was inevitable been Lenny Bruce, the man who made the four-letter eded by its keeper—situation. Perhaps, too, it was inevitable a popular mixer before I a popular mixer before being ruled obscene by the courts hat once man found a way to can the stuff of the soul—laughter. For many in an age of constant change, the best some day find a way to can the stuff of the soul—laughter.

I find subjects for humanian age of constant change, the best some day find a way to can the stuff of the soul—laughter.

people who do weekly comedy shows on television are reduced to drivel.'

If the quality of TV comedy leaves something to be desired, the quantity of written humor is pitifully small; most writers with a comic talent have been lured by the wide exposure and high pay of TV. No replacements have been found for such essayists as Benchley, Ring Lardner, Don Marquis, Frank Sullivan. There is no longer a Thurber, expressing in word and picture the uneasiness of modern life and the war between the sexes. "Funny men don't seem to write books these days," laments Russell Baker. Nightclub humor-what there is of it—is also in bad shape. San Francisco's hungry i, where many comedians got their start, has been hurt by the bare-bosom boom; Manhattan's Blue Angel is defunct; and the Bon Soir, where cerebral comedians once gamboled, now has a noncomic policy. The comic strips, too, are in a generally deplorable state, two notable exceptions being Schulz's Peanuts and Al Capp's Li'l Abner.

A Large Balloon of Wind

Though satire is still around, it is not in very robust condition. Mort Sahl, once a master of the form, is as hard to find as an old Will Rogers routine; his last television show lasted two weeks. Monologuist Bob Newhart, one of a line of snipers who picked off American postures and pretensions, is rarely seen on TV nowadays, and Sid Caesar has not been seen regularly since 1964. Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who took the Ins and made them Out to be a group of phonies, seldom appear together any more.

One of the problems of satire is that, to many humorists, the world itself is a large balloon full of wind, a satire on itself. "The world is getting so crazy you just have to laugh," says Art Buchwald, who lists some recent examples of selfsatire: Lyndon Johnson showing his scar, Premier Ky and his wife in their Captain and Mrs. Midnight flight suits, the Ecumenical Council debating whether the Jews really killed Christ. There is surprisingly little political satire of Lyndon Johnson. The reason, believes Playwright-Director George Abbott, is that "humor is exaggeration, and President Johnson is his own exaggeration." Kennedy, in short, had a silk hat that could be knocked off by a humorist's snowball; Johnson's Stetson looks funnier on him than knocked off. What satire there is these days often satirizes the village idiot. Batman kids the comics—which kid the kids. The man from U.N.C.L.E. is, at its best, only taking off on James Bond, an acknowledged spoof on itself.

Such is the state of U.S. humor that, except for the comparatively small squadron of black humorists, there are almost no original comic talents left. As it is now, the choice seems to lie between the banalities of the TV screen and what are the frequent absurdities of the black humorists, a choice roughly comparable to that offered by a menu with only two items: vanilla pudding and a whisky sour.

Too few of the absurdists have heeded the admonition of their existential idol Kierkegaard, who wrote: "The comic spirit is not wild or vehement, its laughter is not shrill." Black humor has a long tradition that reached its apex in Jonathan Swift. But the humorists who dwell on death and disaster today lean too often toward the narcissistic, reflecting images of themselves as helpless heroes in a world they can neither take nor leave. Their less lugubrious colleagues, on the other hand, have been all too willing to cede the comic to the journalists and to allow the commercial to override the classic. In the end, they have left a society almost without true humorists, making it vulnerable and vain, like a great man without a sense of humor.

Perhaps the American humorist may yet lead himself out of the dark by re-examining his own craft. "The one specific remedy for vanity is laughter," wrote Philosopher Henri Bergson, "and the one failing that is essentially laughable is vanity." Is it only society that is laughable today? Or is it the humorists themselves, too proud or fearful or full of disdain to fulfill their function? That function is to be society's mocking bird, not its vulture. What the U.S. can always use is something that everyone has in him but only a true humorist can bring out; a good laugh.

POWERBOAT RACING

Madness off Miami

They aren't taking volunteers for the Alamo any more, and it is getting harder to find cannibals to invite to lunch. So what does a man do when he's bored and restless (and maybe a little masochistic) and has \$50,000 or so to spend?

He races powerboats. Offshore powerboat racing is no delicate art like trying to steer a skittery hydroplane around the smooth surface of a protected lake. It is simple, straightforward stuff: slamming headlong through the open ocean in anything from a souped-up outboard to a PT boat-until your ribs rattle and your face is white with salt. It is madness, of course. But as Ohio Millionaire Merrick Lewis, 41, explained on the eve of last week's Sam Griffith Memorial Race from Miami to Bimini and back: "Once in a while, you have to force yourself into doing something that petrifies you. If you don't, pretty soon you turn into a chunk of Jell-O."

Too New for Money. Lewis, alas, was unable to compete in the 172-mile race himself because he had four broken ribs, three cracked ribs and a gash on his skull-mementos of the Houston Channel Derby two weeks before. But he sent out no fewer than eight of his boats, including Thunderbird, a 32-ft. aluminum "hot dog" powered by two 500-h.p. United Aircraft gas turbines and piloted by Designer-Driver Jim Wynne. So radical that it was classified as experimental (and therefore ineligible for the winner-take-all \$3,000 prize), Thunderbird had been clocked at 65 m.p.h. in practice runs. That was enough to make it the prerace favorite, but there was no shortage of highvelocity competition. Miami Boatbuilder Dick Bertram was at the helm of his diesel-powered Brave Moppie, the 1965 world champion. Following in

the example of his father, a champion hydroplane racer, Gar Wood Jr. was driving Orca, a needle-nosed, 47-ft. monster that packed 1,200 horses under its deck. British hopes were pinned on Surfury, a molded plywood 36-footer with twin supercharged engines that generated 525 h.p. apiece.

The rest of the fleet consisted mostly of standard inboards and outboards that might have come from a show-room window. But Jerry Langer's No. 10 was strictly do-it-yourself. An outboard-engine dealer from Miami Beach, Langer had borrowed a Fiberglas mold, poured himself a hull, tacked two ordinary 90-h.p. motors on the back. Just before the race, he decided that he didn't like the pitch of his propellers, so he took a hammer and pounded away until they looked "about right."

Two Minutes to Swim. On race day, a 20-knot crosswind was kicking up 10ft. swells in the northward-flowing Gulf Stream, and visibility was down to half a mile. But away they went anyhow, 31 boats roaring out of Biscayne Bay into the heaving Gulf Stream. Within minutes, last year's Griffith winner, Bill Wishnick, was back at the dock: his co-driver Allen Brown had smashed both ankles on the jolting deck of their 28-ft. Broad Jumper. About the same time, Gar Wood Jr. bounced Orca onto a sand bar off Cape Florida, clambered out, and watched helplessly as his \$150,-000 craft split open and sank.

After an hour, most of the boats had given up and turned back to port. The rest wished they had. Owner-Driver John Raulerson and a crewman had to be pulled off his wallowing, 33-ft. Tin Fish by the Coast Guard (at week's end the empty boat was still floating somewhere in the Gulf Stream). World Champion Dick Bertram didn't even have time to radio for help. Brave Moppie was blasting along at 50 m.p.h. in second place, behind Thunderbird, when

disaster struck. "A red warning suddenly went on, meaning water bilge," Bertram said later. "In two utes we were swimming." Specular was that one of Moppie's 550-h.p. sels had pounded its way clear this her hull—nobody would ever know sure, because she sank like a rock fathoms of water. That gave see place to Charles Gardner in Starja but with true British sportsmanship hove to, hauled Bertram and his man crew aboard, and abandoned race to ferry them back to Miamu.

Only four boats reached Bimin only two attempted the return Aboard Thunderbird, bearded Wynne was having his problems engines cut out three times when w tossed the boat clear out of water Driver Walt Walters was knocked conscious when a wave broke across boat-but Wynne grimly kept So, incredibly, did Jerry Langer little outboard. Finally, 4 hrs. 45 after the start, Thunderbird chi back into Biscayne Bay, and Wi Wynne gratefully stepped ashore, tering: "Now that was a wingd Runner-up Langer, who finished hours behind Wynne, could not agreed more. "Where are the B Aids?" was the first question he a on arrival in Miami. But Dick Bent who had lost \$65,000 worth of and very nearly his life, could he wait to do it all over again. "If made it any easier," he said, "It wol be ocean racing—and I'd quit.

TENNIS

Quick Trip to Wicomico

Wicomico County, Maryland, is exactly Wimbledon, which may exactly Wimbledon, which may exactly why the world's top tennis players in such a rush to get out of town week. For the third year in a row Wicomico Youth and Civic Center the site of the prestigious National door Championships, and except for Australians, who stayed home to

door Champions Australians, who

"SURFURY" COMING TO AID OF SINKING "BRAVE MOPPIE"

Only hot dogs and Englishmen go out in the Gulf Stream swells.



WINNER WYNNE

TIME, MARCH

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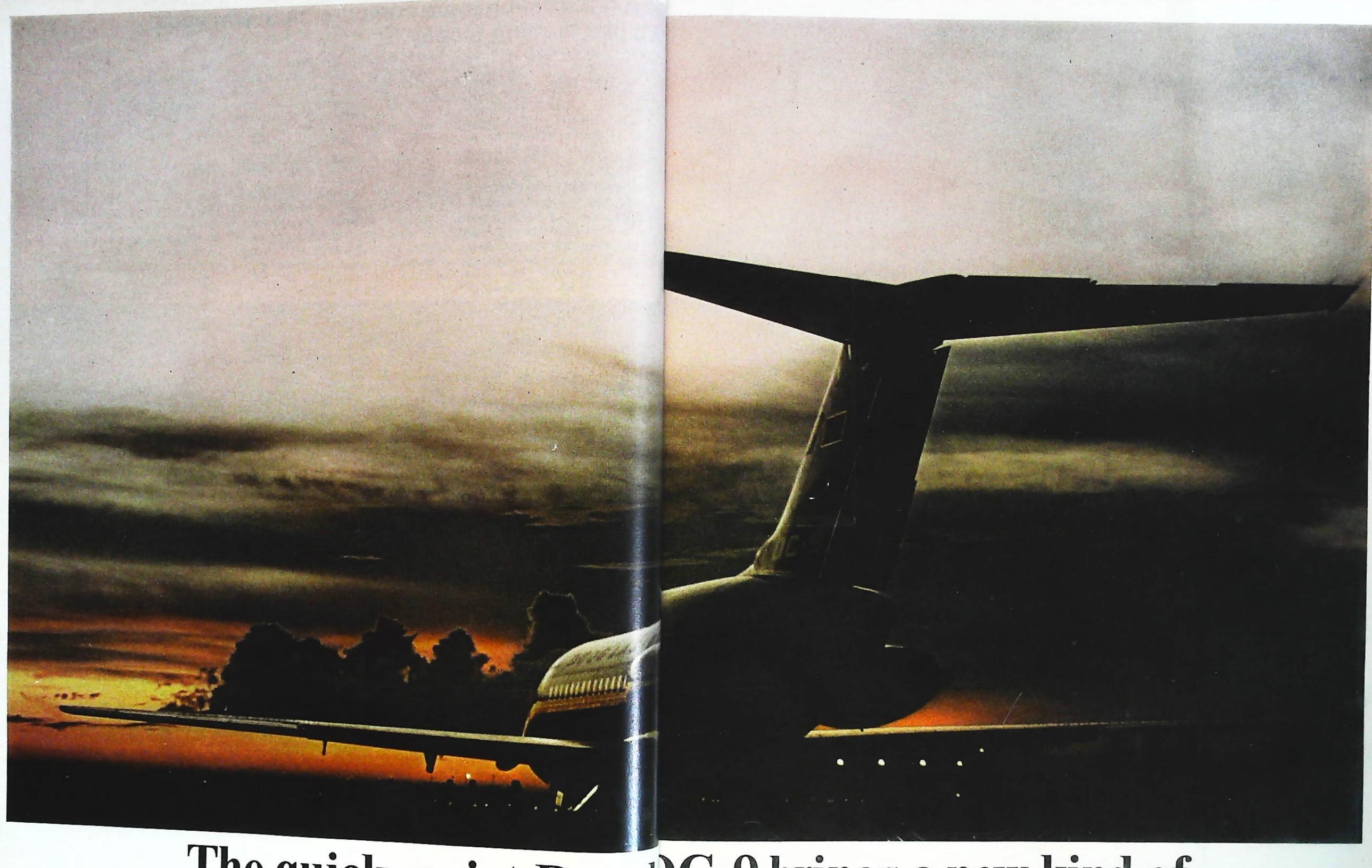
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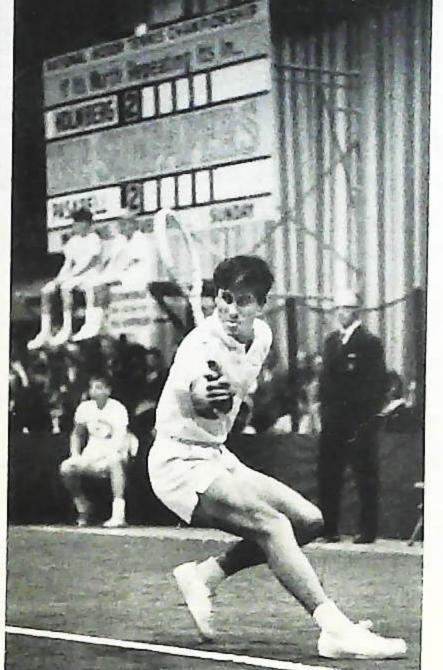
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DOUGLAS gets things done





CHAMPION PASARELL Everyone else got bombed.

Southern Hemisphere sun, tennis' bigname stars all put in an appearance. Dennis Ralston, the U.S.'s top amateur, was on hand, along with Negro Arthur Ashe, back from a triumphal tour of Australia. The foreign contingent included Spain's Manuel Santana, the world's No. 1-ranked player; Mexico's Rafael Osuna, the U.S. singles champion in 1963; and Sweden's Jan Erik Lundquist, who beat Ralston for the indoor title last year.

One after another, the stars breezed in, paid their respects, and left. Ralston double-faulted away his second-round match with Brazilian Left-Hander Tomas Koch. Santana lost in straight sets to a 28-year-old Wall Street lawyer named Gene Scott, and Lundquist duplicated the feat against California's 18-year-old Bobby Lutz. In the quarterfinals, Koch took care of the astonished Osuna, 6-3, 6-4. And then Cliff Drysdale, a South African cigarette salesman who hits backhands with his racket in both hands like a cricket bat, eliminated Ashe in straight sets, 6-3, 8-6. "I surprised myself," admitted Drysdale.

The most surprised player of all must have been Puerto Rico's Charles ("Charlito") Pasarell, 22, who scored 19 aces to beat Koch in the semifinals, found himself matched against Texas' Ron Holmberg in the final A senior at U.C.L.A (where he played No. 2 singles behind Ashe's No. 1), Pasarell had never reached the finals of a major tournament before. "I've beaten just about everybody in the world," he on across the finish line while rescuers sighed. "Trouble is, I've lost to just rushed to its crew. One had a concusabout everybody too."

doing his best to lose to Holmberg, too, who was so obviously overweight that other players nicknamed him "Dallas Fats." "Oh, Charlie, come on now!" groaned Pasarell, as he belted a Holmberg lob clear out of the court. "Stupid!" he snarled, after netting an easy volley. The first set went to 22 games, the second to 18, and the third to 13 before the puffing Holmberg finally cracked. Rattling off five straight points, Pasarell won the match, 12-10, 10-8, 8-6, for his first major tournament victory.

BOBSLEDDING

The Deadly Zig-Zag

There is obviously no such thing as a safe bobsled run, but there are varying degrees of danger. Nobody has ever been killed on Austria's Igls run, and it was a shock around the famed Ronco course at Cortina, Italy, when Germany's Anton Pensberger crashed to his death during last month's world championships. But the Mount Van Hoevenberg run at Lake Placid, N.Y., is another story. With its 16 low-banked curves, abnormally wide straightaways (which leave all the more room for error) and extra-high speeds (up to 90 m.p.h.), it has long enjoyed a sinister reputation as the world's most dangerous course. Since it was built in 1930, scores of sledders have been seriously injured, and three have been killed.

At last week's International Diamond Trophy races, sub-zero temperatures had turned the Mount Van Hoevenberg course so hard and slick that the sleds' runners would not bite into the ice, tended to slip sideways on the turns. Conditions were particularly bad at the 13th and 14th turns-known as the Zig-Zag -where a wooden superstructure was installed to keep the careening sleds from shooting right over the banking. As the four-man competition got under way, a U.S. sled overturned at the Zig-Zag, injuring two of the crew. At that, the wife of the next competitor in line. Lake Placid's own Joe McKillip, begged her husband: "Don't go. Please don't go." McKillip withdrew. His place was taken by Sergio Zardini, 34, an Italian who moved to Canada two years ago. Zardini was the 1963 four-man world champion, and he had won the Diamond Trophy two years in a row. Just a day before, on the same course, he had driven a two-man sled to victory in the North American-National A.A.U. championships.

At the Zig-Zag, Zardini's luck ended. Plummeting into the turn at 80 m.p.h., his sled literally took off, hurling its occupants headfirst into the protective superstructure and spilling them out onto the track. The empty sled rattled sion and a broken cheekbone, another Erratic, unable to control his big first was badly bruised, a third was unhurt. serve ("The Bomb," he reverently calls Driver Zardini was dead, his head it) consistently, Pasarell seemed to be crushed by the wooden safety rail.



Kodak tape leaves Bartok alone

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TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

TRADEMARK

RESEARCH

The Smoking Woman

Throughout the 15-year wrangle over the effects of smoking on health, women smokers have offered a medical conundrum. Although they puff at cigarettes with the same freedom as men, they do not suffer as much lung cancer. Why? The answer, Statistician E. Cuyler Hammond of the American Cancer Society reported last week, is devastatingly simple: for all their freedom, modern women do not smoke as much as men. On the average, they do not start smoking as young, do not inhale as deeply, and have

for which data on smoking and health are meaningful), women who limit themselves to less than half a pack a day outnumber men 3 to 1; those who stop at a pack a day outnumber men 2 to 1. Deep inhaling is half as common among the 35-44 women as among men, and only one-third as common in the 55-64 age bracket.

The sampling of current smokers shows that as recently as the 1930s, only one-third as many girls as boys started smoking before they were 15; this is significant because disease and death rates, notably for lung cancer, are related to duration of smoking. All three factors



WALL STREET'S SYLVIA PORTER

ISRAEL'S GOLDA MEIR HOLLYWOOD'S NATALIE WOOD A certain biological superiority.

not smoked for as many years. Ham- -age of starting, inhalation habits and tices approach men's, the closer are their disease and death rates.

In a detailed comparison of the smoking and health histories of 441,000 men and 563,000 women, Dr. Hammond's crew of epidemiologists followed the medical history of their volunteers since the winter of 1959-60. The first result of their work was the world's most exhaustive survey of the relationship between men's smoking and disease (TIME, Dec. 13, 1963), a study that was a major factor in persuading the U.S. Public Health Service to condemn smoking. By now, the Cancer Society researchers have followed both the men and the women for four years, and have tracked down the cause in 97% of the 43,000 deaths among the subjects. The delay in reporting the data on women reflects the fact that female death rates from virtually all causes are lower than the death rates among males; the Hammond staff had to wait for enough women to die to give them a valid statistical sample.

Three Factors. More men than women smoke cigarettes (47% of men aged 35 and up, as against 27% of women), and the disparity in smoking habits is notably greater in the older age groups. In the 35-44 age group (the youngest

mond's statistics also show, however, number of cigarettes smoked-said Dr. that the closer women's smoking prac- Hammond, tend to go together: a boy or a girl who starts smoking before age 15 is more likely to become a heavy smoker and deep inhaler.

Women smokers in the 45-54 age group, Hammond's statistics show, have a death rate 1.31 times higher than that of nonsmokers. And the rate goes up with the number of eigarettes smoked: it is 1.54 times the rate for nonsmokers among women in the one-to-two-packsa-day range, and 1.96 times as high for those using more than two packs a day. The mortality rates follow practically the same patterns when computed in relation to depth of inhaling and age at which smoking began.

Innate Advantage. Comparison of lung cancers in men and women is complicated by the fact that the disease is not the same in the two sexes-women are more liable to some uncommon forms, which all researchers agree are unrelated to smoking. In the Hammond study, lung cancer caused 1,159 deaths, or 4.5% of the total, among men, but only 210 deaths, or 1.3%, among women. In cases where the cancer type could be determined, two-thirds of the men had the form associated with long-continued smoking; so did half of the wom-The researchers concluded that en.

women who have smoked at any it their lives run a 2.2 times greater dying from lung cancer than none ers, with a peak at 2.82 times in the 54 age range.

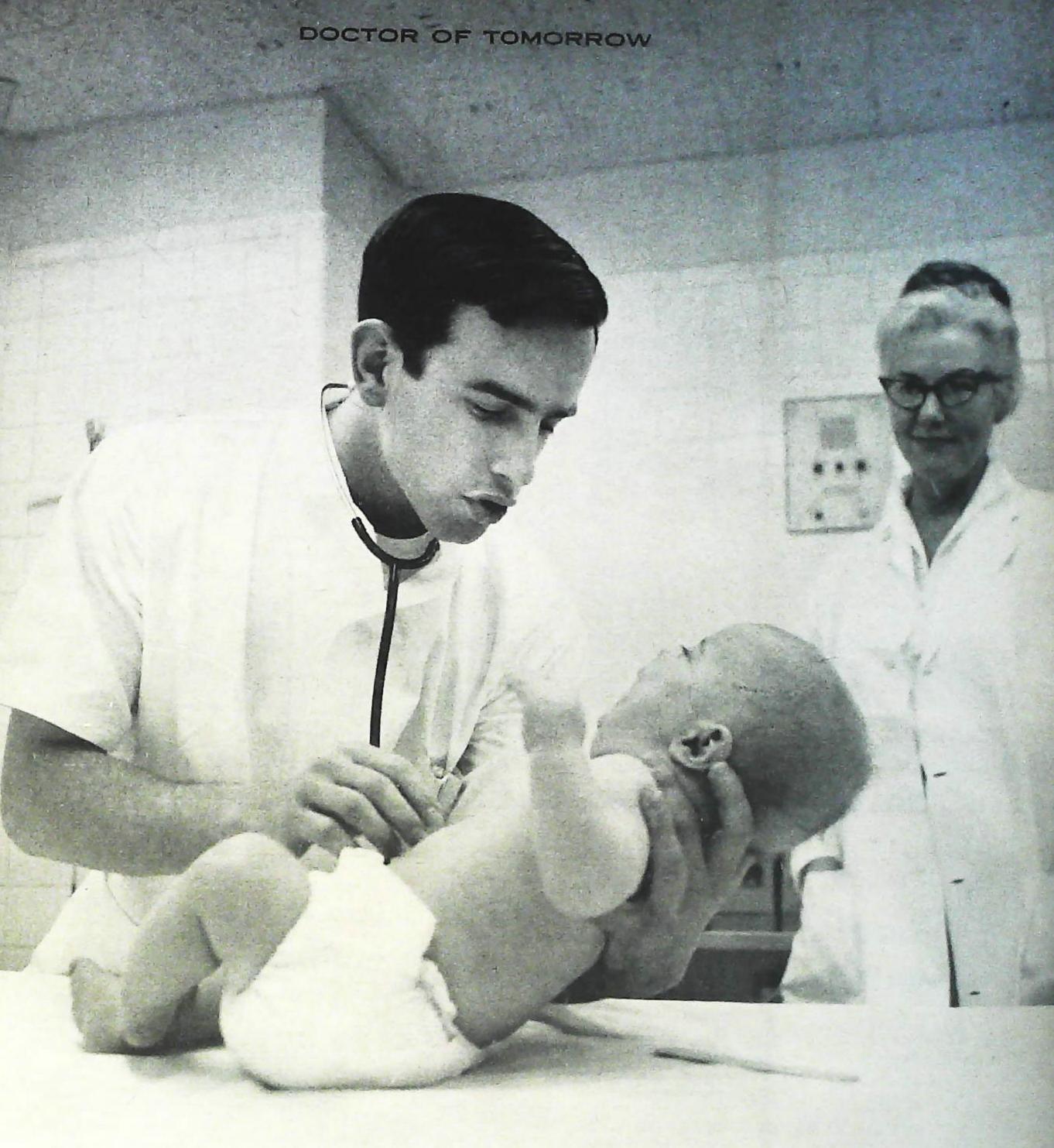
Despite the fact that his slad show that heavy-smoking women higher disease and early-death rates Hammond finds that most of them do not fare as badly as men. The creased risk of heart-artery disease most twice as much as nonsmokers of lung cancer is only about half as as the smoking man's increased The truth is, women seem to have herent biological superiority and al capacity over men. The different overall number of deaths among Cancer Society volunteers is strain there were more than half as many among the men, although there many fewer men in the study Eve enough women smoked heavily en and long enough to incur the same ed risk of early death as male smale says Dr. Hammond, the actual rates among women would still be because of that innate superiority,

INFECTIOUS DISEASES Drifting Flu

When a man's wife called the last week and said he couldn't work because he was in bed with the chances were that she was telling truth. Across the U.S., the flu sa was reaching a peak. In the New metropolitan area, most of the seemed to be of a mild variety ca by still unidentified viruses; New land, Georgia and Florida had outbreaks caused by Type B influt virus. California, hardest hit, was it throes of an epidemic of Asian T flu. And Californians were sprea the virus in their Nevada playgre Lake Tahoe, Reno and Las Vegas

Infants & Oldsters. California demic got rolling in the schoolsyoungsters who had not developed immunity because many of them living more sheltered, preschool when the state had its last major A flu attack four years ago. In Los les, up to 300,000 children and teachers were out; 90 public and parochial schools gave up and Said County School Superint Clinton Conroy Trillingham demic has hit the schools harder any I can remember in 24 years missions to Los Angeles' huge (General Hospital ran 25 above average. The police force and brigades were decimated.

Orange County was almost as hit; then the epidemic spread to Santa Cruz and Santa Clara to the Area and Sacramento, until in es ed 4,000,000 Californians were la with fever, headache, cough. and aching muscles. Inevitably cases the flu led to pneumonia. among infants or oldsters whose was poor to begin with. Among



Interpreter needed

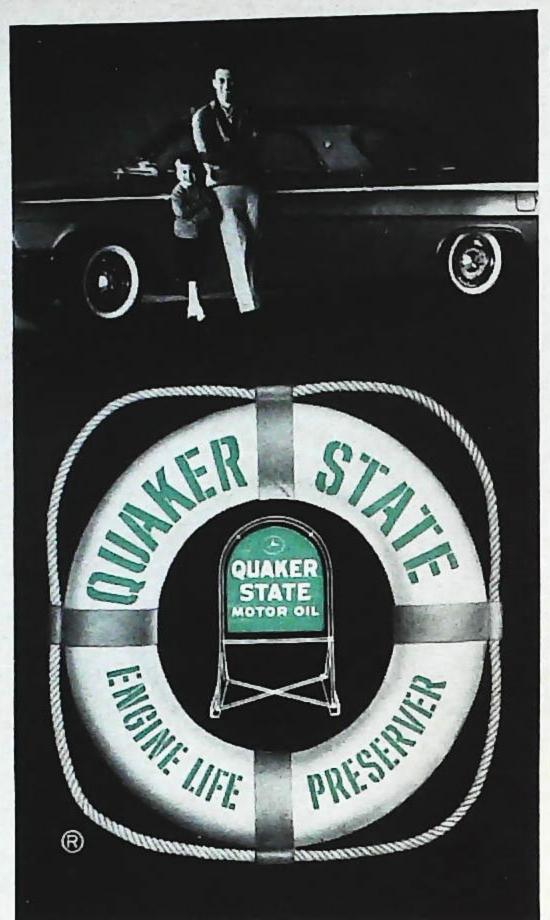
Right now, this medical student would hardly imagine pediatrics as his future specialty. He feels as helpless as the sick child before him-the first he has tried to examine. For how do you interpret and answer a cry for help that knows no words?

In a moment, he'll watch amazed as his teacher diagnoses the case by pure observation. In the months ahead, he'll gain some of that skill himself. He'll see the rapid, rewarding response children make to treatment. He'll know the extra joy of restoring health to young lives. And, when the time comes, he'll gladly add years to his long, costly medical training to enter Making today's medicines with integrity . . . seeking tomorrow's with persistence.

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MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

er victims was Susan Ann Lomba 26, the bandleader's niece. There no way to tell when the California demic would pass its peak.

Wild Strains. The U.S. Public H. Service had long ago recomme widespread vaccinations and pred major outbreaks this year of both A influenza, which runs in a three cycle, and Type B, which runs in or four-year cycles. The Communication Disease Center expected Type A to the Eastern states, or brush them lightly, because they had outbreak year. So far, the C.D.C. has been rect. In the East, influenza B ha tacked mostly the young and the with only a modest increase in resil pneumonia. The Asian flu attacks a groups indiscriminately, which exthe epidemic spread in California.

As for vaccines, the C.D.C. non lieves that the viruses' antigenic proties "drift," or change slightly, and the current wild strains have do away from those used in the vaccine available. If the change is not great, the vaccine should still offer stantial protection. Next year, the cine makers will hurry to catch their

DOCTORS

Cutting Words

A man of true science uses but hard words, and those only when other will answer his purpose; whethe smatterer in science . . . thinks by mouthing hard words he prove he understands hard things.

-"Dr. Cuticle" in Herman Meh White Jacket.

By Melville's criterion, suggest Lois DeBakey in the New En Journal of Medicine, medicine mi full of "smatterers in science" Ho records, casual conversations and nical reports "are loaded with she incomprehensible to nonphysicians often confusing even to physicians other regions." A member of an family of surgeons—one broth Houston Surgeon Michael (Time cover, May 28), another br Ernest, is also a surgeon—Dr Los has a Ph.D. in English and is an ciate professor in scientific commi tion at Tulane University, a a su of language. She advises medical ers to concentrate on cutting "learned" words and using the substitutes in the following choices:

> Agrypnia Insollilla Headache Cephalalgia Gallstones Cholelithiasis Swallowing Deglutition Vomiting Emesis Bleeding Hemorrhage Obese Fat Pyrexia Fever Breathe Respire

Carrying her criticism right end (not "termination") of his DeBakey thinks "in extremis is tentious expression for dying

TIME, MARCH



Captain Frank Baque, Jr.; 1st Officer, Wesley Chadwick, 2nd Officer, Justin Campbell

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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT How Bert Beat the Bureaucrats

No one believed Inventor Bert N. Adams in 1939 when he came out of his Queens Village, L.I., kitchen with a battery that seemed to revolutionize the original electrical "pile" devised by Alessandro Volta in 1796. Inventor Adams ultimately won a U.S. patent-and then the U.S. Government itself copied and repatented his battery without paying Adams a dime. Last week the Supreme Court not only agreed that Adams' battery met the U.S. patent test of being new, useful and "nonobvious"; by a vote of 7 to 1, the court also made clear that Adams' patent had been infringed during years of plain and fancy Government hornswoggling.

Primary Accident. A lonely tinkerer in the style of the Edison era, Adams has supported his yen for inventing by toiling at a lengthy catalogue of jobscowboy, barber, auto mechanic, house painter, merchant seaman, research director for a vacuum cleaner company. His pre-war kitchen triumph was a primary (nonrechargeable) battery that delivered an even level of electricity over long periods of time. Until then familiar primary batteries delivered electricity at a declining rate until they wore out; their charge drained off even when not in use; and they rapidly deteriorated when subjected to extreme temperatures.

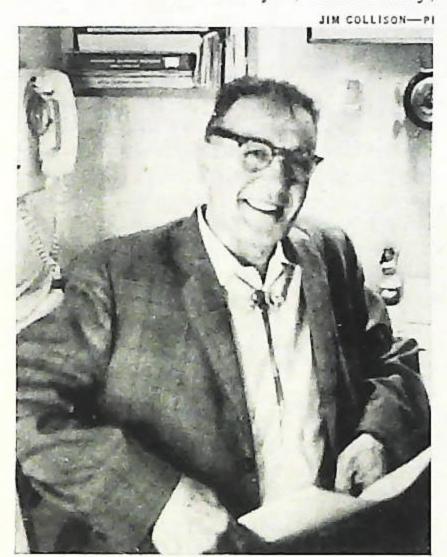
Adams' battery consisted of a lightweight container, one electrode made of magnesium and another of cuprous chloride. It could be stored indefinitely and activated by simply pouring in fresh or salt water. While cooking up some cuprous chloride on his wife's stove, Adams accidentally dropped cigarette ashes into the brew-and vastly improved it. Moreover, when his battery was connected to a load, a chemical reaction took place that produced heat. As a result, the battery worked surprisingly well at temperatures as low as -65° F

Expert Accident. In wartime 1942, Adams decided that his revolutionary battery had all sorts of potential military uses. When he offered it to the Army, though, every available expert rejected his idea as unvoltaic and unworkable. Indeed, no one yet knows exactly why the Adams battery works. But without ever telling the inventor, the Government secretly confirmed his claims and ordered at least 1,000,000 similar batteries. One version is used in meteorological balloons operating at temperatures that would freeze conventional batteries. Another version, activated by salt water, powers signal lights in the survival gear of military aviators.

Adams got his patent in 1943; the Government got its own in 1953, based on the slight improvements of two army scientists. Adams finally got mad, and with the aid of an anonymous benefac-

tor whom he credits with putting up \$200,000 to fight the case, he went into the U.S. Court of Claims in 1960 and charged patent infringement. Fighting back, the Government cited older patents that used all of Adams' basic ingredients; an expert tried to build a battery according to the key (1880) patent, however, and the thing exploded. In the end, the court found that Adams was the first to create a workable, nonobvious battery out of the familiar ingredients. The Court of Claims ruled that the Government had clearly infringed Adams' patent.

Sweet Victory. When the Government appealed to the Supreme Court, Adams' New York lawyer, John Reilly,



INVENTOR ADAMS Not a dime from the hornswogglers.

impressed the Justices during oral argument by pouring water into an Adamsrigged glass bowl while he went on talking. Electric lights connected to the battery popped on ten minutes later. When Justice Tom C. Clark read the decision last week, he fondly recalled that Lawyer Reilly "demonstrated it right here, right in the courtroom."

in Yuma, Ariz., the next step is getting the Government to fork over damages -a complex legal process that may take months or years. No one yet knows how much he will collect; besides, he is ailing and may have little chance to spend it like the tycoon he might have been Just his court victory over the bureaucrats, though, is mighty sweet to Tinkerer Adams.

Word to the Wise

For five years the Supreme Court has thrown out Southern convictions for nearly every kind of civil rights demonstration. So last week the court's reversal seemed inevitable in the case of Henry Brown and other CORE demonstrators, whose "stand-up" in a Clinton, La., public library resulted in

their conviction for disturbing the peace.

Win the demonstrators did—but in a remarkably close 5 to 4 decision that apparently signaled the Supreme Court's growing disenchantment with ever bolder civil rights demonstrations. Though the Negroes were protesting an unconstitutionally segregated library system, the angriest of four dissenters in Brown v. Louisiana was none other than the court's most steadfast liberal, Justice Black, who declared, "It has become automatic for people to be turned loose as long as whatever they do has something to do with race. That is not the way I read the Constitution.

"The crowd moved by noble ideals today can become the mob ruled by hate and passion and greed and violence tomorrow," said Black. "If we ever doubted that, we know it now. The peaceful songs of love can become as stirring and provocative as the Marseillaise did in the days when a noble revolution gave way to rule by successive mobs until chaos set in . . . I am deeply troubled with the fear that powerful private groups throughout the nation will read the court's action as I do-that is, as granting them a license to invade the tranquillity and beauty of our libraries whenever they have quarrel with some state policy that may or may not exist. It is an unhappy circumstance, in my judgment, that the group which more than any other has needed a government of equal laws and equal justice, is now encouraged to believe that the best way for it to advance its cause, which is a worthy one, is by taking the law into its own hands." Warned Black: "It should be remembered that if one group can take over libraries for one cause, other groups will assert the right to do it for causes which, while wholly legal, may not be so appealing to this court.

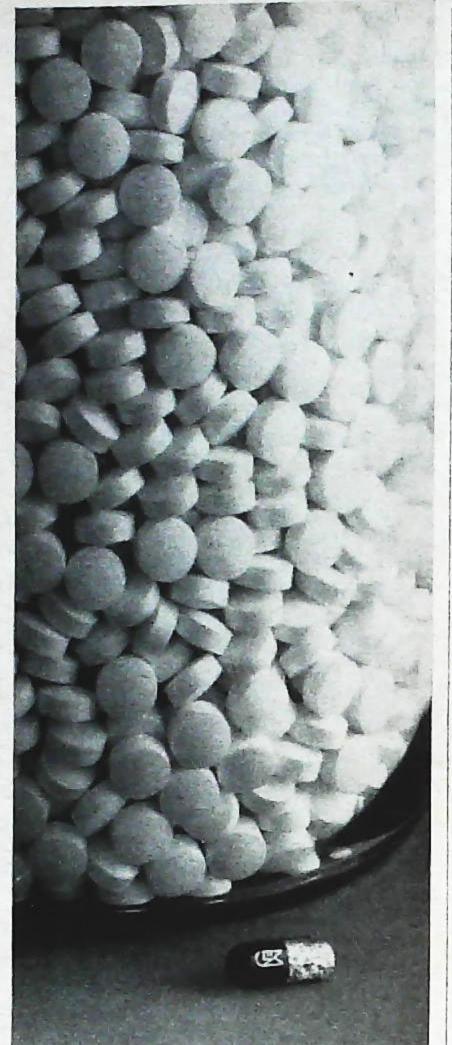
MILITARY LAW

The Right to Welsh

The U.S. Army suffered no qualms when slot machines were installed in the officers' club in Murnau, Germany, and were rigged to keep 70¢ of every \$1 played. Indeed, the club's profits For Adams, who is now 66 and lives reached a welcome alltime high when Major Robert G. Wallace fed \$7,000 into the one-armed bandits over a period of nine months. There was, however, an offense against military propriety: in the process of buying rolls of quarters from the bar, Wallace passed \$2,000 in rubber checks. A general court-martial sentenced him to dismissal from the service.

By the time Wallace's case got to the U.S. Court of Military Appeals, his sentence had been reduced to forfeiture of \$900 in pay—for him, little more than a month's losses. Even so, the nation's highest military court reversed his conviction.

Whether legal or illegal, ruled Judge Homer Ferguson for the court, gambling is "against public policy, and the courts will not lend their offices to en-



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forcement of obligations arising therefrom." Though Nevada, for example,
both licenses and taxes gambling, "the
courts of that state deny any right of
recovery on gaming transactions." In
the same vein, said Ferguson, "the issuance of a worthless check in a gambling game or as a means of facilitating
a gaming transaction cannot be made
the basis of a criminal prosecution for
allegedly 'dishonorable' conduct."

In bemused disagreement, Chief Judge Robert E. Quinn declared: "It can hardly be argued that all gambling is contrary to public policy." All insurance, he noted, is "socially desirable" betting; all courts sanction even "one-shot" insurance bets "against rain on the day of a big event." And what about church-sponsored bingo games? "Speculation in the stock and grain markets is lawful," continued Quinn. "Betting at pari-mutuel tracks is well established." As a result, argued the judge, "I disagree with the majority's conclusion that playing a slot machine, where not prohibited by law, is contrary to the good morals and public policy of the military community." Quinn would have reversed the conviction on a less cosmic ground: the court-martial failed to prove that Major Wallace's checks were passed as "ordinary commercial instruments, and not as 10Us."

For the majority, Judge Ferguson insisted: "The club gambled on the accused having money in the bank and lost. Having done so, it cannot look to the law as a club to hold over those foolish enough to engage in this type of dissipation."

PUBLIC SAFETY

Misprision: Crime of Omission

When Bus Driver Frank Randazzo spotted a dozen youths beating up a policeman in New York City last summer, he slammed on his brakes, jumped out of the bus to fight the attackers, and suffered assorted facial wounds in the process. Later he spent seven days testifying against two of the youths, who were ultimately convicted of assault. For his trouble, Randazzo had his pay docked \$232. Because the fight was in the street rather than on his bus, ruled the City Transit Authority, the law-defending driver was on his own time each and every minute he spent in court.

Appalled, Queens District Attorney Nat Hentel last week named Randazzo the first winner of an "honor" certificate to be handed out each year by the D.A. "for the exercise of exceptional citizenship responsibility." Unfortunately, though, in what Hentel aptly calls "the cold society," awards seem unlikely to reform those who live by the bigcity philosophy: Ignore thy neighbor.

Dead Crime. Is there no law against "civic indifference"? asks Lawyer George Goldberg in the American Bar Association Journal. There is indeed, he says. It is called "misprision of felony" (from the Old French mesprendre, to mis-



HERO RANDAZZO

Unlikely to reform, or even shame

take). Misprision is a crime of a sion—a failure to act. In 1907, the mont Supreme Court defined it a criminal neglect either to prevent a ony or to bring the offender to particular after its commission." Misprision differs from "accessory" offenses, as assent or assistance in a felony cause the two are easily confused, hever, misprision is almost never procuted, and to the few U.S. lawyers even know the term, misprision is tually a dead crime.

The crime is nonetheless far obsolete in Anglo-American law, Goldberg. In Australia in 1959, [8] ample, the Victoria Supreme Court held the misprision conviction of all who knew who shot him but refuse tell the police. In England in 1961, House of Lords upheld the similar? viction of a man who had discoan arms theft at a U.S. Air Force but failed to report it. In the U.S. Goldberg, misprision of felony is all fectly viable common-law charge Vermont, a statutory offense in M and a 176-year-old federal crime Code, Title 18, Section 4) while punishable by a \$500 fine and 1 three years' imprisonment.

Salutary Influence. If properly vived, argues Goldberg, "mi priss felony would be a very salutary ence in our distressed societyously, it would raise problems He rious an offense would require sure? Would it involve mere sus as well as knowledge? Would friends or relatives be obliged to on one another? Goldberg himself that the offense should be imserious crimes, "perhaps only crimes against the person " All A cans, he says, "are familiar with legal duty to report serious traffic dents to the police. It is about time consider violent assault on perso important as automobile crashes

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MAGAZINES

Middle-Aged Meliorists

"You appear to be publishing a middle-aged magazine for middle-aged readers," scoffed one reader after a look at the advance galleys of a new quarterly, The Public Interest. On thinking it over, Editors Daniel Bell, 46, and Irving Kristol, 45, took the crack as a compliment. "Young people tend to be enchanted by glittering generalities," they wrote in their first issue last fall; "older people are inclined to remember rather than to think; and middle-aged people, seasoned by life but still open to the future, do seem to us—in our middle years—to be the best of all political generations."

Concrete Critics. With their second issue, which appeared last week, Bell and Kristol continue their reasoned dialogue with reasonable middle age. Articles range from the obsolescence of U.S. public schools to the trend toward small business in the U.S. economy to the theoretical and practical relationship between men and computerized "thinking" machines. First-rate social critics in their own right, Bell and Kristol have years of experience editing and contributing to such magazines as Commentary, Encounter and FORTUNE. They hope that The Public Interest will provide politicians with the latest insights of the intellectual community, while giving intellectuals an understanding of the process of government.

Friends since their undergraduate disdain for ideologies of both the right and left, the two editors emphasize fact and information in their magazine, avoid simplistic political stances. "Too many intellectuals," writes Kristol in the current Public Interest, "express decided views on automation, disarmament, urban renewal, and all sorts of other matters on which they are inadequately informed." Adds Bell: "If the function of the intellectual is to criticize, I say to the intellectual: specifytranslate ideas into concrete programs."

No Carping. Like most other "little" magazines, The Public Interest is not likely to become self-supporting in the near future. But Bell and Kristol, who now rely on backing from Wall Street, and other friends, are pleased by the early response; they estimate a circulation of 5,000 or more at \$1.50 a copy. A professor of sociology at Columbia University, Bell commissions most of the stories, for which the authors are paid a token \$100; Kristol, executive vice president of Basic Books, does most of the editing. Their magazine, they hope, will re-create some of the atmosphere of 19th century England when intellectuals took a passionate interest in their government, and were not satisfied merely to carp contentiously from the sidelines. "We are not



DANIEL BELL IRVING KRISTOL The best of all generations.

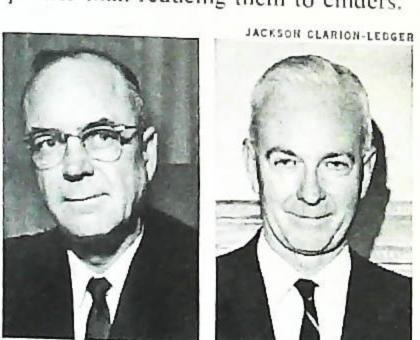
interested in the ordinary exposé," says Kristol. "We are incurable meliorists. We think that the people in Washington are doing as good a job as anybody can. They would do an even better one if they were given all the information."

NEWSPAPERS

Dixie Flamethrowers

After learning that Senator Robert F. Kennedy was planning to address the University of Mississippi Law School in mid-March, Columnist Tom Ethridge of the Jackson Clarion-Ledger expounded on Southern hospitality. "It is hoped that Mississippi authorities can guarantee the safety of Senator Kennedy when and if he visits Oxford," Ethridge wrote. "Or is it really possible to guarantee anyone's personal safety here or anywhere else? There are men in our state who might take fantastic risks to get days at the City College of New York, even for the 1962 military occupation a boosterism that would make a B where they both developed a boundless of Oxford by federal troops. We do not predict an attempt on R.F.K.'s life, but merely suggest that it could happen with no end of unfortunate repercussions for our state and people."

For the Jackson press to show such solicitude for the health and welfare of a Kennedy was novel indeed. The biggest papers in Mississippi, with a combined circulation of 120,000, the morning Clarion-Ledger and the afternoon Daily News indulge in more Yankeebaiting and race-baiting than any other papers in the South. During the Watts rioting, Ethridge wrote: "What the cops need . . . are plenty of flamethrowers . . . Nothing could stop bloodthirsty savages quicker than reducing them to cinders."



TOM HEDERMAN JR. BOB HEDERMAN JR The second coming of Babbitt.

Jested Daily News Editor Jimmy on the front page: "Did you hear. the Negro marine who is serving country well in Viet Nam? He reco a telegram on the battlefield read: 'We regret to inform you your mother and father were killed action" in Los Angeles." When a sissippi anti-poverty program Ward bade farewell to the "slew-founsoaped ragtag of human flotsam were roaming Mississippi to create and provoke a killing."

Unabashed Boosterism. Many Son ern papers now cover local racial with considerable accuracy and ance. The Jackson papers, which founded in the 1800s, have not char their attitude in half a century Hederman, who publishes both par and his cousin Tom Hederman edits the Clarion-Ledger, are descent ants of the powerful Jackson family bought the Clarion-Ledger in took over the Daily News in 1954, has always quickly crunched any petition. The Hedermans also own Hattiesburg (Miss.) American, a able chunk of local real estate and interest in TV and radio in Jacks They are quite content with thing they are in Mississippi-which does mean they believe everything they in their own newspapers. On the trary, they are considered to be reas ably malleable Mississippians who along with segregation because the what the community seems to want them, the newspapers are, above all highly profitable business venture.

In addition to championing segre tion, the two Jackson papers pracbitt blush. The Clarion-Ledger regula runs a Page One color photo of a lo maiden or matron gushing someth like "It is patio time again." The Di News runs a front-page cartoon of donkey named Hinny who brays to on behalf of some local cause "It's first night for football in the schools of the state/ And of Ha hopes each one'll win its game-wo

that be great."

Too Close to Criticize. Exispera at not being able to get to see Crovel Paul Johnson, Los Angeles Times porter Jack Nelson asked the Clark Ledger's political reporter Charles H why he didn't raise some "hell" with Governor. "Oh, no," replied Hills worked so hard for him in the company I can't afford to criticize him no When it comes to past politica ngu however, the papers are less ensu "Speaking of John Wilkes Boath tory may have done him wron Ethridge wrote recently. "Mrs Line" had accused Honest Abe of fliring a cute actress in the play he was we ing. There was an argument. Mary coln drew a .44 derringer from handbag and fired the fatal shot. Wilkes Booth happened to Pass presidential box at that moment a true Southern gentleman, he galle took the rap for the first lady.

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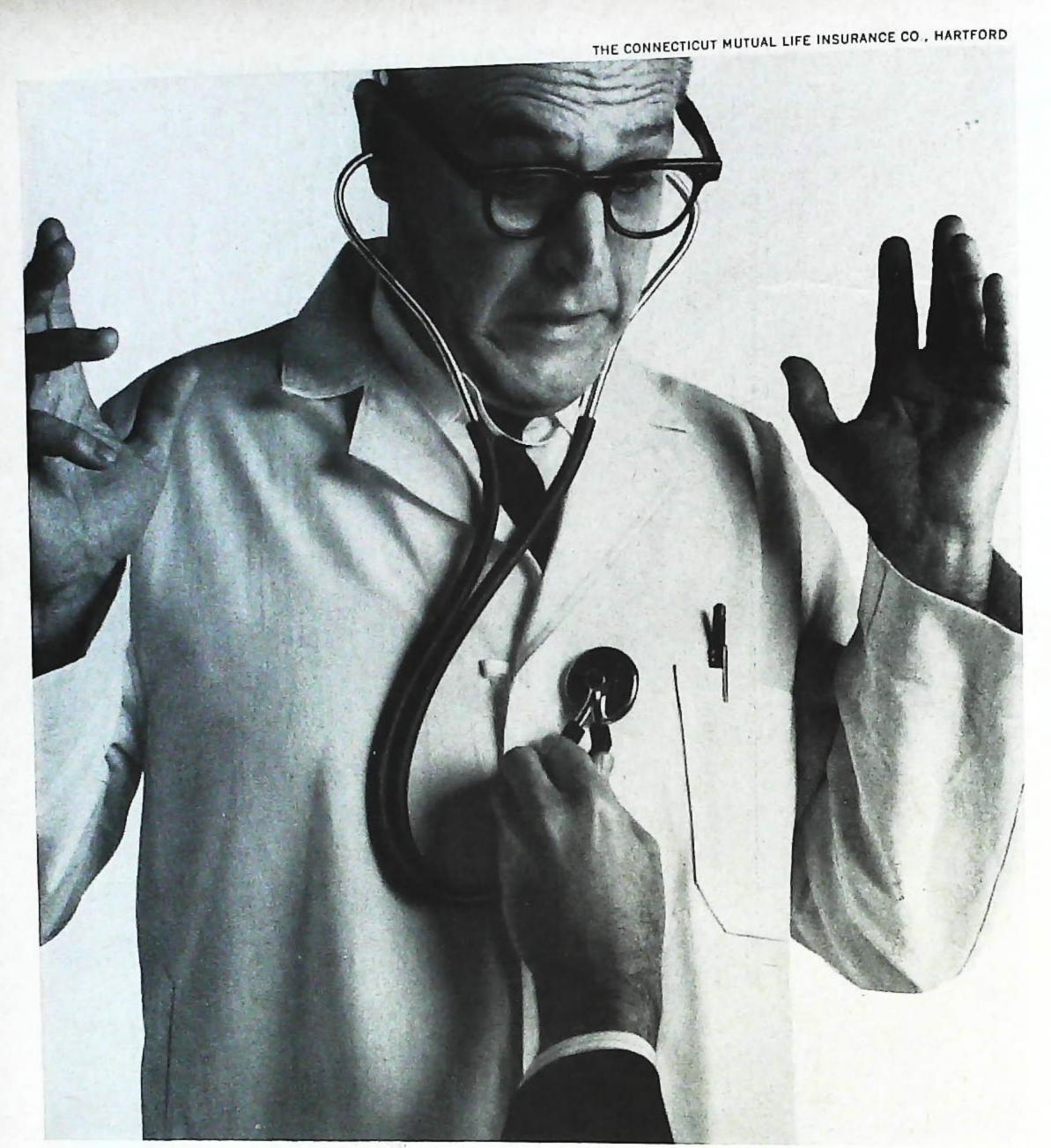
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EDUCATION

EDUCATION ABROAD

They're Not Talking

Erasmus, who studied there from 1517 to 1521, would be hard put to understand all the pulling and hauling that is going on these days at his alma mater, the University of Louvain. In his day, the school's common language was Latin. Now the university is split into French-speaking and Flemish-speaking halves, and the division is so bitter that the two halves are not talking to each other.

The split, reflecting the national linguistic quarrels, goes back to the revolution of 1830, after which the area now called Belgium-half French (Wallonia), half Dutch (Flanders)—was carved into a country. The literate, liberal French-speaking Walloons in the south dominated Louvain and built it into a university of international reputation ranking with Oxford and the top Roman Catholic University in the world. At the recent Vatican Council, the 13man delegation of theological experts from Louvain was influential enough to spawn such wisecracks as "Vatican II? No, Louvain I."

Oppressed Majority. After World War II, the conservative Flemish farmers in the north began to demand their innings, arguing that they had long been an oppressed majority (5,250,000 to 4,000,000). In 1962, the Flemish succeeded in legislating a line across the country running from just north of Liège across just south of Brussels to a point on the French-Belgian border. The language north of the line (except in Brussels, which is officially bilingual) is officially Flemish; to the south, it is French.

The illustrious University of Louvain, which did not offer so much as a single course in Flemish until 1932, is ten miles inside Flemish "territory." And with all the fervor of those who feel they have been snubbed for centuries, the Flemish have succeeded during the past few years in cutting the school into linguistic divisions just as rigid as the nation's—even to separate budgets for the next academic year.

For the hotter Flemish heads, even this is not chough. A wall near Louvain's medical school is daubed with big red letters. WALEN BUITEN (Walloons Go Home). The extremists are demanding nothing less than moving the French half of Louvain into Wallonia. Flemish-Walloon bitterness has caused occasional riots at the school.

Dividing Baby? Like King Solomon's legendary decision ordering the baby divided between the contending women, this would be no solution at all. The French faction would not think of accepting it without being guaranteed equal facilities—an item estimated to cost a minimum of \$500 million. Even



STUDENTS RIOTING AT LOUVAIN
Unity at the top, division at the bottom.

if this were miraculously arranged, the massive international prestige of Louvain would be maimed. Though both the Flemish- and French-speaking faculties of the university are equally eminent, most of the 2,000 foreign students (out of a total enrollment of 20,000) speak French rather than Flemish.

In his high-ceilinged, red-curtained office, Louvain's Rector Magnificus, The Most Rev. Albert Descamps, plays for time. "There will be no spectacular solution," he said last week. "There will be accommodations, arrangements. I think we will continue with unity at the top and more and more division at the bottom." To Economics Professor Jacques Drèze, a member of a ten-man commission set up by the university two months ago to study the issue, the future of Louvain depends on the political future of Belgium, and he is gloomy on grounds that the aspirations of cultural or racial communities are generally irreversible.

SCHOOLS

The Pittsburgh Philosophy

School integration, as every big-city educator knows, is not just a matter of folding Negro students in with white ones. The whites have got to stick around-and many of them don't. In 25 years, the proportion of Negro children in the public schools has jumped from 9% to 51% in Chicago, from 8% to 47% in New York, from 14% to 54% in Philadelphia, and from 39% to 90% in Washington. In Pittsburgh the Negro school population has more than doubled since World War II-and Pittsburgh is responding with a creative new program designed to raise the standard of education so high that the whites will want to stay and the Negroes will

get the kind of training they need to take an equal place in society.

The experiment is still too new for hard statistics of success or failure. But it is being watched with growing interest in practically every metropolis north of the Mason-Dixon line, and in Washington with such hope that its administrator has the honor of being the only school superintendent on President Johnson's task force on education.

Sydney P. Marland Jr., 51, came to Pittsburgh's 77,000-pupil school system from such relatively vest-pocket operations as Darien, Conn. and Winnetka, Ill. Since September 1963, Marland has demonstrated that this did not diminish his ability to think big. The chief elements of his Pittsburgh plan:

TEAM TEACHING. As in other schools, a group of half a dozen or more teachers work together with a large group of children. "But team teaching is more a spirit than a thing," says Marland. He finds that since teachers can be more creative, teaching in slum areas becomes more interesting and exciting, which boosts student motivation and community involvement. By the end of this academic year, team teaching will be fully operative in 46 of Pittsburgh's 84 elementary schools, involving 30,000 pupils—the largest team-teaching project in the nation.

▶ Job Training—with a twist. Vocational, technical and junior-executive education is more in demand than ever; yet the grubby old vocational school is dying, and good riddance. "Ambitious parents felt that for their children to identify with vocational courses was to perpetuate the laborer, anti-intellectual concept," Marland notes. Pittsburgh's contribution is job training given in comprehensive high schools, along with a respectable helping of academic

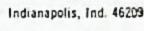
TIME, MARCH 4, 1966



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MANPOWER

Over 400 offices throughout the world World Headquarters: Milwaukee, Wisconsin businessmen, the system has thorough modernized job-training equipment, as the proportion of students taking succourses has risen from 6% in 1963 43% now.

▶ PREPRIMARY EDUCATION. Two year before the "Head Start" program we conceived, Pittsburgh was one of handful of communities experiments with uplifting preschoolers. Operate largely with Ford Foundation fund the program now accommodates about 1,300 students, aged three and four, or an eleven-month program basis. Proprimary classes are now run without federal funds, but as federal money be comes available this year, the program



Superintendent Marland
So whites will want to stay.

will double, using space made available through the purchase of prefabricale classrooms.

ADVANCED CLASSES. The Pittsbuff Scholars Program, now in its second year, has enabled roughly 650 puping the eighth and ninth grades to the a high-powered set of college-procourses. A vigorous, five-year program of study, the Scholars Program is utilizing new courses created by universist scholars in cooperation with the scholars in cooperation with the scholars one way in which we provide stude with the means to stretch for excellent by bringing together exceptional students, exceptional teachers and a vide demanding curriculum."

Superintendent Marland is caully about making claims for Pittshuff dramatic drive for educational evalence. "We can't prove through convitional means that our work is part off," he says. "We can't prove that he says. "We can't prove that he behaves better. We can prove that he behaves better, that he end school more, that his attitude is held that he is reading more library held that he is reading more library held road, and we will stay on it and a tinue to invest heavily."

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U.S. citizens returning home are allowed only one bottle of whisky duty-free.

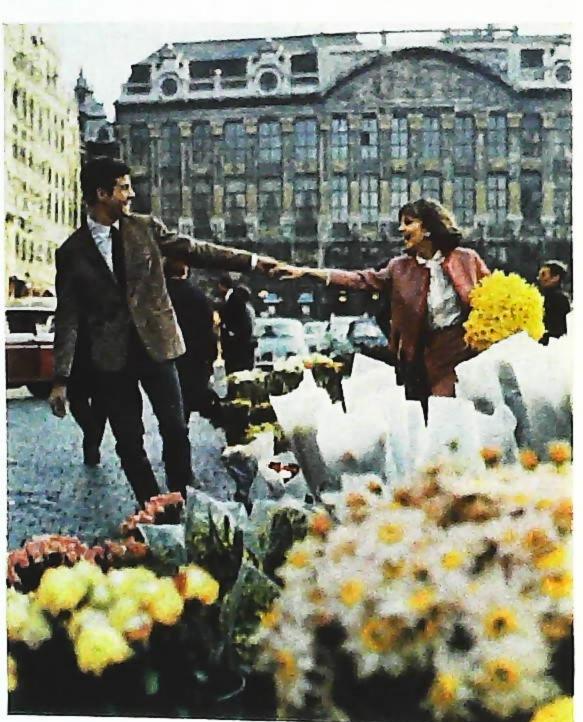


MUSIC

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OPERA

A Sense of Adventure

As a boy in Vienna, Conductor Julius Rudel spent endless hours building minature theaters and staging puppet opras-Salome in a shoe box, Parsifal in packing crate. The training proved to e apt preparation for his job as direcor of the New York City Opera. For he past eight years, operating on a judget that would pass for carfare at he Metropolitan Opera, he has been jurturing his company in a glorified Manhattan shoe box called City Center. ast week, like slum kids transported to he country, Rudel and his 200-member roupe moved into the spacious luxury of the New York State Theater at Lin-

oln Center. In keeping with the pioneering spirit hat has become the company's credo, he opening production was the U.S. remière of Argentine Composer Alerto Ginastera's fiercely modern Don lodrigo. Set in 8th century Spain, the pera chronicles the rise of a headtrong young king and, after he has had he bad taste to violate and jilt the aughter of a comrade in arms, his subequent fall. The performance, honed y five weeks of 13-hour-a-day rehearsls, was excellent. The starkly stylized ets and costumes complemented the iggedly atonal score; the acting and inging were superb.

Complex Tapestry. Yet as opera, Don lodrigo was something less than a torid success. Ginastera's score, based on twelve-tone scale and structured after ne manner of Alban Berg's groundreaking 1921 masterwork, Wozzeck, truck the ear but not the heart. It was complex musical tapestry, flecked with startled tones of brass and woodind and splotched with splashes of ercussion. In total, the score failed to

achieve the delineation of character and dramatic thrust that distinguish great opera from good. Don Rodrigo was nonetheless an adventure worthy of the underwriting (by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.), and no company could have done it better than Rudel's.

Indeed, in its 22 years the New York City Opera has established itself as the nation's leading champion of contemporary opera. Of the 116 productions it has staged over the years, 60 have been 20th century works, including 26 U.S. and world premières. Quite a record for a company that was founded as something of an afterthought, Back in 1942, when the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine was unable to pay the taxes on its Mecca Temple, Fiorello La Guardia foreclosed. The place was an unsalable white elephant, a dome-topped edifice built in 1925 and styled in Turkish-bath rococo. La Guardia finally decided to subsidize an opera company to present quality productions at moderate prices. Hungarian-born Conductor Laszlo Halasz was recruited as director, and in 1944 the New York City Opera made its debut with Tosca. It was a shaky start. In Tosca's last act, the guns of the firing squad failed to go off and the hapless hero was obliged to keel over in dead silence. Building maintenance was just as makeshift. One rainy night, to dramatize the need for repairs to the roof, Mayor Vincent Impellitteri was given a pair of tickets for seats directly under

Live Duck. Pioneering began early. In its second year, the company became one of the first to break the color barrier in opera, starring Negro Baritone Robert Todd Duncan in I Pagliacci. Mixing "ham-and-eggs repertoire"—

Aida, La Bohème, Carmen—with such rarely performed works as Ermanno



CONDUCTOR RUDEL Pioneering with carfare.

Wolf-Ferrari's The Four Ruffians, the company gradually developed an audience attuned to new and experimental

In this cause, Julius Rudel has been tireless. A Viennese refugee from Hitler, he fled to the U.S. in 1938, earned a degree in conducting from Manhattan's Mannes College of Music. When the New York City Opera got going, so did Rudel, then 22. He was everything from rehearsal planist to curtain puller to stand-in for ailing members of the chorus. In 1957, after a clash between the opera board and Erich Leinsdorf (who followed Halasz and Joseph Rosenstock) left the company without a conductor, Rudel was appointed director. The decision was made, says one board member, partly because "Julius was the only man in the place who knew where all the scenery was buried." Just as compelling was a petition from the company's musicians and singers recommending Rudel as Leinsdorf's successor.

In 1957, with the aid of a \$100,000 Ford Foundation grant, Rudel presented a season of no fewer than ten American operas. Three years later, he initiated a program of commissioning U.S. composers. The project has so far produced eight new works, including such well-received productions as Douglas Moore's The Wings of the Dove and Robert Ward's The Crucible. Using enthusiasm to stretch his financial resources. Rudel is able to mount firstrate productions for one-tenth the cost of more elaborate opera companies. His singers represent the finest of the younger U.S. crop; at least 80 have gone on to sing at the Met.

Despite last week's switch to glittering new quarters, Rudel insists that he is not switching his basic aim "to reinstate a sense of adventure in the public." Opera, he says, must not reek of the museum.



SOPRANO CRADER BATHING IN "DON RODRIGO"

Dripping on the mayor.

RECREATION

Doing the Desert Drag

With temperatures as high as 110° and endless undulating stretches of parched sand, Southern California's deserts have been no man's land. By day, the only tracks were made by rabbits and horned lizards seeking shade; by night, the only noise was the sound of coyotes howling. Now the dunes reverberate with the sound of engines revving and backfiring. These are the echoes of the desert dragster, practitioner of the West's newest, and hottest, fad-desert drag and dune racing.

During the past five years, some 15,000 backyard mechanics have bolted souped-up engines onto skeleton aluminum frames, stuck on a couple of tractor seats and suspended the entire Rube Goldberg contraptions on bloated airplane tires-sometimes two up front and four in back. Organized into a parcel of clubs, the enthusiasts range from young mothers to 70-year-old businessmen, from hard-nosed competitors to misty-eyed naturalists. They all have one thing in common-a child's impatience for the next rally or picnic.

Bucking Buggies. Last week the rallying point was at the huge Glamis dunes, known affectionately as the "American Sahara." There to compete were 200 dragsters with bright heraldic flags tied onto the top of flexible 20-ft. antennas (to warn dragsters coming up the other side of the dune). For the first competitive event, they lined up a few hundred feet from the base of an enormous 45°, 300-ft, dune; then each buggy in turn spewed out buckets of sand as it charged upward, bucking furiously. After each heat, the starting gates were moved closer and closer to the top of

the dune, until only one driver reached

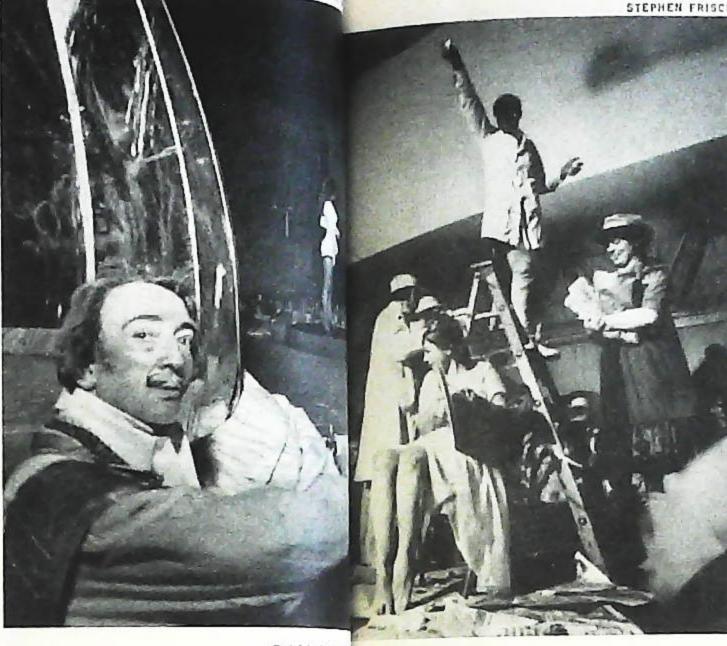
Next came the "drag." Flooring their buggies from a standstill, the drivers made their huge tires bite into the sand like shoveling Seabees, then roared down the 1/8-mile course at speeds that approached 100 m.p.h. Blue ribbon for the top class in both events went to Herman Booy, a 29-year-old rose-bush grower from San Jacinto, who won by going to great lengths. Instead of the usual 96-in, chassis, he struck a newand better-balance by lengthening it an extra 30 in.

Just to See. For many of the new breed of desert rats, the races were just an excuse to enjoy the scenery. After the sun had disappeared along with canned dinners and roasted marshmallows, the sightseeing variety hopped back in their buggies, played followthe-leader across the moonlit dunes until 4 a.m. Said one enthusiast: "It is simply beautiful out there. In the moonlight, the sand looks as white as snow." If the sport exhilarates Californians, it absolutely floors foreigners. Wrote a senior Japanese naval officer after seeing the Las Vegas Strip, the Grand Canyon and Disneyland: "The U.S. is fine, but the dune buggies were fantastic-the highlight of our trip."

ENTERTAINMENT

Happenings Are Happening

In the beginning, there was the word. The beginning was 1959, and the word was happening. Drawing on the antics of Dadaism and surrealism, Manhattan Artist Allan Kaprow decided to stage a series of highly unorthodox, one-shot performances for a handful of friends in Greenwich Village. Read the invita-



IN SAN FRANCISCO Pimp re Pepsi generation.

tion: "Think of a buying Macy's; how to grow geranium York. Do not look for painting ture, the dance or music."

There were paintings, sculptu played electronic John Cage danced like puppets with leader climbed up cardboard mountains hands up female spectators legs geach other with peanuts.

the latter-day copies are is now a main course.

In San Francisco, some Auditorium for a three-day or "trip." Slides of pop and of flashed on and off the walls Onstage a woman in a neg bombarded with raw eggs. Negro beat the drums, an acr on the trampoline Without let ing music exploded in the ca blurred reason. Most spec in the fun. One wore a toga an American flag, another reading: "You're in the Peps tion, I'm a pimply freak.

ipped to the waist, had to be rerobed a friendly cop.

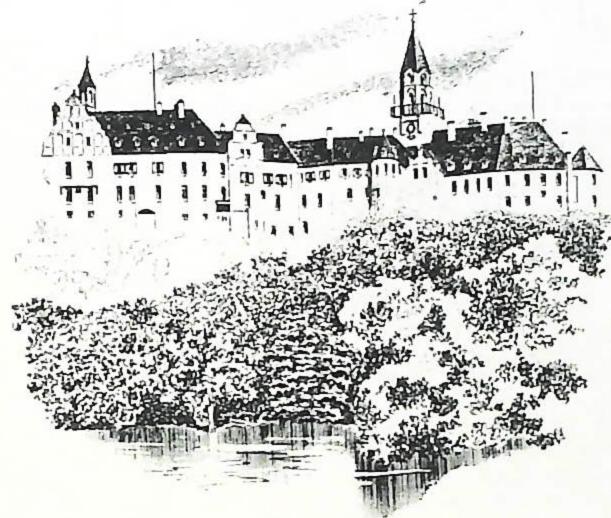
In Atlanta, an avant-garde theater oup called the Interplayers has deled to play happenings to the hilt. and music-of a sort. At the happle night, they ran a lawnmower down that Kaprow and his colleagues aisles and accidentally set fire to the the "actors" splashed paint on s. On another, the audience was sent a nearby art gallery, where they and leftover Christmas trees and a ge mound of peanuts. After putting oranges and clothes on stage. To per bags over their heads, "to ensure audience into the act, they gave fertility of Georgia's famous goonewspapers to tear up, even it's", everyone ended up madly shell-

Main Course: Sex. Inevitati Nude on the Round. Nothing better novelty wore off, and jaded monstrates how far happenings have began to drift away. But the woindered—and how badly they have too catchy to let go, and happlen off-than Salvador Dali's, held have since been steadily spreadit week in Manhattan. It was billed as town and out from New York Super-Gelatinous Melting, Silly-Putty newest novelty in party giving affippening," and staged at the new Philraising. Society matrons talk glirmonic Hall in Lincoln Center. But the happenings over cocktails, actorst Dali could do was to cavort onhave never seen one are beginge inside a huge plastic bubble as he stage them. Whereas the first happinted its transparent surface with a were planned down to the last fler, here with a giant cross, there and step (one Kaprow script th a black angel. To inspire him, "Walks to within 3 ft. of person tah Lawrence girls danced ponderopposite, stops here for seven seasly, a blind, spear-carrying beggar ndisamed Moondog was brought in to surfree-for-alls. Sex, once a piquant y the scene; a singer sang soundlessly o a dead mike.

000 The only thing that kept the audilast month jammed the Longshore from departing was Stripper Silva m Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon. On a volving platform on center stage, she st off her shirt and string, rotated in Faw for five minutes. When the diance was over, one lady in mink up, proudly announced: "Well, at It I have seen my first happening!" rugged Innovator Kaprow, who took

whole thing in: "It had nothing do with a happening" But then he not patent the word, and while the h lasts, there is nothing he can do

Miller High Life Slept Here!



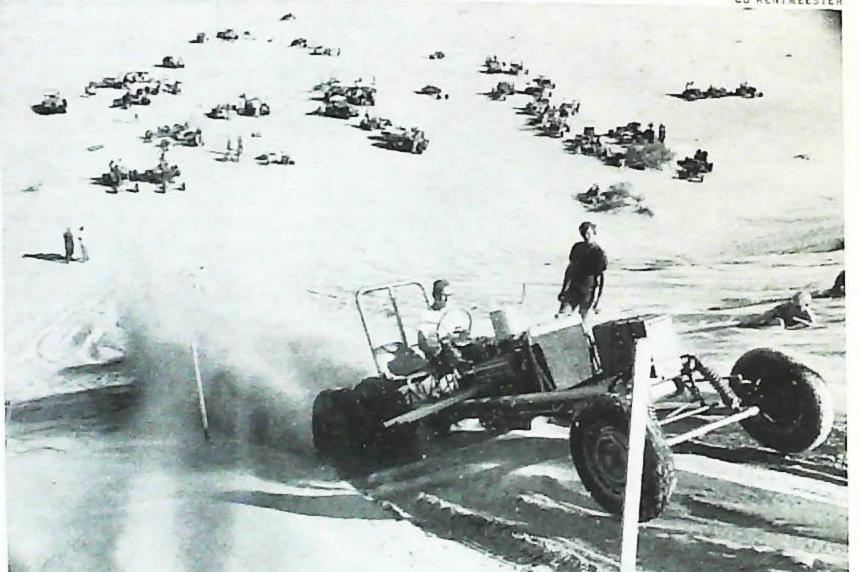
In deep limestone caves, underneath the Royal Hohenzollern Castle, the first Miller brew "slept" . . . aging in huge casks . . . well over a century ago!

As a beer created for nobility, Miller was famous for its distinctive quality and exceptional flavor! In 1855 . . . Miller High Life was brewed for the first time, in Milwaukee, and since that time has become noted in all 50 states and over 50 foreign countries for quality that has been unequaled, unchanging ... unquestioned!

Today, Miller High Life still "sleeps" in vast aging cellars, until that magic moment when it reaches the peak of perfection . . . worthy of the words:

"The Champagne of Bottle Beer"





DUNE BUGGY CHARGING UPHILL Affectionately digging the scenery.

ARCHITECTURE

Stabilizing the Ruins

"What's out there?"

"A lot of ruins." "What's in the stadium?"

"Ramps, inside and out, and nearly everybody who ever came through has got his name up there."

"Can you find them?"

"Sure, if you look hard enough, and if you're lucky."

When Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall unveiled plans for the new Ellis Island national shrine last week, he set in motion the wheels that in some eight to ten years, with the help of about \$12 million, will make some such conversation possible. The overgrown, 27.5-acre island in New York's harbor through which passed more than 16 million immigrants between 1892 and 1954 is about to be redone, partially as a collection of romantic ruins, in part as a great reinforced concrete memorial facing on its own open, grassy

Architect for the project is Manhattan's Philip Johnson, 59, whose taste in the past has run more toward elegant modern museums. In the case of Ellis Island, Johnson decided, the existing turn-of-the-century architecture was scarcely worth preserving, but the nostalgia certainly was. His solution is to take the two major structures, the imdestrian walkways will wind through the gutted buildings. "The point," he explained, "is to let the spectator himself times."

To memorialize the immigrants, he proposes a massive, vertically ribbed cone, with ramps inside and out, to be called the "Wall of the 16 Million." On it will be placed plaques listing as many immigrants' names as can be found in the ships' old passenger lists.

Ellis Island is 1,700 ft. across the water from the Statue of Liberty. Johnson, who wanted to call attention to the island without insulting the lady, has designed the monument to rise 130 ft., bulking large enough to be visible from around the harbor, but still about 20 ft. lower than Liberty's pedestal.

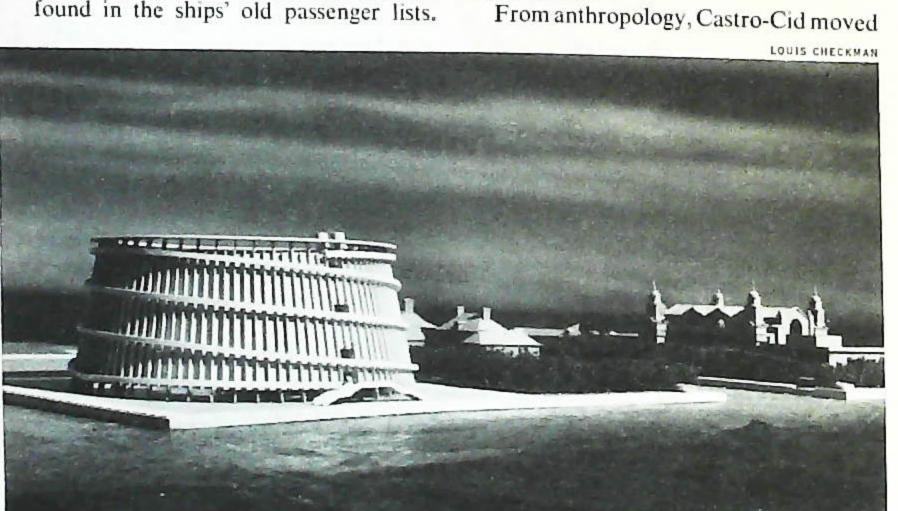
In time Ellis Island will be further enriched. Johnson foresees more recreational facilities, a fortress-shaped restaurant, a pyramidal viewing platform. But the first task, Johnson explains, is to "stabilize the ruins, preserve the nostalgia." Secretary Udall, for one, was delighted. Said he: "Here we see what art and architecture and history can do when we bring them all together."

SCULPTURE

The Motion Is Haphazard, The Situation Unpredictable

He does use paint. Any other resemblance in the recent works of Enrique Castro-Cid to traditional art-making is a backward stretch of the imagination. His palette also includes electromagnets, electric eyes, air compressors, motion-picture projectors; his gift is in knowing how to combine them deftly into an esthetic commentary (see opposite page). Says he: "I put all the components together to make a situation that is not predictable."

Bouncing Balls. Since his student days migrant station and hospital, turn them in his native Chile, Castro-Cid's art balls with spinning hoops in into romantic, vine-covered ruins. Pe- has thrived on unpredictable influences. tronic version of Alexander While he lived in tropical Central America he painted in hot Fauve colors: "Nature made me get out of myself," re-create the feeling of those hard he says, "it opened my pores." In Mexico City, he wandered into the anthropological museum, "Suddenly I had pre-Columbian memories that, of course, were impossible for me to have." A series of Fauve paintings of Quetzalcoatl, the brightly plumed serpent god, was the result.



MODEL OF ELLIS ISLAND NATIONAL SHRINE Room for 16 million names.

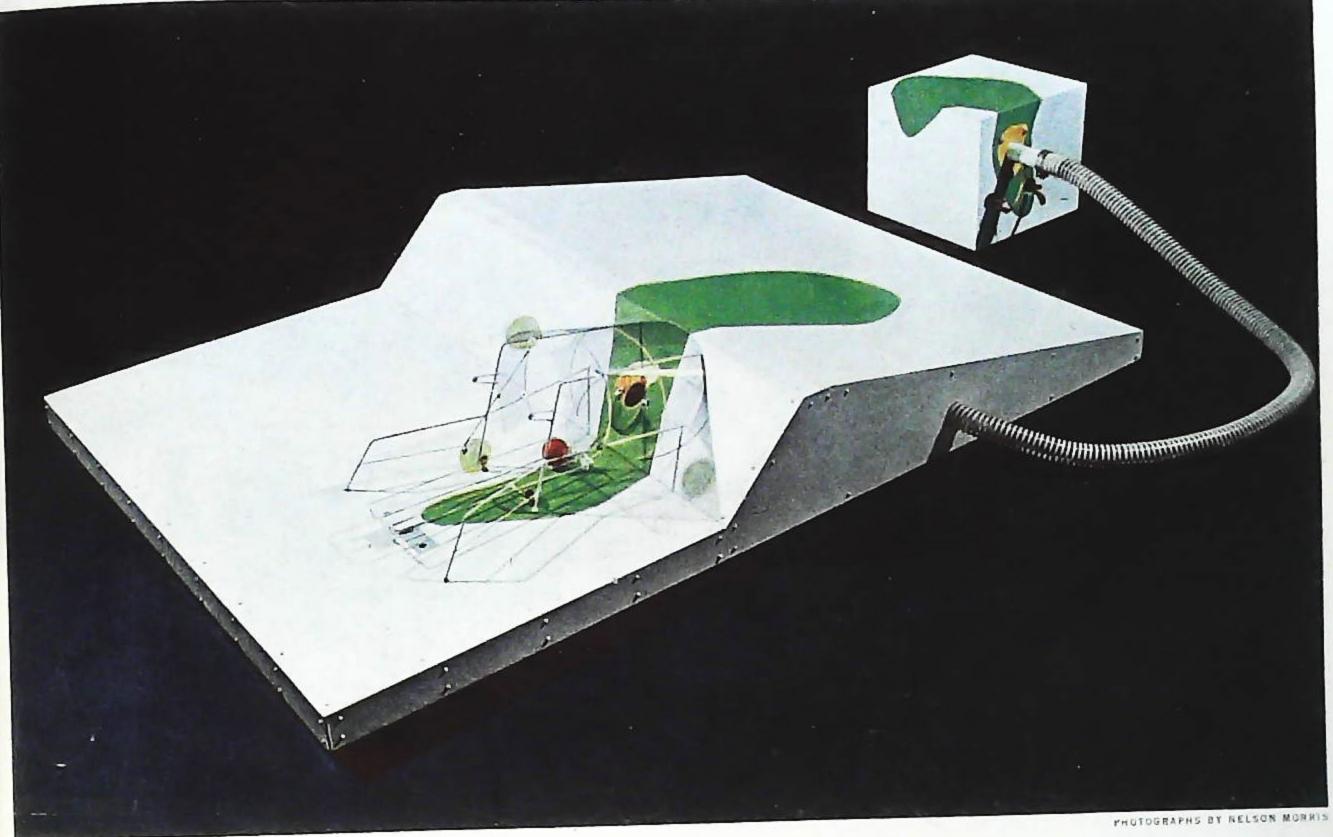


CASTRO-CID, WIFE & ROBOT Jukebox full of Beatles.

on to anatomy. Arriving in \ tan with his wife, Harper's Baza er Model Sylvia, he spent hou ing into musty display cases a hattan's American Museum of History. Says he: "My painting to be surrealist abstractions hint of skeletal joints express terns of growth." To add me them, he made toylike, motor robots. They jousted like a 21 tury Punch and Judy show, cha 1926 "Circus."

His latest works, currently hattan's Richard Feigen Galle the clanking humdrum of much art. Magically, when som proaches his Sensitive Sphere colored ball bounces into the variation, an 8-mm. film is into an airborne ball, playlt torting and distorting the tin of human figures. Another w sents the appearance of a houn inside a shaped screen by m rear projection.

Role of Chance. His turned into cybernetic escapau hind their Plexiglas façades sculptures are as immediate as a jukebox full of Beatles tures are "superfluous, relall specific function. They are for me to express something The answer seems to be the the world appears to be chance. Says he: "I assume that ciety has sensed this unpredi-Look at the number of insural panies." In the future, he hope his messages across more making his audience an acity his art. He plans to use mol glass movies, to script mecha penings. "The idea is not to " into a robot," he says, 'but him feel free in a world of ma CASTRO-CID'S TINKERED TOYS FOR ADULTS



AOCKING the regimentation of the mechanical Mage, the 28-year-old Chilean sculptor's motorized automatons perform playfully random games. On and Off (above), which starts and stops in regular time sequences, lets scoops spun by air blower play tag with orange pingpong ball rocking on wire cradle. Set No. 1 (below) is a kind of aerial roulette: the golden ball floats on blast of air from sunken turntable while spinning antenna seeks to bat it down. In Sensitive Sphere (right), the electric eye in white box responds to viewer's presence, starts blower that sets multicolor plastic ball merrily bobbling. Plexiglas cage reflects both bouncing sphere and painted pedestal.

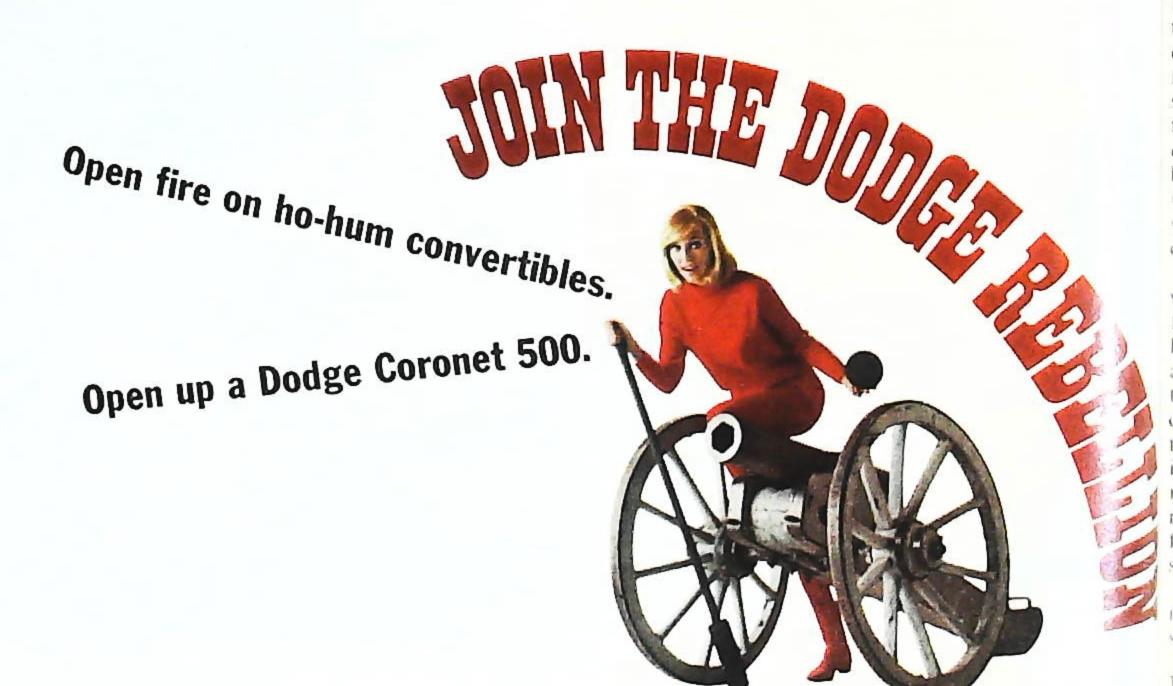






Let's salvo those convertibles right off the map. You know the kind. The puffed up convertibles with the puffed up price tags. The kind that makes you glad Coronet 500 came along. Coronet's slim and trim. Neat and nifty. Personable. Engagingly attractive. With a big choice of power-from a brisk Six to a gohummer of a 426 cubic inch Hemi V8. And that's enough to blow most other convertibles right out of the water. But the Coronet 500 convertible, for all that, carries a sweetly reasonable price tag. You don't like convertibles? We've other

Coronets, too. Sedans, wagons, hardtop



SCIENCE

SPACE

Trial & Triumph

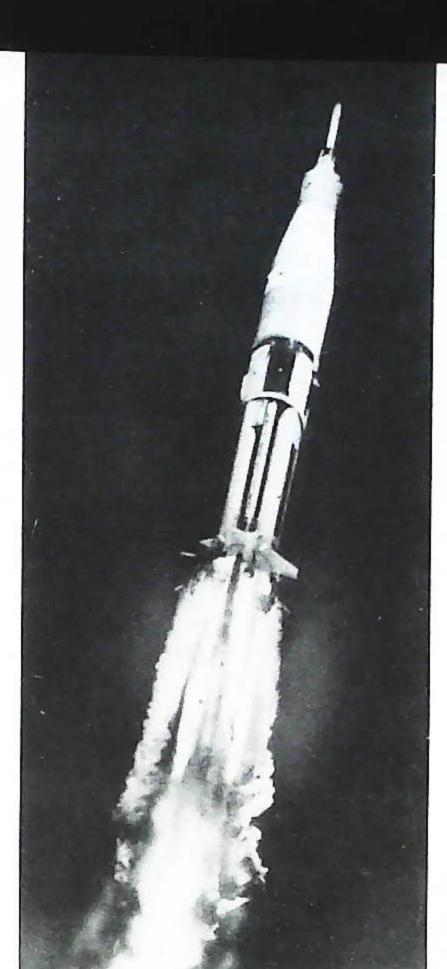
On Launch Complex 34 of Cape Kennedy stood Saturn 1B, the mightiest rocket the U.S .- and most likely the world-has ever known. The 224-ft.tall bird, with a fantastic initial thrust of 1,600,000 lbs. to hurl its 650-ton bulk into space, was ready for its first crucial test. Atop Saturn's nose sat the payload: the 33,800-lb. Apollo threeman command capsule and service module that will transport U.S astronauts to the moon and back. If the U.S. is to achieve its goal by 1969, now was the time to start ironing out the bugs.

The flight plan called for a suborbital 5.500-mile flight downrange to Ascension Island in the South Atlantic. As it turned out, practically all the bugs were on the ground. The shot was delayed for 75 hours, while the kind of weather that Florida does not advertise locked the cape in clouds and rain. When the skies finally cleared, low pressure readings from a small nitrogen sphere that operates fuel valves delayed the lift-off for 3½ hours; at one point, NASA control in Houston decided to scrub the mission, but technicians on the pad convinced Launch Director Kurt Debus that the pressure—though low—was sufficient to complete the mission. The rest was something for rocketeers to cheer about and a new eyeful for the millions who watched on television.

Roar & a Crackle. Its eight booster the works. Now at your Dodge Dealer engines spitting a 150-ft, tail of flame. Saturn 1B burned for 2 min. 26 sec., at Dodge Corone which point it was 35 miles up and tude of 310 miles, a programmer—fill-moving at 5,400 mph. Next came ing in for the astronaut pilot—ordered the tricky second stage, a single 225,-DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLE 000-lb.-thrust engine powered by an exotic combination of liquid oxygen (lox) and liquid hydrogen (LH.). While lox boils off at a difficult -290° F. LH₂ boils at -423° F., thus requires extreme pressurization to keep cool Moreover, in weightless space. LH., like mercury, tends to gather into a ball or spin off into tiny globs; simply to feed the fuel from tank to engines, the second stage was equipped with three fastburning rockets that exerted enough G force to start the LH, flowing. All went smoothly, and after 71 minutes of burn, Saturn was 170 miles up.

Critical to this and all future missions was the supersophisticated 3-ft.-high IBM instrument unit, packed with 3,900 lbs of computers, monitors and guidance equipment so carefully contrived that the entire system was triply redundant. If one set of circuits disagreed with the other two, the system would take an instantaneous vote, with the majority ruling. In a series of programmed commands halfway through the 40-minute flight, the unit ordered itself and the second-stage engine to jettison

Now the test turned to Apollo coasting through space at 15,000 mph. Inside the 24-ft spacecraft and its service



SATURN 1B AIRBORNE The bugs were on the ground.

module was virtually everything that will go to the moon-except the three astronauts, their couches and the Lunar Excursion Module (LEM), for which ballast had been substituted. At an altimoving at 5,400 m.p.h. Next came ing in for the astronaut pilot-ordered the Apollo's own 22,900-lb.-thrust engine to head the craft back to earth, increase its speed, then separate the module just before re-entry.

Seared But Intact. Though the Apollo's engine achieved 10% less power than expected, the capsule still blazed into the atmosphere at nearly 19,000 m.p.h. and a temperature of 4,000°, fastest and hottest yet for any returning spacecraft. To protect the capsule, a new cone-shaped heat shield completely enveloped Apollo instead of guarding only the blunt end. It came through as expected, seared but intact. And three huge parachates gently dropped Apollo into the Atlantic about 40 miles from its target ship, the U.S.S. Boxer.

NASA has scheduled at least six additional Saturn 1B tests over the next year, including two or more manned missions to orbit the earth. By then Saturn V, the actual moon rocket towering 364 ft. and with 7,500,000 lbs. of major step toward the moon" had been which react far more quickly and sensimade. More enthusiastic officials were tively to radiation. Perhaps the reason even talking about landing an American for the choice of dogs was simply that on the moon in early 1968, a full year ever since Pavlov the Russians have ahead of schedule.

What's Up

With Veterok & Ugolyok

The announcement from the Soviet Union was characteristically terse. Two dogs had been blasted into orbit aboard the spaceship Cosmos 110 "to conduct biological tests." Beyond that the Russians said practically nothing. The intended length of the trip, the breed and sex of the dogs, the size and weight of the spacecraft, whether the experiment was concerned directly with travel to the moon or with lengthy earth orbit. whether an attempt would be made to bring the dogs back—all such matters remained a secret. Clearly the Russians were putting on the dogs to steal headlines from the Saturn 1B launch, but beyond that Western experts were barely able to guess what was up with Veterok (Breeze) and Ugolyok (Little Lump of Coal). But they made an effort.

Moon Dogs? The "biological tests," it was assumed, were to check the effects of radiation on living tissue, one of the most plaguing problems of space travel. Because Cosmos 110, at its apogee, was taking its passengers higher (562 miles) into space than any man has ever been, Veterok and Ugolyok were passing regularly through the Van Allen radiation belt. U.S. experts who noted that the low perigee (116 miles) matched the perigee of earlier manned Russian shots decided that this could mean that an attempt would be made to recover the dogs after a trip that might last as long as a month.

One interesting, if currently unsolvable, mystery about the flight was its angle of inclination from the equator. Unlike the 65° slant invariably followed in cosmonaut flights, Cosmos 110 had a 51.9° inclination that did not take it mearly so far north and south. This might have been an attempt to avoid the hazards of an emergency landing in remote snowbound areas. The 51° angle, however, was also close to the angle that Russian moon shots have followed while in earth orbit, lending weight to the premise that Veterok and Ugolyok may be the immediate predecessors of the moon dogs the Russians have said they intend to send into lunar orbit ahead of man.

Since Paylov. For all their guesses, Western experts knew from past experience that for any precise answers they would have to wait until the Russians were ready to release reliable data. Until then, no one could be sure that the angle of inclination, to say nothing of the perigee and apogee, represented more than a launch mistake or a guidance error. In fact, no one was even sure why Veterok and Ugolyok had been chosen for the voyage. Though dogs are initial thrust, will be ready for its first perfectly satisfactory subjects, U.S. sciflight. After last week's triumph, NASA's entists plan this fall to orbit a biosatel-Dr. George Mueller was saying that "a life loaded with wasps and fruit flies,

used dogs for everything.

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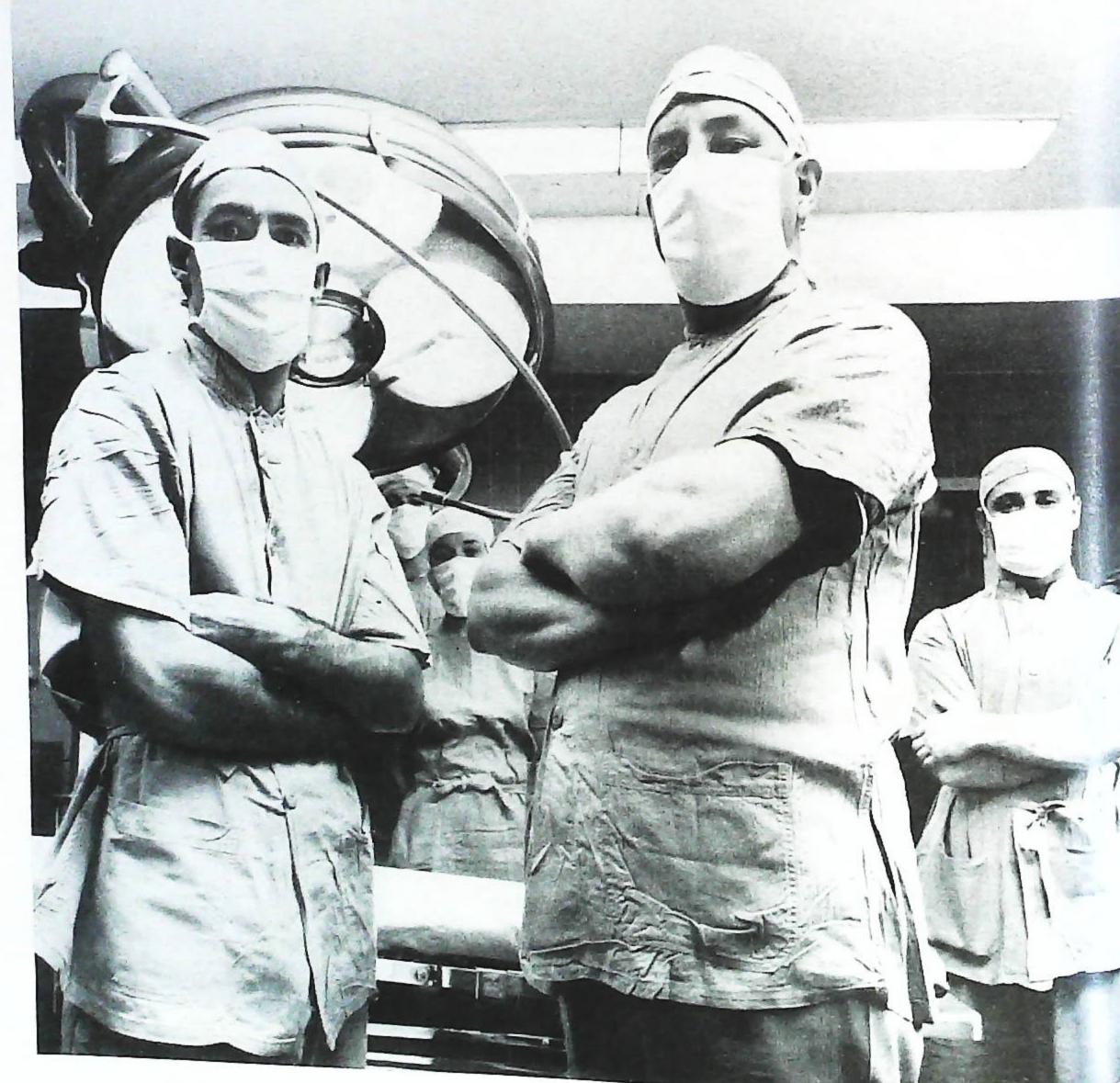
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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Hue of All Flesh

TV's latest cry is hue, so much so that 10% of U.S. households that have television now have color. Half of those sets were bought last year, and at the present sales rate, the percentage of TV homes with color will approach 25% by next spring, two-thirds by 1970. The only catch is that despite the \$1.5 billion they splurged on color in 1965, and despite vast improvements in tuning control, purchasers have discovered that good reception is something that mere money still cannot buy-it takes practice and patience.

Purple Ghosts. The basic problem, generally ignored, is that an unantennaed color set can get no better picture than an unantennaed black-and-white. The fellow grown accustomed to the foibles of his old machine is in for a shock when the "snow" of yesteryear becomes varicolored "confetti," and the old "ghosts" start haunting in green and purple halos. If either form of interference clouded the old black-and-white picture, it will all but eclipse the new color image.

Only after these problems are corrected (sometimes at the price of a special "color-rated" antenna) can the viewer hope to find happiness with his color-control knobs. The INTENSITY knob (labeled COLOR on some sets) determines the quantity of color, the richness of the palette, so to speak; its adjustment is a matter of personal taste. It is the other knob, the TINT or HUE, that is crucial—it determines the tone. The trick is to check it out on flesh color. If TINT is turned too far in one direction, people on the screen are complexioned a passionate purple; too far the other way, and they turn a gaseous green. When flesh tints are finally adjusted, the viewer will find that other colors are as well. Even the networks calibrate their cameras by zeroing in on so-called "color girls," who stand in with their flesh for 20 minutes before

thooting starts. True-Blue Batman. Major trouble in color consistency is that there is no uniorm standard used by all production itudios on all cameras, so that there are is many transmission-tone variations as here are color girls. Often, as Huntley ind Brinkley report, the audience just gets Chet tinted correctly (healthy sunan, hazel-brown eyes) when the prolucer cuts to David, who comes in as lurid lavender. By the time Brinkley s attuned (pale pink skin, blue eyes). here is a switch to a remote Frank McGee looking sickly green at Cape Kennedy. Similarly, every break for a commercial or shift to another channel could require a readjustment. Given the errant ways of all flesh, a listener who



DRAWING BY ROST DAY @ 1966 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC "WELL, THAT WAS BETTER OF BRINKLEY, BUT NOW HUNTLEY'S FLESH TONE IS OFF."

wants realistic color can hardly afford to take his hands off the controls.

For the purist who demands nothing less than perfection, a good test pattern with which to start the morning is Barbara Walters, comely regular on the Today show. Her skin should be olive, her anchor desk light mahogany. The set is still performing 17 hours later if Johnny Carson signs off sunburned behind a light green desk. For fans who tune in late on thin-skinned shows, color Lassie strawberry blond and Batman's tights puce, his cape true blue.

SINGERS

The Girls from Motown

One midsummer eve in a Negro-ghetto backyard in Detroit, Diana Ross, then 14, Mary Wilson, 14, and Florence Ballard, 15, made their first professional appearance. They sang Your Cheating Heart, and afterward they passed the hat. The take: "Darn near \$3," says Diana's mother. Last week at Manhattan's Copacabana, home range of the big names (Sinatra, Dean Martin), where the big beat is seldom heard,

the same rock-'n'-roll trio was doing turn-away business. Diana, Mary and Florence now call themselves the Supremes, and the take is \$5,000 a performance.

And their Copa runneth over. The Supremes were nationwide headliners last week on the Ed Sullivan TV show and this week will be on the Sammy Davis Jr. show. Their latest record, My World Is Empty Without You, rose to No. 5 on the Billboard "Hot 100," with plenty of thrust in reserve. If it keeps climbing, it could become the Supremes' seventh release in a row to make No. 1. "You know," burbled Diana, now 21, "we used to get excited about the Apollo [a Harlem vaudeville house]. We never even thought about the Copa. The first night I sang there, I just started laughing and couldn't stop. It must have been because I was so happy."

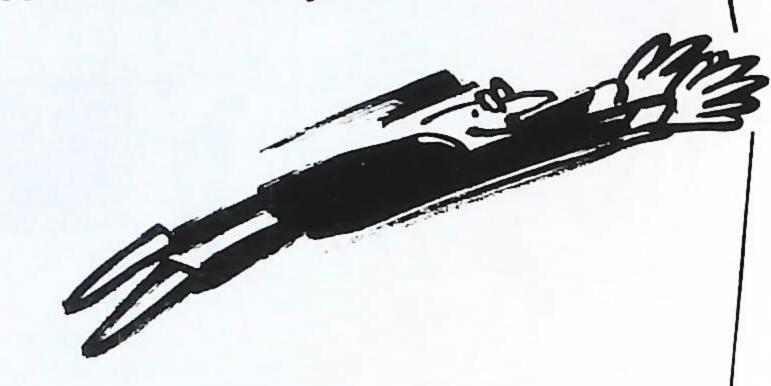
Hiphazard Impresario. Diana, Mary and Florence were all neighbors in Detroit's dreary Brewster Housing Project. "We were eatin'," recalls Mrs. Ross, "and that's pretty good. In the project you got along according to how many





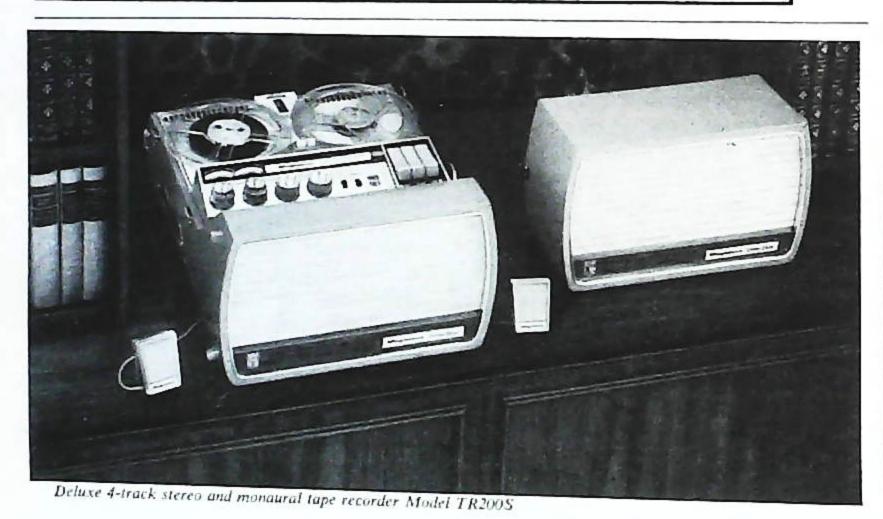
SUPREMES FLORENCE, MARY & DIANA IN MANHATTAN Their Copa runneth over.

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children you had. There was twelve Florence's family, there was three Mary's, and there was six in our Mary was the best off, Florence worst, and we were in the mid-Introduced to each other by a sm time promoter, the girls were singing at neighborhood hops k any show. We didn't care if we. paid." Adds Mary: "We usually did:

In 1960 they made their first bid a recording contract with Berry (ice the hiphazard impresario of Delta Motown* Record Co. "They seen like just three skinny teen-age gr being a secretary," says Diana, and used to sing every time he opened inner door." She was fired within weeks, but did manage to land: girls some recording jobs in a ball ground chorus. One day after schi they dropped in to tell Gordy he or them some back pay. The ensuing versation led to the audition and contract that was to make Berry U.S.'s largest producer of 45-rp records last year.

No Strains. The sound of the premes is a blend of gospel and re-Detroit Symphony strings and Wil Run blues, which even the girls a describe. "Maybe the Motown sound just love and warmth," says Ma "Like a family, we all work togeth fight and kiss all day long You someone you haven't seen in an he and you've got to hug and kiss

The trio's childhood friend hip. prisingly, shows no suspicion of su despite a furious schedule that has fi their last year with 25 TV shots. of Europe, and one-nighters in pl like Yale, San Francisco's Conand Manhattan's Philharmonic All three are still single. Though D as lead singer, carries the heaviest they divide their earnings even! last year's take of \$250,000 each may hit \$400,000 this year moved their families into three duplexes on the same street in Dell northwest Buena Vista district homes are luxuryless, just comfortable, and reflect the sible, unawed view of the riches. "You know, my fathe want me to get into this muses Diana. "When I left, he you don't make it, don't come around here asking for helpright now, Dad?

* For "motor town

As well as their appearance rock-'n'-roll cover (May 21)

and basement parties. "I used to whipped every night for going to the parties," recalls Diana, "but I always went. We sang because we loved went. We sang because we loved work to do and to work to warramty om your he remembers. "I told them to back to school." Back they went, in her junior year Diana wangled w with Gordy as an assistant to his section. "I didn't know anything ah Chrysler and Imperial covers parts and labor.

> ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU: CHRYSLER CORPORATION WARRANTS FOR 5 YEARS OR 50,000 MILES, WHICH-EVER COMES FIRST, AGAINST DEFECTS IN MATERIALS AND WORK-MANSHIP AND WILL REPLACE OR REPAIR AT A CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION AUTHORIZED DEALER'S PLACE OF BUSINESS, WITHOUT CHARGE FOR REQUIRED PARTS AND LABOR, THE EN-GINE BLOCK, HEAD AND INTERNAL PARTS, INTAKE MANIFOLD, WATER PUMP, TRANSMISSION CASE AND INTERNAL PARTS (EX-CLUDING MANUAL CLUTCH), TORQUE CONVERTER, DRIVE SHAFT, UNIVERSAL JOINTS, REAR AXLE AND DIFFERENTIAL, AND REAR WHEEL BEARINGS OF ITS 1966 AUTOMOBILES, PROVIDED THE OWNER HAS THE ENGINE OIL CHANGED EVERY 3 MONTHS OR 4,000 MILES, WHICHEVER COMES FIRST, THE OIL FILTER RE-PLACED EVERY SECOND OIL CHANGE AND THE CARBURETOR AIR FILTER CLEANED EVERY 6 MONTHS AND REPLACED EVERY 2 YEARS, AND EVERY 6 MONTHS FURNISHES TO SUCH A DEALER EVIDENCE OF PERFORMANCE OF THE REQUIRED SERVICE, AND REQUESTS THE DEALER TO CERTIFY (1) RECEIPT OF SUCH EVI-DENCE AND (2) THE CAR'S THEN CURRENT MILEAGE.

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ROMAN CATHOLICS

For a White-Collar Union

Auto workers have the U.A.W. Teachers have growing unions. Papal encyclicals have strongly defended the right of men to form voluntary associations and protect special interests. Why, then, should there not be an American Federation of Priests for those low-paid, hard-working servants of the Roman Catholic Church? Last week the Rev. William DuBay of Los Angeles set about trying to form a union among the nation's 59,000 priests to seek better wages and working conditions.

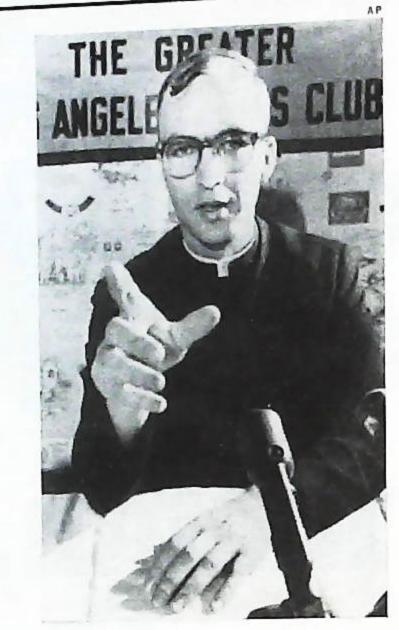
Freedom & Discipline. Father DuBay is the angry young curate who gained a measure of national notoriety in 1964 by publicly demanding that the Pope remove Los Angeles' James Francis Cardinal McIntyre from office, charging McIntyre with failure to support civil rights for Negroes. After that, Du-Bay fetched up as chaplain to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, a job that gave him plenty of time to brood about the inequities of the priestly life. His ten-point program of grievances that need to be corrected includes an end to arbitrary transfers, a tenure policy that would give priests the right to a hearing before they could be suspended, and a professional salary that would end priests' dependence on Mass and baptism offerings.

DuBay insists that he is not challenging the right of bishops to rule, but in the church between discipline and freedom. "The union is one way that the church can apply its social teachings to itself," he says. The proposal does point up the fact that the parish priest is underprivileged in rights and rewards. Bound by the vow of obedience, he is absolutely subject to the commands of his bishop, has no canonical means of protesting a tyrannical order, and seldom gets more than \$150 a month plus

food and lodging.

Elected Bishops. A union of priests is not the only change he would like to see in the church. Scheduled for publication this week is a book of his, called The Human Church (Doubleday, \$4.50), in which DuBay puts forward a program of reform that makes the ideas of Luther seem positively papalist by comparison. Among other proposals, DuBay suggests that bishops be elected for limited terms, that their statements must represent a consensus of the faithful, and that the parochial school system should be abandoned in favor of principles of Christian action. DuBay argues that the church should voluntarily abandon its tax exemptions and let individual congregations create their own liturgies and creeds.

DuBay's union is not likely to get very far, Even sympathetic priests



ORGANIZER DUBAY Teacher, teach thyself.

on the line by joining up. Moreover, DuBay's Federation of Priests will get no help from the A.F.L.-C.I.O., whose president, Catholic Layman George Meany, scoffed that trade unions are intended to help "those who work for wages and not independent contractors." Autocratic Cardinal McIntyre indicated his displeasure by transferring DuBay from St. John's to a Santa Monica parish as curate, at a \$50-a-month nondenominational in fact. Il note merely seeking to restore a lost balance cut in salary. With that, DuBay warned yet in name. Harvard's divinity that if the cardinal tries to block the union, he will sue His Eminence for violating laws that protect labor organizers. Cardinal McIntyre then suspended him altogether.

THEOLOGY

The Ecumenical Way of Learning

It is a Christian paradox that Protestants and Roman Catholics, separated in worship, are coming together quite naturally at the level where doctrine and theology are studied. Manhattan's Protestant Union Theological Seminary and Jesuit-run Fordham University are about to take the next ecumenical step forward by creating what may grow into a common graduate program in theology. Beginning in September, the two institutions will share libraries and accept each other's credits for graduate degrees; each school, moreover, will list in its catalogue five courses available at the other institution. As a start toward an exchange of professors, Jesuit informal programs to teach Catholics the Robert Johann will lecture on Catholic moral theology at Union in the fall semester; the following semester, Union's Tom Driver will teach a course at Fordham on the theology of Paul Tillich.

These two schools are hardly pioneers. St. Albert's College in Oakland, Calif., a Dominican seminary, joined would be reluctant to put their necks with six Protestant divinity schools in

the Bay Area to create the Gr Theological Union (TIME, No. 1964). Last year three seminar Dubuque, Iowa (one Presbyterin Lutheran, one Catholic), joined with the University of Iowa schreligion to form a similar organic the Association of Theological Fac

Chairs for Catholics. A number historically Protestant divinity have concluded that their faculting incomplete without the presence least one Roman Catholic Yale welcomed Jesuit John Courtney M as a visiting professor of philosopy 1951-52, last semester had a R Catholic teaching at its divinity Carmelite Father Roland Murph Old Testament expert from (University. Harvard's divinity scho had a chair of Catholic studies 1958; currently, the professorsh held by Jesuit Sociologist Joseph ter. Jesuit Biblical Scholar John Kenzie* is on the staff of the Unive of Chicago divinity school. Last mer the divinity school of Vand University created its own chair of olic studies.

Conversely, the Rev. Walter Bru mann of Missouri's Eden Theel Seminary, a United Church of minister, teaches Old Testament to and laywomen studying theology a man Catholic Webster College ne Louis, and an Episcopal priest, the Donald Winslow, is teaching church history at Weston College Jesuit seminary near Boston. Or student level, seminaries are frequi currently has 14 Catholic st while Union has 17-including 8 priests and a nun. Hebrew Union lege in Cincinnati has 28 Prot ministers and three Jesuits in its toral program.

From Heresy to Insight. \ of the ecumenical interchange inaries have turned from indoctri to information, treating the men from different faiths not sies to be refuted but as insights appreciated. Union's Driver ple, expects to face the same kin pro-and-con debate about Tillichs ology at Fordham that he faces at Union.

Many scholars, moreover ecumenical experimentation has gun. Dr. Lynn Leavenworth of theological education for can Baptists, last November consolidation of Protestant even Catholic-seminary re makes no sense," he said. tist, Methodist, Episcopal terian seminaries. I am looking day when seminary graduales longer be headed for this church's work."

Who last January became to serve as president of the Protestant Society of Biblical Life nation's most prestigious association

Research Submersibles: A report from General Dynamics

New breed of vessel:

A hundred and thirty feet down in the Aegean Sea, a Byzantine galley had hidden its secrets for almost fifteen centuries. Then in 1964, University of Pennsylvania Museum archeologists mounted paired cameras on a new research submarine, Asherah, and learned more from the three-dimensional photographs obtained in one "flight" over the wreck than had been possible from weeks of scuba diving.

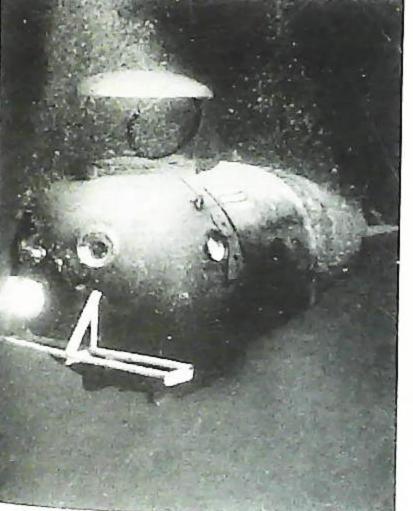
This was the first of dozens of undersea jobs already done by Asherah. The Asherah is the 339th-and at 17 feet long, the smallest-submarine built by General Dynamics. For comparison, the Holland, the very first submarine we delivered to the Navy in 1900, was 54 feet long. Over the years, we have built the prototypes of most classes of United States Navy submarines, including its nuclear-powered undersea ships.

But the true manned research submarines are really a new breed of boat. Less than a score now exist.

Depth and mobility:

Unlike bathyscaphes, designed to drop to great depths but remain relatively immobile for passive observation, the new research submarines must have depth capability, the ability to perform useful work, and the mobility to survey extended areas at a reasonable speed.

Asherah is one of the first true research submarines. It can dive to 600 feet (World War II subs rarely dived much below 300 feet), stay submerged for ten hours, cruise at three to four knots, move in all directions. An im-



The Asheral: beneath the Aegean Sea. -

proved sister ship, Star II, is made of the same HY-80 steel that goes into nuclear submarines; it has depth capability to 1,200 feet.

A larger boat we call Star III (see cutaway drawing below) is built of even tougher HY-100 steel. It has a cruising depth of 2,000 feet, and is equipped with an external mechanical arm that has interchangeable "hands"-a clamshell grip, a wire cutter, and a "three-finger" which can pick up a pencil or a 200pound weight, or manipulate a valve.

rushed by air for a rescue operation.

But subs with many special characteristics will be needed for exploringand for exploiting-the sea.

Some vessels will have to withstand pressures up to 10,000 pounds per square inch, to allow them to penetrate into mid-ocean abysses four miles deep. Work subs for, say, mining will have to be stable enough in a buoyant environment not to be whipped about in reaction to the force of their own tools.

We have already done a study for the

CUTAWAY OF STAR III TV cameras Vertical propulsion motor Forward trim tank Main ballast tank Aft trim tank Bow thruster Viewing ports Main propulsion **Batteries** motor Mechanical arm

The Aluminaut, the largest research sub so far, was built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International to prove, among other things, the feasibility of aluminum as a hull metal. The 51foot Aluminaut is designed to operate at depths up to 15,000 feet, under pressures up to more than 7,000 pounds per square inch. Aluminaut, in early sea trials, has cruised as deep as 6,250 feet, and remained submerged for over 30 continuous hours. AWorld War II military submarine rarely remained submerged for more than 24 hours.

Problems and needs:

These early research subs still have many limitations of speed, range and submerged endurance. They require back-up by a mother ship and have to be carried or towed to a job location.

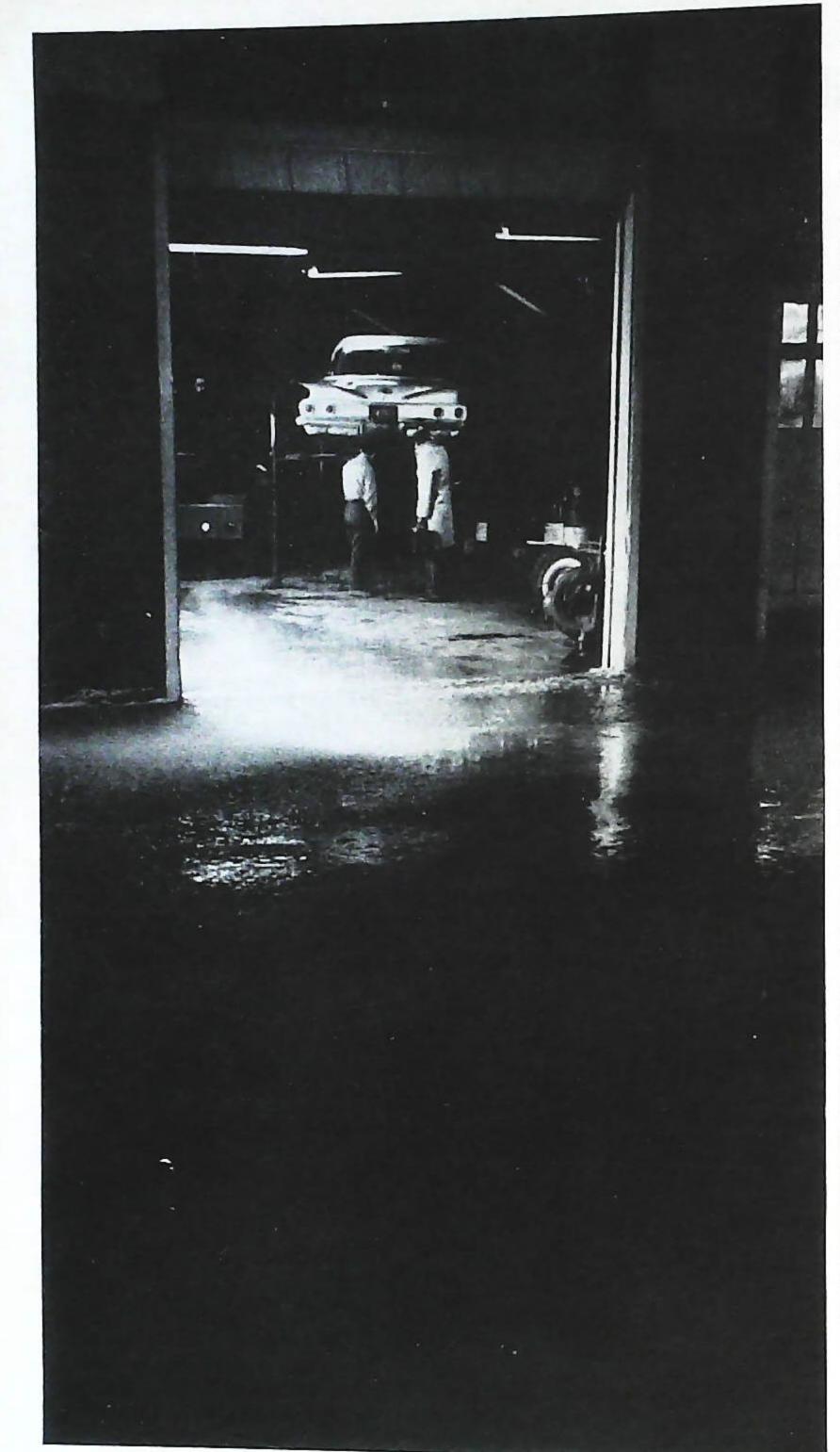
This last "limitation" can sometimes be an advantage. Asherah and Star II. for example, are small enough to be

Bureau of Fisheries showing feasibility of a submarine to track oceanic fish. It would be 160 feet long, carry 31 persons at speeds up to 20 knots, and could cruise submerged for up to 90 days.

Right now, we don't think there will ever be one single all-purpose type of research-work submarine. Just as land vehicles range from motor scooters to 20-ton earthmovers, so will most manned submersibles be designed and built for special purposes.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery; building materials; coal and gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS



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THE THEATER

Penwiper Papers

Slapstick Tragedy. Tennessee W liams can sift the soul's gold from I man dross. Unhappily, this double I of one-acters, which closed after see performances, is almost pure dross

The Mutilated brings on a pair New Orleans floozies who have had falling-out. One is a dead-broke we (Kate Reid) who has been barred for her room in the Silver Dollar How The other (Margaret Leighton) is suffered a "mutilation"—one of it breasts has been removed. Reid has ready carved this sad fact on the we outside Leighton's apartment Baw ly, brutally proud of her own breasts has herself, of course, been can up by life. Kate Reid gives a strider



Stabs with a rubber dagger.

able performance, but is too self-sured for an alcoholic, and this throther the play out of emotional kilter Letton is poignant as only Leighton can her sky-blue eyes hold rain But liams plays his mood music or long and loneliness by rote.

A grotesque phantasm of further tilations follows. The Gnadiges Fra is a deaf ex-diva (Leighton) who one eye and then the other to loony birds of the Florida Ke she battles for throwaway fish coming sloops. A cocaloony had around on stage looking rather li giant pelican with a Ph.D., and all dian in a red, white and blue mon war-whoops things up. The local "the Big Dormitory," and on the of this flophouse rock two maril smoking harpies, a slattern's (Kate Reid), who runs the point a local society editor (Zoe (.110 who seems to have escaped from barrel. Miss Caldwell is an ausp new acting presence on Broadway the play is a rubber-dagger stab al ter of the absurd that lacks lone lunacy or Pinter's menace It seed have come less from Williams pen from his penwiper.



Beginning this week in LIFE a memorable 7-part series:

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They dominated the Western world for more than 8 centuries and even when their Empire died, their civilization did not.

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This week LIFE begins "The Romans," a 7-part series that tells of the might of the Empire, the nature of its leaders, the lives of its citizens. It is the history of a people, the biography of an empire captured in words and pictures. The series has been about two years in the making. We think you will find it in the best tradition of LIFE.



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

What the President Could Do

If inflation is not here already, it is just around the corner, and President Johnson had better take tougher steps to stop it soon. That, after months of debate, was the clear consensus expressed last week by both liberal and conservative economists. The Life Insurance Association of America warned that inflationary pressures are boiling up; so did the American Bankers Association and the National Association of Manufacturers. Most significant, former members of the President's Council of Economic Advisers-men who are Democrats and Republicans, experimenters and classicists, Keynesians and

sale prices climbed at an alarming annual rate of 6%. The Government's chief price expert, Commissioner Arthur Ross of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, expects prices to rise more markedly in 1966 than in 1965, when the wholesale index went up 3.4% and the consumer index 2.2%. The biggest increases will be in bills for medical care, recreation and repair services; the price of houses will rise more sharply than in recent years.

To beat further price hikes, businessmen are increasing their inventories at a pace unequaled since the Korean War: \$10.1 billion a year. During January, bank credit expanded at 20% a year, double the already high rate of the past five years. Skilled labor has at the New York Federal Reserve

cember's increase in the discount rate. surprisingly called on bankers to hold back loans for excessive inventory buying or plant expansion. Still another rise in the discount rate is by no means out of the question.

When Johnson failed to reappoint conservative C. Canby Balderston to the seven-man board, there was some thought that he might recast the Federal Reserve to swing it toward looser credit. Last week, however, the President appointed Assistant Commerce Secretary Andrew F. Brimmer, the board's first Negro member, who seems unlikely to change its apparent inclination toward restriction. Brimmer, 39, a Harvard Ph.D., is a onetime economist







BURNS & HELLER



KEYSERLING

When floor sweepers get \$3 an hour, it's time to cool it, man.

an agency basis - situations thon-Keynesians-agreed impressively it a Washington symposium that the President should do more than he has

SAULNIER

to far to fight inflation. Walter Heller, who worked for Lyn-Ion Johnson as well as John Kennedy partiand now teaches economics at the Uniiffendersity of Minnesota, said that recent price increases and inventory buying have become so "disquieting" that the manuovernment should start figuring out ight now just which taxes to raise if bressures increase. Raymond J. Saulhier, who served under Dwight Eisenlower, said that the time had come to 'cool off the economy a bit"; he called or a cut in Government spending, folowed, if necessary, by a tax increase. Arthur Burns, who also served Ike, proposed much the same remedies as Saulner Even Leon Keyserling, Harry Trunan's far-out economist, wanted higher axes—though not to reduce inflation but to guarantee that federal welfare pending would continue to rise despite he demands of Viet Nam.

Hurrying to Buy. Inflation is an intertational malaise (see World Business) nd symptoms of it are appearing Il over the U.S. In January whole-

become so scarce that Infand Steel is trying to fill 600 job vacancies, is recruiting as far away as 400 miles from its East Chicago base. Detroit automakers are hiring unemployed Appalachia mountaineers to sweep floors —at \$3 an hour. For its part, the Government has poured on more inflationary fuel: the national income accounts budget, which measures how much money the Government adds to or drains from the economy, has shifted from a \$4 billion surplus to a \$2 billion deficit since last summer.

Further Tightening. Lyndon Johnson continues to hold to his wait-and-see policy, is understandably hesitant to repeat the mistakes of 1957 and 1959, when the Government moved so vigorously against inflation that it helped produce recession. The President insisted last week that he would shift policies quickly, "if the need should arise." Assuming that inflation continues, what steps is he most likely to take?

First, he will probably rely on the Federal Reserve Board to further tighten the money supply. Last week Board Member Sherman Maisel, a Johnson appointee who had voted against last DeBank and is known as cautious and moderate in money matters.

If monetary policy alone does not do the anti-inflationary job, the Government will move on the tax front. Economist Heller proposes a temporary suspension of the 7% tax credit for new investment; that apparently would be a quick way of relieving the capitalspending boom without offending too many people. Treasury Secretary Fowler, however, would prefer a general increase in corporate and personal taxes if necessary. Said Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen last week: "The Administration is talking in terms of another 5% income tax increase and an added 2% corporate tax later this year."

WALL STREET

Overreacting

This week the U.S. enters what promises to be its sixth straight year of economic expansion, and almost everything is rising—except the stock market. It has been falling since early February. and last week Wall Street's bull was still reluctant. The Dow-Jones industrial average dropped 25 points in three

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days, touched a 1966 low of 950.66, then rallied fitfully at week's end to close at 953—scarcely higher than last October. Measured by the important price-earnings ratio, stocks are lower than they were at the low point of the 1962 break. They are now selling at an average 16.3 times expected 1966 earnings, compared to a 17-to-1 ratio in the bleak summer of '62.

Prices are low because worries are high, and investors are reacting-probably overreacting-to the economic implications of the Viet Nam war. They are afraid of higher taxes and more controls on the economy, perplexed by the squeeze on credit and pressure on profit margins. In this emotional atmosphere, such basic and broadly held stocks as oil, drug, retailing, chemical and utility issues generally weakened last week; many popular highfliers in electronics, color television and office machines held fairly firm. But as prices fell, so did trading volume on the New York Stock Exchange—a technical indication that prices may soon rebound.

Some of the stock market's troubles stem from a worsening shortage of investment money. Salomon Bros. & Hutzler, a leading bond-trading house, predicted that commercial banks will have \$3 billion less to put into longterm credit this year than last. With a swiftness that startled even investment men, the money shortage has driven interest rates on some new bond issues to 45-year peaks, prompting investors to sell stocks in order to buy bonds. Last week \$40 million of Long Island Lighting Co. bonds went on sale with a 5.13% interest return, one of the highest yields ever placed on a corporate issue of its type. The Federal National Mortgage Association had to pay a record 5.38% to sell \$250 million of 14month debentures. Despite an extraordinarily high 5½% interest, Washington's Export-Import Bank was able to sell only half of a new \$700 million issue of participation certificates in existing loans. That embarrassing failure damaged President Johnson's plans to sell off \$4.7 billion of U.S. paper assets to cut next year's budget deficit—the size of which is already worsening the worries about inflation.

TAXES

The Drunken Pyramid

While Washington debates a federal tax increase, the inescapable fact is that some taxes are already on the rise. State and local taxes are growing by 9% a year, or almost twice as fast as the national income. On a per capita basis that counts infants and indigents, the tax bill averages out to \$916-\$53 more than last year-and \$303 of it is siphoned off by states, counties, cities the 47 state legislatures in session last and towns.

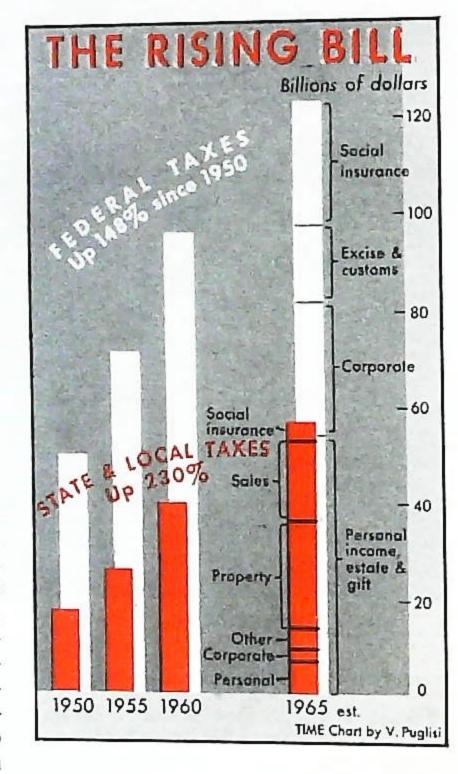
Hardly a week goes by without further increases. Last week alone:

▶ New York City Mayor John Lindsay's aides outlined a proposal for a graduated city income tax that could

come to about 50% as much as the state income tax. If adopted, the measure would mean that a man who earns a taxable net income of \$15,000 in New York City would have to pay \$417.50 to the city in addition to \$835 to the state and \$3,010 to the Federal Government-even if he lives in New Jersey or Connecticut.

► Chicago School Board Member James W. Clement proposed a 1% city income tax to provide \$115 million, mostly for education. (Ten cities now have income taxes, including Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Cincinnati.)

Massachusetts Governor John A. Volpe, after six defeats, pushed through a 3% sales tax to raise \$203 million



to cover a budget deficit and improve education. ▶ Virginia prepared to enforce a 2%

sales tax approved earlier. ▶ New Jersey Governor Richard J.

Hughes prodded legislators to approve a new income tax to raise at least \$180 million, lift that wealthy state above its current low rank (48th) in allotments for schools, roads and welfare.

Stand-bys & Sewers. The tax-andspend spree has been touched off by population growth and urbanization (see THE NATION), and the rising demand for services. Of the \$75 billion spent in a year by states and localities, about 17% went for roads, 10% for welfare, 41% for schools. One-third of the money came from bond issues and federal grants, the rest from taxes. Of year, 32 approved tax increases.

States and localities are concocting all sorts of ways to raise money. In addition to those old stand-bys-taxes on whisky, cigarettes and gasoline-they are slapping taxes onto restaurant

meals, hotel rooms, commercial pancy, utility bills, stock transfer on the use of sewers. Last week ing before a House Judiciary sal mittee that is trying to write guidelines for such taxes, Calorica Vice President Werner N. Day complained: "Today the overland state, county, city and schooltax structure reminds me of a nu built by drunken Egyptians."

More from Less. One suggester to realign the design would be for and suburbs to combine their special and tax collecting, for the sake of ciency and economy. States could raise more revenue with less no they abandoned most nuisance law favor of income taxes, which, along with the economy, and they lower sales taxes by reducing the ber of exempted goods, such as i and drugs. Economists reckon that such changes the states last year a have increased their sales- and inco tax revenues by \$5 billion. Of con the states and localities could at cut away some nonessential spends but more and more things seem essential these days.

CORPORATIONS

Mighty Miniatures

Experts are likely to say that company suffers from the afterest bad decisions at the top and that of its divisions can barely make rose by a greater percentage than change, spurting from \$27.25 everywhere, \$165.25.

Last week, going against the ma down-trend, Fairchild lifted to time high of \$210, an extraording company will announce its 1965 ings, and brokers expect to hear sales last year grew 33%, to \$185 lion, and profits after taxes 300%, to about \$8,000,000.

Fairchild Camera is a misnamed pany whose eleven divisions on electronics and also turn out? of products from heavy multicond cables to printing equipment Semiconductor branch. It put have they are asked. on the ground floor in minatule con transistors, which are tive than the original germanith ty; last year Fairchild had booming U.S. market for silice sistors. Fairchild's prize do accounts for one-third of for integrated circuits, which a sized components that do the many transistors, and a series hooked together could reduce nards of a TV set to the cookie. The company has gru ened demand since 1964 by the average price of integrated

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FAIRCHILD'S CARTER

The golden eggs are in one basket.

from \$35 to \$7. Improved technology, cheaper materials, and a new plant in low-wage Hong Kong all helped to bring the reduction.

Riches to Riches. Fairchild Camera was started as an aerial survey firm by an inspired tinkerer, Sherman M. Fairchild, now 69. His rise from riches to riches is an enduring business legend (TIME cover, July 25, 1960). Fairchild's father was the first chairman of International Business Machines and made him by inheritance the largest single his taste for good living and pretty girls, Fairchild tended his investments wisely, personally developed the first plane with an enclosed cabin (the FC-1), manufactured the C-119 Flying Boxcar, and built superb but too costly hi-fi equipment. Like many inventors, Fairchild was a better creator than administrator.

Management is now in the hands of Chairman and Chief Executive Officer John Carter, 45, a rough 250-pounder who proclaimed shortly after taking over: "I know how to handle a sick company." Carter was lured from a Corning Glass vice-presidency nine years ago with a stock option offer of 23,800 shares (he now owns 52,250 shares worth almost \$11 million). Sherman Fairchild withdrew discreetly to the board, has been more concerned with his chairmanship of the completely separate Fairchild Hiller aerospace firm, which recently bought Republic Aviation.

fied all through electronics, and has concentrated on the civilian market instead of defense business because he does not like the Pentagon's renegotiation of contracts. The best thing that happened to Carter was the arrival in 1957 of eight bright young scientists from the Shockley Semiconductor Laboratory, led by Dr. Robert Noyce, who walked in the

of silicon. Fairchild gambled \$7,000,-000 on the idea and won. Noyce, now 38, is head of the Semiconductor Division, which contributes more than 50% of Fairchild's sales and probably 98% of its profits.

Some of the other divisions are not making money, and though Chairman Carter talks expansively about their future, Fairchild's fortunes will depend for quite a while on the one big division. As technology advances, Fairchild's executives figure they will be able to stockholder in IBM (167,000 shares now price their integrated circuits low advertise the packs in campus in worth \$85.5 million). Besides refining enough so that they will come into pers, also stock regular sizes common use for TV sets, telephones, even autos and washing machines.

PROMOTION

Big Marketing Man on Campus

Can you make money by selling things that are usually available free? Yes, you can. At any rate, James J. Harris, a former salesman for a photoengraving firm, is doing it.

Harris concentrates on the college market, which is not only vast-5,570,-000 students spend \$4 billion annually beyond tuition, board and textbooksbut also articulate and highly susceptible to experiment. As such, it is a prime target for the fiercely competitive package-goods manufacturers, who consider the campus the place to establish brand loyalty. By acting as a middleman bringing salesmen and students together. Harris has built a million-dollar business. He gathers samples of toiletries and to-Gamble That Paid. Carter has diversibacco products that manufacturers usually give away free, boxes them into "Campus-Paes," and distributes them through college stores. His Guest Pac Corp. recently sold its 10 millionth box and, with the obvious inspiration of a public-relations man, celebrated by giving a \$250 scholarship to the M.I.T. coed, Laura Miller, 19, who got it.

door with the idea of making transistors * With enlarged diagram of integrated circuit.

One to a Customer, Harris ra fee from both sides of the on Manufacturers pay him 31e each of the samples that they to distribute. The campus store 15¢ for a package of samples u or \$3, then charge their customer 29¢ for it. The eight or more lies men's pack currently include Old lotion, Gillette blades and Alkas the women's pack has, amono items, Pond's cream makeup cum, Colgate's Lustre-Creme and Grove Laboratories' NoDlarge campuses, bargain-happy grads have grabbed up as many one-to-a-customer packs a day

chance. Curious in 1950 about the able samples a friend received the mail, Harris wrote to 100 cor for free samples. He got back cluding a twelve-can carton of powder and a soda-fountain de -even your dog going of headache powder. Harris conce toiletries pack, sold the idea to a convenience for guests. He even signed up 4,000 hotels, sold m banks looking for new-account ons, others to airlines (which packs to grounded passengers Guest Pac Corp. also sells packs Salvation Army and the Red Cr disaster-area use and for distribut

now do a \$260 million annual by and your Fireman's Fund agent. They use Campus-Pacs as traffich To receive a supply, college store samples. After the packs are introl surveys inevitably show a rise ins preferences for the sampled pri Harris' potential clientele will con grow, reach 7,000,000 students hi And every year there is a connew freshman class that can be to use the products in the pack



HARRIS & COED PRIZE Two fees for free

TIME, MARCH

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WORLD BUSINESS

PRICES

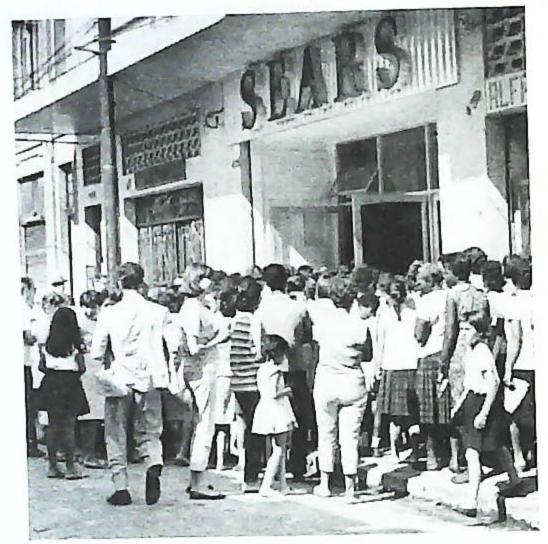
Inflation Everywhere

Inflation is becoming a worldwide epidemic, producing political fevers as well as economic bruises. Practically no country is immune, regardless of its wealth, size, politics or state of development. Almost everywhere inflation is worse than in the U.S.

In Belgium, where prices rose 4% in the past twelve months, the government fell three weeks ago because it proposed emergency taxes to keep prices in check. Austria next week will hold a national election, with inflation as the central issue: prices advanced 5% last year, and Socialists are mad because the conservative People's Party favors a temporary tax increase. In a rare show of opposition in Portugal, the dictatorial

India, inflation is the ugly result of the food shortage; most people spend 75% of their meager incomes trying to get enough to eat. Viet Nam's prices have shot up 58% in a year because of the war and the influx of free-spending G.I.s. Peru's government is spending prodigiously on a national development program, with the result that prices went up 18% last year, are expected to rise 25% this year. Brazil's government, battling one of the world's worst inflationary problems, hopes gamely to reduce the rise in living costs from last year's 45% to 25% in 1966.

If there is a single thread that runs through most of these situations, it is simply that human demands are rising exuberantly and straining the available supply of materials and machines to make the goods.



QUEUEING UP IN BRAZIL



GUARDING STORE IN VENEZUELA

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government of Antonio Salazar was openly criticized in newspapers last week because living costs are climbing: potato prices are up from 6¢ a sack to 12¢ in a year, and other food tags are rising.

same causes as in the U.S.: extensive demand, full employment and nearcapacity production. Britain's unemployment level is at a near-record low of 1.2%; since last March, wages have risen 9% and prices 5%. In West Germany, where wages increased 8.9% last year and the cost of living grew by 4.2%. Bundesbank President Karl Blessing warned last week that the economy has become dangerously unbalanced and that "the present tempo of cost and price increases cannot continue if we are to stay competitive in world markets." Israel is riddled with inflation because of heavy consumer buying and government spending, including wage boosts for government employees.

In some instances, sharp price rises stem from special local situations. In

LATIN AMERICA Sears's Profitable Alianza

U.S.-based businessmen who carp about constantly working under the gun ought to gct a look at Fred Eaton. On Inflation in most countries has the the roof above his modern office in Caracas, Venezuela, booted militiamen with submachine guns patrol 24 hours a day. They are watching for Communist terrorists who, in a perverse kind of compliment, have focused on Eaton's company as a prime example of Yanqui capitalism. It is Sears, Roebuck of Venezuela, and all of its 13 stores have been the targets of bombs or burning. Though nothing has happened lately, Eaton's workers each night before closing have to examine every drawer, dress pocket and cranny in the store for possible homemade incendiaries. Nevertheless, Sears is prospering in Venezuela and throughout Latin America.

On a continent where revolt, expropriation and inflation are common. Sears since 1960 has lifted sales from

\$103 million to \$150 million In . decade—despite the nationalization six stores by Castro's Cuba-San tripled its number of stores to nine countries from Costa Ricars zil (plus seven in Puerto Rico) week its top Latin American expension will meet in Mexico City, sile biggest operation, to discuss funk pansion. Next year the company open two stores in Spain-its fire ropean venture—and transfer soits Latin American chiefs there

A Stake in Stock. Like any was truder, Sears staffs its stores well tives: 99.3% of its employees are Americans, including almost all managers. The company offers a in stock ownership as well as job Venezuela, for example, emple through profit sharing have acc lated a 17% stake in the local si ary. Because Latin American com have prohibitive import barriers. buys 80% of its merchandise 9,000 native manufacturers, who duce such goods as refrigerators, ing machines and blue jeans. § local purchasing program amounts private Alliance for Progress the made a lot of suppliers rich and h the company become an integral of each country.

When a new Sears store open curious crowds form thick lines in Lured by such innovations as price one-stop shopping, money-back & tees, credit buying, parking space prompt deliveries, customers turned Sears's air-conditioned American bazaars into human gueros, or anthills What shoppe marily come for however a goods, which are tailored to American tastes. Clothing style more to Europe than the U.S. T. and paint departments, which are stays in the U.S., scarcely exist i America, where cheap middle-class aversion to manual prevent any do-it-yourself lad.

Sears expects to grow further in America, in the next five year to open 50 new branches in alone. Smaller local retailers ha choices. They can complain al competition, and languish Orth prosper by adopting Sears s faith erate prices and modern methods have done just that.

BRITAIN

Changing Altitude

The fate of Britain's unh craft industry involves not only jobs and \$400 million in exp also the pride of a nation The who built the heroic Spitfire world's first commercial jet seem to feel the decline of the tion more strongly than the de



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their Empire. The ominous signs have been obvious for a long time—the bad luck of the Comet, the financial losses of the Britannia, and now the lack of a market for the long-range, rear-engined VC 10. Though popular with passengers, the VC 10 is costlier to operate than the competitive Boeing 707 and Douglas DC-8, and Britain has failed so far to sell a single one of them outside the Commonwealth.

Britain long ago gave up the idea of any serious role in missilery and space, and last year the Labor government canceled three military aircraft programs. Last week the government beat a still more painful retreat. In the biggest postwar Royal Air Force order, Britain announced it would buy 400 military planes over the next four years—but 250 will be Lockheed, McDonnell and General Dynamics aircraft (see THE World). The British will build parts for some of them.

It is tempting to write off Britain's aircraft industry as dying, but that probably would be a mistake. In their strategy for survival, the British are gliding Bourbon must be aged 2 into a new, temporarily lower altitude -and hope to climb from there, in co-

Alliance with France. For now, they plan to save money by buying advanced But Kentucky Tavern holds military aircraft from the U.S., whose huge production lines permit lower pricout for 8 full years. When ing. The 50 swing-wing F-111A fighterbombers that Britain will buy from Gen-Bourbon flavor is at its per eral Dynamics at \$5,950,000 each are As a matter of fact we thing Britain and cheaper than any-

For the longer term, Britain will ally itself with Continental countries, notably France, to build a European aeroenough—and smooth enous space industry that might do battle against the Americans. The chief hope is the Anglo-French Mach 2.2 Concorde, which is likely to be the world's first supersonic airliner. It is slated to go into service in 1971 or 1972, at least two years ahead of the U.S. supersonic liner. Production of an Anglo-French prototype is on schedule, though development costs have risen from \$500 million to more than \$1 billion. Beyond that, there has been talk about jointly built military craft, and the British, French and Germans have agreed to make a subsonic, short-range "airbus" that would carry more than 200 passengers and go into service in 1972.

Merger Drive, Europeans are not likey to see a Siddeley-Messerschmitt or a Rolls-Fiat company for some time, but, mergers within the British aviation industry itself are in the offing. The government hopes to induce a merger between the two big airframe manufacturers, British Aircraft Corp. and Hawker Siddeley, and perhaps even to try to unite the two proud jet engine builders, Rolls-Royce and Bristol Siddeley. The combined companies presumably would be able to lift productivity, which is only one-third as high as in the U.S. aerospace industry, and two-thirds as

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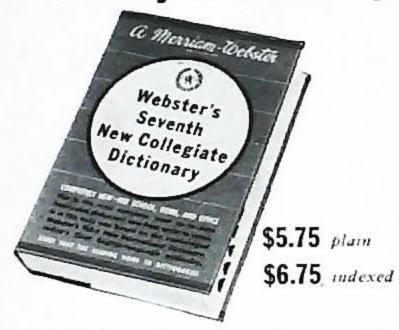
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high as in the French. By com eluded them since World War II to make the right plane at the time at the right price.

ITALY

Romeo's Sweet Giulia Deep down, even the most to toast driver occasionally imagines self a Juan Fangio or Jimmy shifting down for the Curva Gran Monza or roaring onto the Mill Straight at Le Mans. Few auton play on this fancy so successful Milan's Alfa-Romeo. An ad for sporty Giulia GT model, for inshows a father strapping on a crass met while his wife and child prepare climb in. "The family car that races," proclaims the ad. Thanks fast cars and fanciful advertising



ALFA'S NEW \$2,270 MODEL For the family Fangio.

Romeo is pulling ahead in the auto market. The company, while tant second to mass-producing last year turned out 60,262 cars, 2 increase over 1964. Sales were up to \$200 million.

Wind Design. To enlarge its ! Alfa-Romeo last month began f ing a light Giulia 1300 TI (for mo Internazionale). Priced in la \$2,270, the four-passenger car quite the cheapest Alfa-Romeo several years, the company has plainer, less well-padded Guilla on the market at \$2,080. The new TI model, with a more powerful! and stylish interior, is calculated peal to customers who want c and speed at a moderate price;

This latest Giulia joins a line other models, many of which described by one poetic comp gan: "The Wind Designed Them the wind-blown look are english can leave most other cars lar The expensive 2600 SZ model \$6,695) speeds up to 131 m.p.fl.

* One Alfa-Romeo that failed to the car in which Benito Mussolini an tress tried, unsuccessfully, to escape partisans in 1945.

resources at home and abroad, B STOCKBROKER TO KNOW turing the secret that has too

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Minnesota mutual fund. In 1950 he joined Paine, Webber as a registered representative, and since 1964 has been regional partner. He is active in the United Fund and the Rotary Club, CHICAGO BOSTON

of Minnesota, the University of Michigan, majoring in Business Administration. He began his

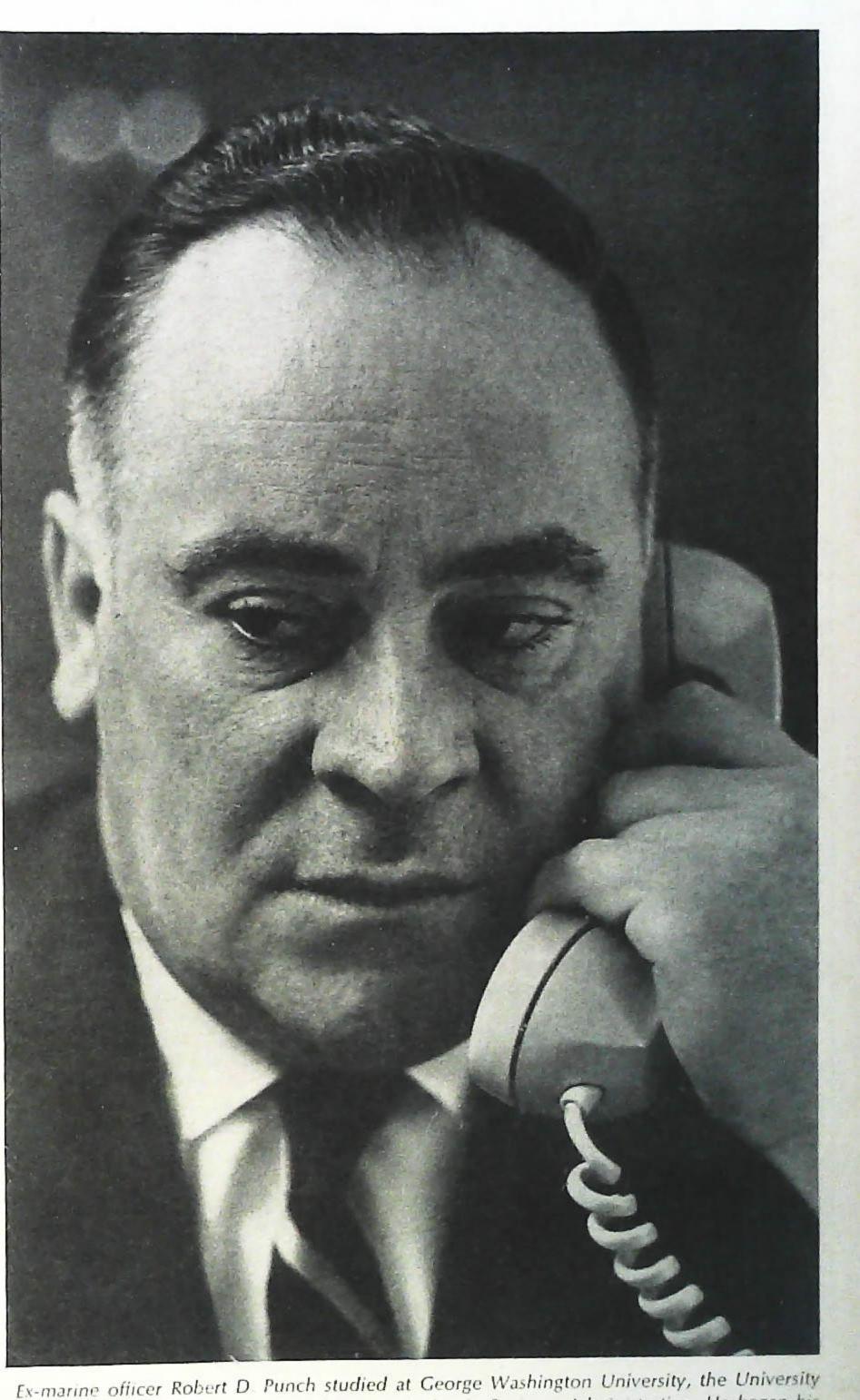
career as a management consultant, entering the investment business as a staff member of a

208 S. LaSalle Street

LOS ANGELES 204 W. 7th Street

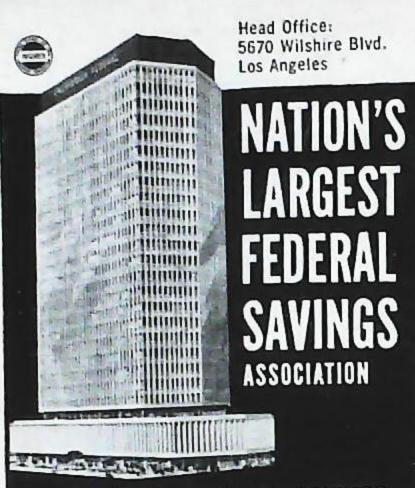
AKRON ANN ARBOR ASHLAND BEVERLY HILLS CLEVELAND COLUMBUS CONCORD DALLAS DETROIT DULUTH ERIE GARDEN CITY GRAND RAPIDS HARTFORD HOUGHTON HOUSTON INDIANAPOLIS LONG BEACH LYNN MARQUETTE MERCED MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS MUSKEGON PASADENA PHILADELPHIA PROVIDENCE ROCHESTER ST PAUL SAN BERNARDING SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SANTA BARBARA SANTA MONICA SPRINGFIELD VIRGINIA WASHINGTON WAUSAU WORCESTER

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966



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101



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other Alfa-Romeos easily top 100 m.p.h.; the somewhat sedate Giulias are modestly rated at "over 96 m.p.h."

Alfa-Romeo's performance delights the Italian government, which owns 90% of the company's 45 million shares through Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale, the government holding company which also controls the jets of Alitalia, the luxury ships of the Italian Line and the nation's telephone and radio-TV networks. After suffering from indifferent sales early in the 1960s Alfa-Romeo has been revived largely by President Giuseppe Luraghi, 60. A onetime IRI executive, Luraghi was put in the driver's seat to balance speed and wind designing with cost accounting, marketing and long-range planning. Like many of his competitors in the U.S. and Europe, he sees world auto-

making as a pyramid, with experimental Rolls-Royces and Ferraris at the and U.S. and European mass-process at the bottom. In between the a growing and superbly profitable cialty market for flashy family cars like Ford's Thunderbird, Brown Jaguar—and his own Alfa-Romes

Bigger Overseas. Luraghi also a that the future of European auto ing depends on exports. Alfa-Rollast year exported 23% of its can sent only 1,500 to the U.S. To have those totals, the company has interested the third at Arese, just outside Milan. La expects to double output in seven by turning out cars that appeal a everyday driver whose Fangio interested by a six-speed manual shift and easy acceleration to 100 m

MILESTONES

Born. To John Wayne, 58, who last month finished *Eldorado*, his 166th movie, and Pilar Palette Wayne, 37, his third wife: their third child, second daughter; in Encino, Calif.

Married. Edson Arantes do Nascimento, 25, better known as Pelé, Brazil's—and probably the world's—best soccer player; and Rosemary Cholbi, 20, a Santos dockworker's daughter; in Santos, Brazil.

Married. Brian Donlevy, 63, now playing the mad scientist in Hollywood's The Curse of the Fly; and Lillian Arch Lugosi, 54, ex-wife of the late Bela (Dracula) Lugosi; he for the third time, she for the second; in Indio, Calif.

briefly held the limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though he limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Methodology to the late Bela tinued his writings, though the late Bela tinued his writings.

Died. Charles Von Fremd, 40, CBS newscaster, who reported on Washington from 1953 to 1957 when he shifted his beat to space, covering nearly every mission from the first Navaho rocket firings to last December's Gemini space rendezvous; apparently of a heart attack; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Victor Weisz, 52, Britain's acerb political cartoonist "Vicky," an aggressive socialist who over 25 years leveled his pen at everyone on his right from John Foster Dulles, whom he showed brandishing H-bombs, to Tory Harold Macmillan, whom he drew as the winged "Supermac," and Charles de Gaulle, whom he captioned with the famed inverted quotation. "Après le déluge—moit"; of as yet undetermined causes; in London.

Died. James D. Norris, 59, sports promoter and onetime Mr. Big of boxing; following a heart attack; in Chicago. The son of a Chicago millionaire, Norris won notoriety in the late 1940s and '50s as the boss of the International Boxing Club, through which he and Hoodlum Frankie Carbo held a mo-

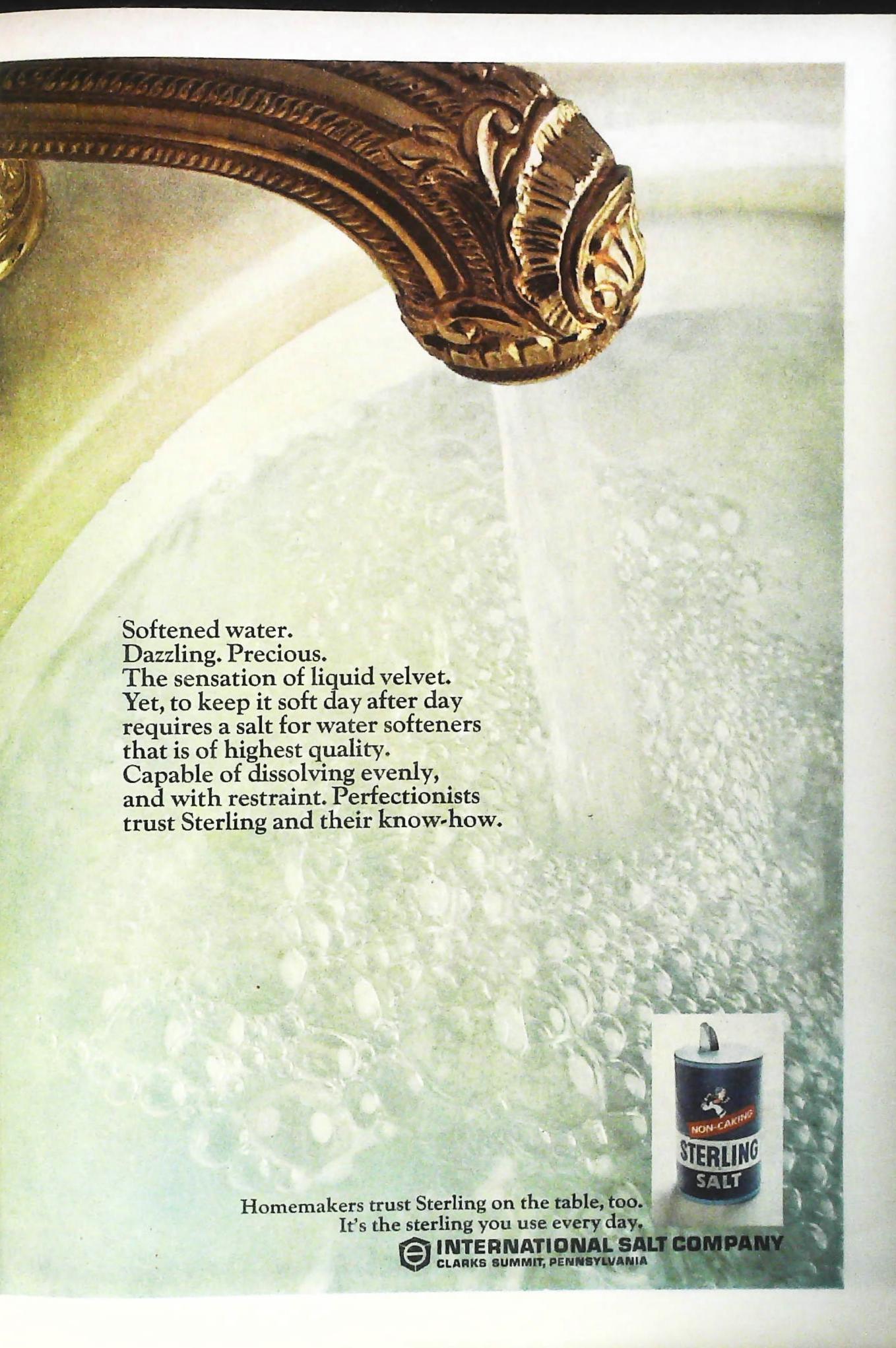
nopoly on virtually all major fight til 1959, when the U.S. Supreme (broke their hold. Norris faded) view, quietly operating his vast prailroad, real estate and cattle interplus the Spring Hill Farm stables cago Black Hawks hockey team, stadiums in Chicago and St. Louis

Died. Victor Kravchenko, 61, 1 time Soviet defector, an army car who sought asylum while on dunsupply officer in Washington in briefly held the limelight with his selling I Chose Freedom (1946) changed his name to "Peter Marbecause "I am an American" and tinued his writings, though he has constant fear of Red reprisal; to own hand (.38-cal. pistol) in his hattan apartment, where friends shad been depressed over the Viet war "and other things."

Died. Boris Nicolaevsky, is nowned Kremlinologist, a Russian Social Democrat who in 1940, all years of exile in Europe follows pulsion by the Bolsheviks, arrived U.S. to write more than a dozen on Soviet life, such as Forced Las Soviet Russia (1947), for which is Co-Author David J. Dallin we nounced in the U.N. as "idiots of sters" by the late Andrei Vishing a heart attack; in Menlo Park, Call

Died. The Rev. Bernard Bray 79. chaplain of the House of Reposition atives since 1950, who invariable scribed his duties thus. "At the streach day's session, I look out of House and then I pray for the color of a stroke; in Washington

Died. Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz, 80, who led history's armada to victory in the para pneumonia; on Yerba Buena San Francisco Bay (see The National San Francisco Bay (see T



Put your hand in your pocket, m'friend

Leigh Anne, 4, was born with spinal bifida-partly paralyzed from the waist down. She is learning to walk and care for herself at the Easter Seal Center in Villa Park, Illinois.

This is a fine little girl. Full of love and hope, and so spunky she almost breaks your heart. The world needs people like her. But right now she needs people like you. People who believe in helping people. Her therapy and special training cost more than her folks can afford. The Easter Seals you use pay the difference. So put your hand in your pocket, m'friend. Your share is about \$2.

I thank you.

Jimmy Durante

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, at more than a thousand clinics and centers, to help people fight against the effects of these crippling disorders: crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, strokes, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others. If you know of someone who needs this kind of help, send them to your local Easter Seal Chapter. It's listed in your phone book.



Jimmy Durante is National Chairman of the 1966 Easter 5 ...

Easter Seal Fund Appeal

CINEMA

The Spies Who Came into the Fold

Movie moguls have long sought the perfect pop-art hero, the infallible magnetic moneymaker with equal pull for kids under twelve and adolescents up to and beyond retirement age. Tarzan, a perennial favorite, still takes to the trees occasionally to fight for right, but with obsolete weapons. The Wild West gunfighter endures, though an hombre who traditionally hates kissin' and gets his kicks by digging spurs into horseflesh seems equally ill-adapted to the times. The exquisitely contemporary hero is girl-happy, gadget-minded James Bond, whose legend has already tempted a host of imitators to bland larceny. Now five new spy spoofs reverently ape Bond. with more a-making to catch the rich financial fallout from Goldfinger and Thunderball.

Naked Naiads. The biggest, noisiest and naughtiest contender in the new spystakes is The Silencers, with Crooner Dean Martin playing Matt Helm, a secret agent for ICE (Intelligence Counter Espionage). Its plot pits Helm against the mastermind of one of those atomic conspiracies, headquartered in what appears to be a sunken carrier under the desert near Alamogordo. But the real contest is between nudity and gadgetry. The striptease fun, with Cyd Charisse as team captain, begins during the opening credits, then gets right down to business in Martin's circular bed, which turns, travels, tilts, finally plunges him naked into a swimming pool with a naiad identified as Lovey Kravezit. While the camera plays anatomical peekaboo, they are dried on two cylindrical Freudian symbols, then dressed and breakfasted by machine.

Innuendo roars through Silencers,



CYD CHARISSE IN "SILENCERS" Captain of the anatomical team.



CROWLEY & VAUGHN IN "TRAP" Ellery Queen for a day.

with nothing omitted save scrawling feelthy pictures on the screen. Now and then, Martin sleepily warbles a song parody, his way of adding sauce to all the gleeful violence, drunken driving and self-conscious smut. Chief compensation over the long haul is Stella Stevens' zany, refreshing performance as a tourist who flees a conducted bus tour and plunges into escapades with the resolute air of a girl making every minute of her vacation count.

Keeping Clean, Intelligence men's intrigues wash cleaner in To Trap a Spy and The Spy with My Face. Originally designed for home use, these television retreads are expanded versions of two episodes from MGM's The Man from U.N.C.L.E. series (the seams still show). In Face, Napoleon Solo (Robert Vaughn) seduces Thrush Agent Senta Berger somewhat more explicitly than he could before, when he had to take time out for commercials. In Trap. Luciana Paluzzi adds sex appeal until gunfire spoils her game, but the story really concerns an ordinary housewife (Patricia Crowley) who helps Solo foil an assassination plot. A kind of Ellery Queen for a Day, she goes home with an armful of presents, having scored a clear win for small-screen morality.

The man least likely to threaten Bond's supremacy is That Man in Istanbul, with Horst Bucholz battling a one-armed villain atop a minaret and performing other improbable feats to rescue a kidnaped scientist. A masquerade in a Turkish bath, long visits with FBI Sexpot Sylva Koscina and a tour of the city cannot save Istanbul. Delivering insouciant asides to the audience brings out the unseasoned ham in Horst.

Another elusive scientist is the excuse given for The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World, the most flagrantly imitative spoof of the lot. Its second-best agent is played with studied respect by one Tom Adams, who vaguely resembles Sean Connery. The

The Case of the Elastic Umbrella

Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,

Old Fitzgerald Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky Established 1849



Under Chief Justice Marshall, the U.S. Supreme Court developed a rule permitting its membersto"tipple"onlyonrainydays.

During a prolonged spate of sunny Washington weather, however, the ruling was interpreted to include all the territory under the court's jurisdiction. With so many legal minds at work, it was logical to assume that at any given moment somewhere in the continental U.S. or its outlying possessions, somebody was carrying an umbrella!

Covering a broader territory often brings more than a few advantages. Consider, for example, our modest family distillery, self-contained on a few secluded acres in Jefferson County, Kentucky.

A visitor might read with something less than conviction this sign at our distillery gate, -"We make fine Bourbon. At a profit if we can—a loss if we must -but always fine Bourbon."

"So what?" some might say. But as we extend the territory beyond our entrance, the sign takes on broader meaning. For state-wide distillery records prove that our OLD FITZGERALD is the most expensively made Bourbon, not only in Jefferson County but in the whole length and breadth of Kentucky. Has been thus for lo these many years.

And since Kentucky itself is the acknowledged cradle of the finest of Bourbons, OLD FITZGERALD'S umbrella might be further widened to include not only the U.S. and its possessions, but all the world.

Regardless of added costs, we continue to honor the painstaking requirements of our original 117-year-old Sour Mash recipe.

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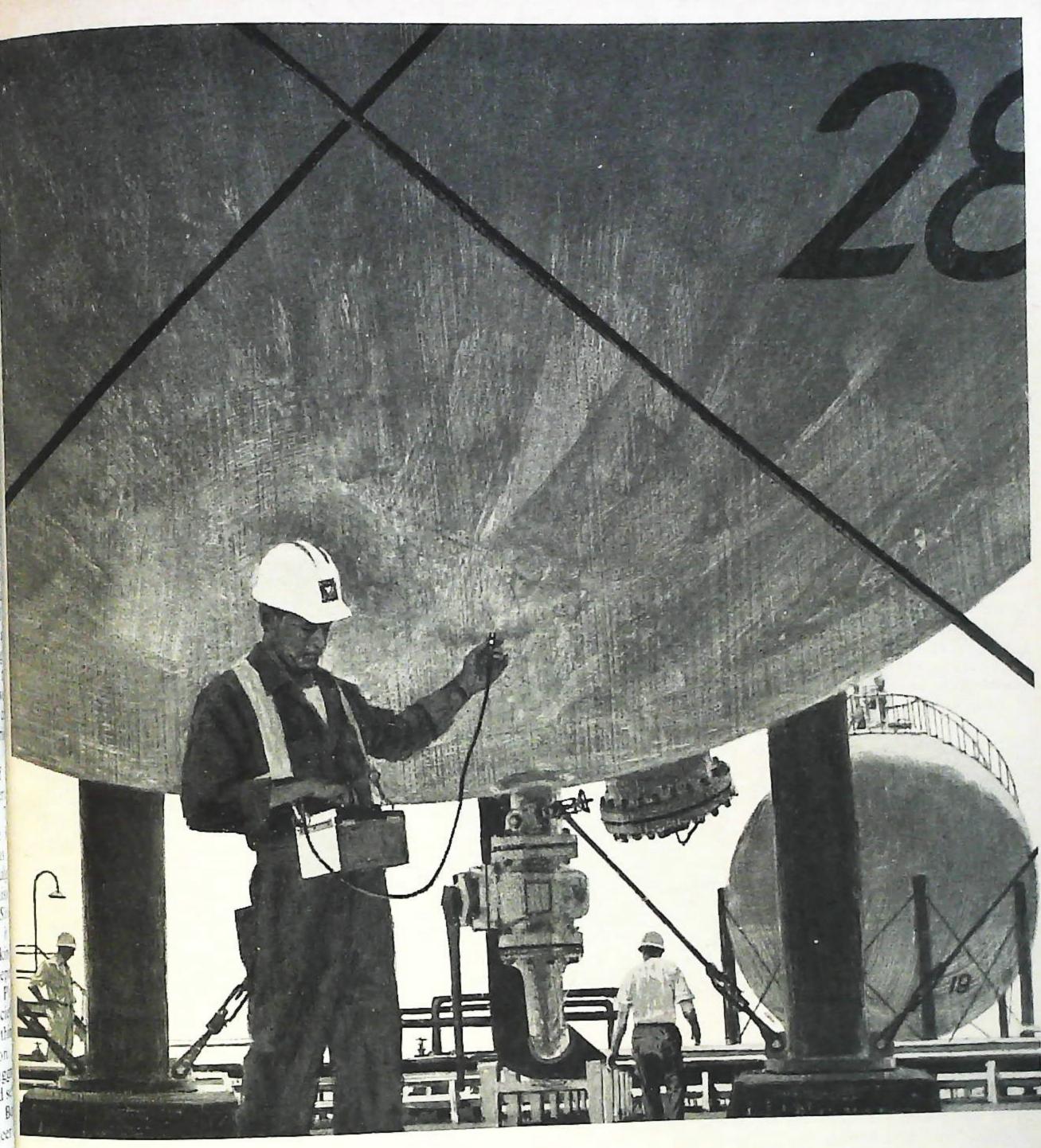
costs less too

film sputters with genuine exe in the scramble for Regrav. process for reversing the law of But the laws of levity begin to go turvy as well in Agent's craven homage to its prototype. Curling. Adams' sheets, one pussycat pur met someone like you in Florida himself James . . . James Someth If the bogus Bonds abhor origin they should at least show enough fessional savvy to cover their track

Mechanical Sin. The least that spate of spies signifies, it would a is that ventures into venery, sadism furious action have set an evelraising new standard for family tainment. Kids adore the lethal d toy collection. Dads happily ogle at potent he-man, king of a computer wonderland in which every foe con swiftly vanquished, every voluptuou ren bedded. And women seem susceptible to the fantasy of being cariously mauled by a master of the perhaps after flooring him with a le wrist chop. Slapdash, comic-strip more violent than suspenseful, aren into a joke that viewers are invited share while soaking up the sing splendor of strange locales, gawking new feats of technology. The sin is chanical—a series of clashes better the hostile male and deadly female, sensuality suggesting some future brand of electric sex.

The bizarre, decadent world superspy naturally inspires a co amount of earnest speculation Vatican newspaper, L'Osservatore mano, denounces Bondomania dangerous mixture of violence, v ity, sadism and sex," though perm Dr. Joseph Fletcher, author of tion Ethics (TIME, Jan. 21) sees "healthy fantasizing and myth-ma Dr. Harold Lief of Tulane's ment of Psychiatry thinks Bond's boy philosophy may reflect changing values and the shape to come—"another manifestal the trend toward greater female siveness, the separation of love

Though the surreal would probably stand up such criticism, he might pundits who reason that, in ridden age, it is more fun Spectre, Thrush, and ZOWIE ponder the threats posed by Mai tung. The Bondsmen seem for too a crew to inflict any permanent on young or old, male or lema art, the spy spoofs have little they lack even true satirical what Critic G. K. Chesterton in fence of Nonsense called exuberant capering round a truth." A craze occurs when quired taste unaccountably bec addiction. Without ever believing audiences find the spoofers swallow. But mock espionage, hard put to survive a throng of string undercover men who seem in need of vocational guidance TIME, MARCH



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tenth of an inch to ten inches. In oil refineries and chemical plants, it eliminates complex and time-consuming inspection procedures, boosts efficiency as much as 85%. The ultrasonic thickness indicator is one of many Budd testing instruments that increase margins of safety in industry. Like to know more? Contact Dr. John H. Buck, Vice President, Instruments Division, The Budd Company, Box 245, Phoenixville, Pa. 19460

DESTRUCTION COMPANY

Wherever you look...you see Budd

The Second Longest Day

AUSTERLITZ by Claude Manceron. 318 pages. Norton. \$5.95.

In August 1805, eight months after he had unceremoniously crowned himself Emperor of the French, Napoleon was up to his coronet in complications. His invasion of England, announced 18 months earlier, had bogged down on the beaches near Boulogne. His fleet floundered useless, bottled up by the British at Ferrol. His treasury lay empty, and all across Europe his prestige was ebbing. On Aug. 13, Talleyrand brought word that Austria and

a massive attack on France. Napoleon made his decision and went to work. In six blazing, uninterrupted hours that left his secretary's hand a stiffened lump, he dictated to the last detail the plan of a campaign that took 150,000 men from the Channel to the Danube in what many historians consider the greatest military march of modern times. Though this book is burdened by a poor English translation, French Novelist-Historian Claude Manceron succeeds in providing a meticulously documented account of the 1805 campaign. And his hourby-hour reconstruction of Austerlitz, Napoleon's most brilliant military success, presents a compelling, page-by-page study as well of the man who was an incomparable military genius.

Russia were hastening to mount

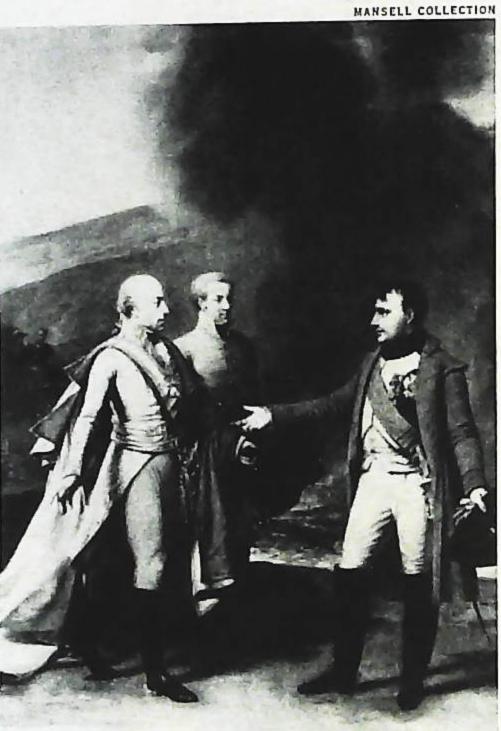
Wrung Necks. Napoleon was a maniac for detail, and one of the first of the Organization Men. He demanded and got a running record of every regiment, including a summary of

its encounters, its numerical strength, the roll of its injured and sick and the number of its annual recruitment. He commanded an elaborate network of spies who informed him minutely of the strength and movements of his adversaries. He centralized authority absolutely in himself, and his precise, ingeniously correlated orders of march gained a maneuverability for his army that was far in excess of that enjoyed by any other contemporary fighting force. For the Austerlitz campaign, he invented and applied a set of rules involving foraging, billeting, and shifting from order of march to order of battle that exemplified his methods almost perfectly.

One of his methods was "to wring the neck of each of his adversaries separately." Before the Russians could join their allies in Austria, Napoleon rushed across Germany to meet the Austrians alone at Ulm and attacked from the rear. Ulm fell, and Austria surrendered 60,000 soldiers, the main body of its

army, to Napoleon. At this point, the Russians lumbered up, Napoleon chased them down the Danube, captured Vienna and carted off 100,000 muskets, 2,000 artillery pieces and a virtually inexhaustible supply of ammunition, while the Russians and a few thousand leftover Austrians escaped northward to Olmutz to wait for reinforcements.

Shattered Wings. Like an angry eagle whose prey has eluded his first pounce, Napoleon instantly set out to lure the enemy back into striking range. Literally trailing a broken right wing, he drew up his army near Austerlitz. Thanks to the deceptive disposition of his forces,



FRANCIS & NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ First of the Organization Men.

the Allies imagined that they outnumbered him two to one. They hurled the full force of their armies against the vulnerable French right. Napoleon smashed back violently at the unguarded Allied flank, shattered its center, broke through, circled both halves for the kill. He made his only major tactical mistake when he diverted troops to fight the bitterly resisting Allied left and al-

lowed most of the Allied right to escape. The results of the campaign were all that Napoleon could have wanted. He had shaped the Grand Army into an incomparable machine for conquest. He had established his imperial prestige unquestionably before the world. He had crippled the ambitions of the fatuous Czar Alexander. He had reduced the haughty Holy Roman Emperor Francis II to the role of a satrap of France. And he had unknowingly avenged himself on his old English enemy, William Pitt, who literally died after he got the news of Austerlitz

The Wicked "Mister Six *Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric

MARQUIS DE SADE, SELECTE edited by Gilbert Lely. 188 tober House, \$8.50.

The jailers in the big priso cennes called him Monsieur name of the arrogant prison tower had not yet become as for conscienceless cruelty, but something about him that ik did not like, and they preferred his dinner to him through in the floor.

Perhaps the warders were no Mister Six. No one, neither the France nor the Republican aries nor Napoleon himself to do with the Marquis de Sal lock him up. And no one h known what to make of him sm

Dyspeptic Glutton. He was cause he liked to whip girls & even a prostitute's pay is not en this sort of thing-De Sade's for apparatus could be pretty de and there were complaints at and also about sodomy, which the death penalty. His rank s from the gallows but not from His trouble seems to have been was a stupendous sexual glutta the same time a sexual dyspe much was not enough. His pleat pain, and pain was his pleas confined him to the not incom pleasures of his imagination. 20 years he wrote his blue mis The Bedroom Philosophers. Days of Sodom, Justine, and which he gave literary form he hoped, philosophic stall aberrations.

He also wrote letters, most wife, his mother-in-law, his m his valet. Unlike his fictive these painful letters are not de give pleasure. Most of then dling pleas to be let out of the usual prisoner's complain food or the class of person pelled to associate with Sonk ny, some unconsciously so one in which he suggests girls as cellmates would relic the urge to write books

Somewhere Over the Rimb new collection was discovere by Gilbert Lély, a Franch the château of the Marqui Sade, a direct descendant. impolite to call Lély certainly is a Sadean, and that. Lely hopes that help readers to "enjoy De erotic paradise without and Havelock Ellis (") umph of human ideal Fair enough from these Lély insists that one letter pared only to "the music In other places, Shakespear tophanes are somehow correspondence foreshadows tréamont, Arthur Rimhaud MIME, MARCH 4, 1966

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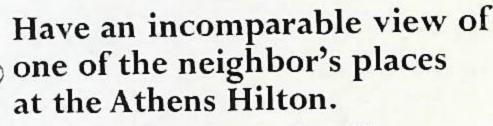
TIME, MA

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in Rome.

a day on the Via

Veneto to come back

for a dip in Manager

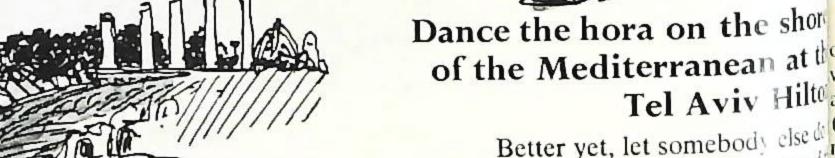
Olaf Bonde's garden

pool. Or drink on his

roof-top terrace as

you watch the lights

come on in Rome.



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It's Manager Herb Jerosh's pride and joy.

Another thing he's proud of is his sunny

laden balconies of the lovely guest rooms.

Spanish courtyard, surrounded by the flower-

Enjoy coffee as you never regarded himself. before at the Istanbul

Go international with all the comforts of Hilton. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office. Jarry. Finally, De Sade can now be considered "an admissible genius like Shakespeare, Pascal or Nietzsche."

All this is literary poppycock. It may be true that De Sade is a fascinating figure: Edmund Wilson and Simone de Beauvoir have written studies on him. and the London-Broadway hit Marat/ Sade, as well as a new paperback edition of his writings, testifies to renewed public interest. But it is also true that he is the compulsive addict of every conceivable extremity within the technical possibilities of the human sexual apparatus. What he could not do he dreamed, and what he dreamed, he wrote. His letters can be analyzed in seven deeply felt but wonderfully inconsistent categories: 1) he didn't do it Stroll through Madrid's finest sho (he had been accused of kidnaping in the Castellana Hilton's own playoung girls, and there was a suspicion

THE MARQUIS DE SADE Too much was not enough.

of the Mediterranean at thof murder); 2) the victim was only a Tel Aviv Hilte and cardinals; 4) he couldn't help it Better yet, let somebody else di (forgetting that if that were so, his lew of locked up); 5) it was all a conspiracy Man- (again by his mother-in-law, who want-Bob Grant's new hotel. (You won't ed his estates); 6) he was a special case; anything like this on the Jer ey shorand, finally and sadly, 7) he wasn't doleft off beating his wife. This does not exactly reveal a great mind at work or the "just and sensitive spirit" that he

Hilto Whiplash. Still, De Sade's letters are interesting not only for his status as a

You'll have to admit Manametaphysical monster but for his human George Desbaillets' waitresses inconsistencies. Sometimes he addressed his wife as "my lollote," "celestial pussy-pretty spectacular. But no more so cat," "joy of Mahomet" and "whiplash the view of the Bosphorus you of my nerves"; at other times he comhave from the magnificent plained that she had visited him in imroof-top rotisserie restaur modest clothes, told her he would rather er see her in a whorehouse than with her mother, and lectured her sternly about his superior philosophical sys-

tems ("Mine," he wrote, "are based on

reason, and yours are merely the fruit of stupidity"). He was more jovial with his valet Carteron: "Ah: you ancient pumpkin cooked in bugs' juice, third horn of the devil's head, codface drawn out like the two ears of an oyster, slipper of a procuress." It was hardly an appropriate tone to take with one's valet, but Carteron was no ordinary valet; he was a member of the orgy.

In one letter from prison, De Sade wrote: "Imaginative about morality in a way more disorderly than the world has ever known, atheist to the point of fanaticism, in fact, that is what I am like, and once again, kill me or take me as I am, for I shall not change." Rejection of God seems to have exhausted his powers of skepticism. In his lonely circular cell he became a devout numerologist, and solemnly counted the words or lines in letters he received as a basis for abstruse and totally nutty calculations that would provide, he believed, the exact date of his release. His number never came up. He died of a pulmonary congestion in the asylum at Charenton.

Beyond Unreality

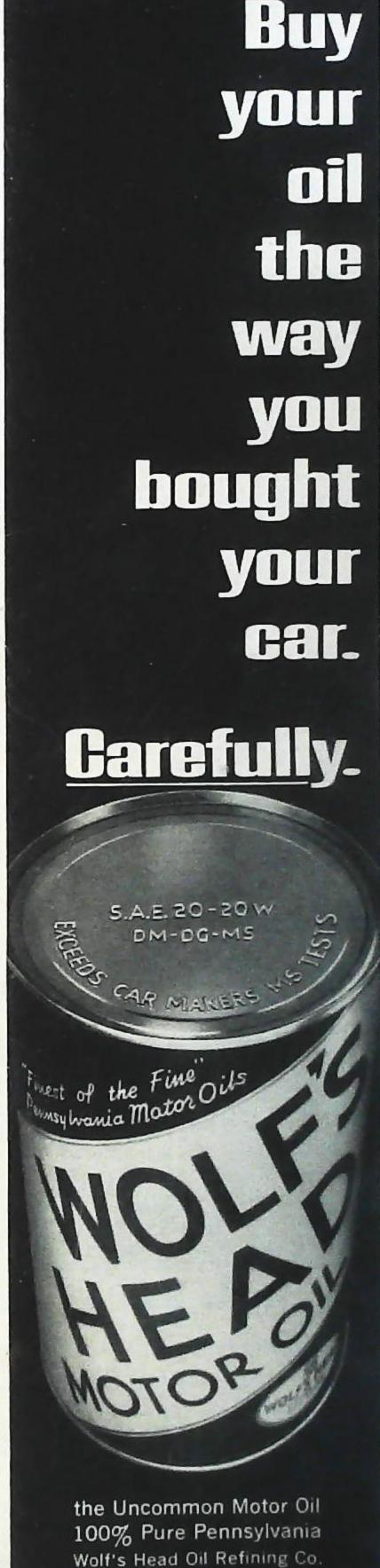
THE NOWHERE CITY by Alison Lurie. 276 pages Coward-McCann \$4.50.

Los Angeles is a fiction whose accepted public image carries the impact of heightened reality, like Disneyland or a dream. Even the displaced outlanders who now make Los Angeles their home accept as fact such ephemeral entities as Venice West, rats in palm trees, eternal sunshine, Hollywood and Vine, schools of pink Cadillacs, and tawny, ubiquitous beauties in spike heels and white sharkskin Jax slacks.

Despite a great body of belief, and much effort, no novelist has ever fully, succeeded in making Los Angeles seem real. Alison Lurie, the author of this novel about Los Angeles, does not succeed in bringing it off either. But she fails so charmingly that the reader at least can understand why all those

migrants went West. Comical Fun. In Love and Friendship, her first novel, Miss Lurie, the wife of a Cornell University professor vamped with considerable effect on the shopworn theme of infidelity. She treated sex not as something to leer about, sneer about or pontificate about, but as innocent and sightly comical fun. This attitude is readymade for Los Angeles, where the sun is said to remove inhibitions even faster than it reduces skin pallor. But Miss Lurie is less concerned with proving for the umpteenth time that Los Angeles is phony than she is in the possibility that phoniness is just another form of reality.

All the characters in The Nowhere City are so improbable that they could have been spawned by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Isidore Einsam is introduced as a veritable caricature, who with his spade beard and Mittel-European manner looks like "an



Oil City, Pa.



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ALISON LURIE Rather dead than bred

advertisement for a psychiatra gives dictation in the nude and rule about his Westwood apa any woman who ventures the expect, willy-nilly, to be relieved virtue.

Einsam is married to Glove a Hollywood starlet who trou beauty on before breakfast and in four-letter words. To believe characters is nothing short of terous. Or is it? In Miss Lurie's sympathetic hands, Glory and nearly everyone else in the bal ate the appeal of children who ingenuousness disarms the Most Hollywood starlets would be dead than bred. But Glar templating pregnancy at the h Einsam, goes all starletty-el think I'd really like to get kned she says.

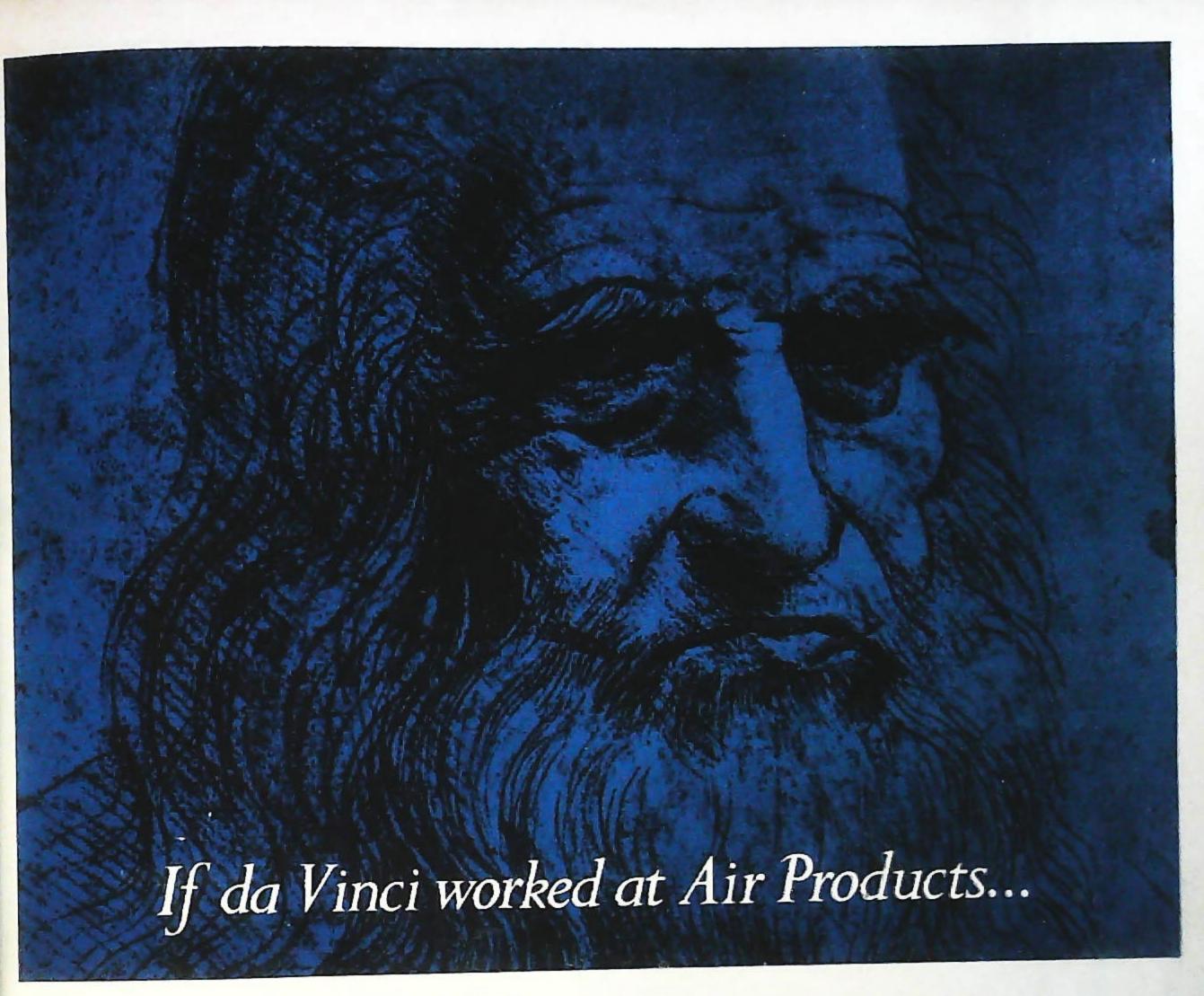
Warning: Curves. The less s Nowhere's plot the better. It like Los Angeles itself and wind lentlessly as Mulholland Driv two books, Miss Lurie's sense tion lags well behind her sense acter. But the latter is sure end engaging enough to compensal deficiency. If the trip through is not particularly compelling. acterization at least suggests " Lurie's proper direction has

Short Notices

THAT SUMMER by Allen pages. Coward-McCann. 54 95

It seemed obvious from the ate press gallery back those 100-odd characters and orating down helew searching for some author them up in a novel. So New Drury wrote Advise and course there was a seque Difference—but now the trol started for Novelist Drury gun to write about ordinar They are the nice upper-mi

TIME MARCH



If Leonardo da Vinci worked at Air Products, he would have at his command the necessary support capability in skilled personnel and complete facilities to translate his great pioneering inventions into practical realities.

At Air Products innovation is everyone's responsibility. Supported by in-depth capabilities, this spirit has propelled the Company to a position of leadership in chemicals and cryogenics sales and profits.

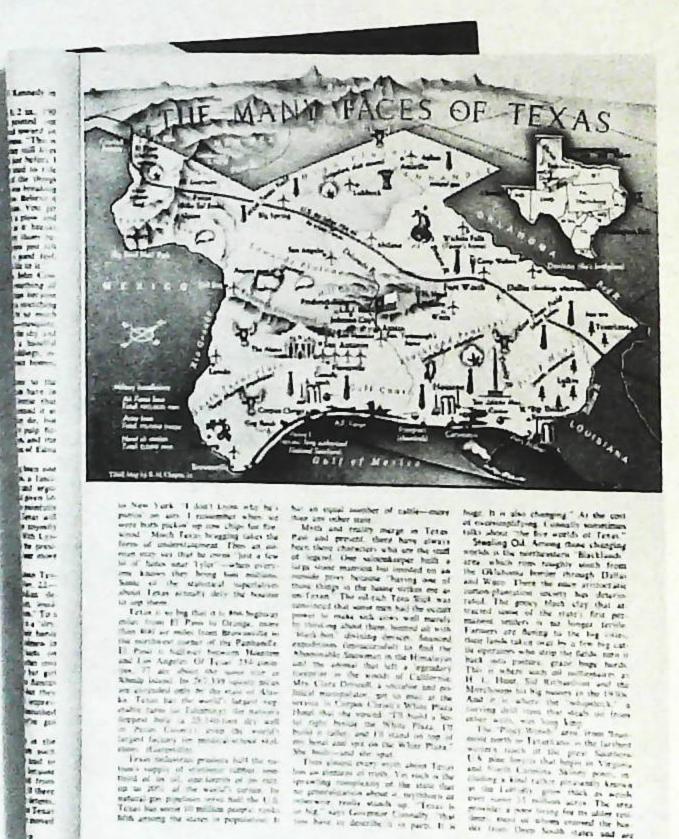
Even da Vinci would have admired the challenges that Air Products has met in servicing its customers. They include helping melt steel faster... freeze-sealing flavor in foods...propelling man into space...keeping water resources clean...fusing or cutting any metal...improving agricultural yields...saving heat for the winter...producing safer tires.

Like da Vinci, Air Products people have had to dream, design, and develop things that didn't exist before. Unlike da Vinci, Air Products has the total support capability to carry its innovations to the market place.



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TIME maps / Some maps keep you from getting lost. In TIME, where the news is well sign-posted, they add an extra dimension to the story. They locate economic wealth, mark a new frontier, pinpoint explosions in a crisis, trace the path of a satellite, a ship, or an expedition. No need to stretch the imagination to measure a news area when there are TIME maps. Another of the dividends you find in TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine.



Total his some in milities people took. In high ways Governor Connady, that does not no stores crowed the his fifth among the state in population is took have in describe it or purp. It is not from them book states and are

inhabitants of Greenmont, C. summer colony 6,000 feet un Sierras. Greenmont is slightly clusive than the U.S. Senate tial memberships are restricted It is also much duller. The argle-bargle of private thought much less interesting than even most preposterous oratory; N people are so ordinary that they be sold to a public-opinion poll instant sample.

The intrusion of a U.S. Army with vague psychological problem the inhabitants of Greenmon their smug torpor into some malice. The major's crime is that seduced (or has been seduced thirtyish spinster of the Green tribe. Before the major can be to death by ducks, he is merciful molated in a forest fire.

Drury seems to expect that h tional enclave will be taken as a m cosm of the world-or, as he put his frightful prose—"an easywisecracking, self-centred distillation all the busy bright uncaring a world." Hardly.

DAVID SARNOFF by Eugene 372 pages. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

Papa wanted his first-born son come a trader; Mama, who can a long line of rabbis, was determined that he should become a schole when Papa left the tiny Russianfive-year-old son off to her un penniless rabbi who lived several dred miles away. For almost five the little boy lived there. He only child among a household of ups; he rose with them at sunu for twelve or 14 hours a day in pages of ancient texts in Hebre Aramaic until he could repeat the heart.

To this day, 75-year-old Day noff, chairman of the massive Corporation of America, Br General of the Army in World and adviser to five Presidents. those years of everlasting drudge clammy poverty, and the denial normal family life. Eugene Lyon noff's first cousin and a senior of the Reader's Digest. sugges this deprived childhood sparked satiable drive for success which Sarnoff's public career. That doubtedly true, just as it is true Sarnoff's success rests on his ca for perseverance, his almost unid ministrative genius and a bull belief in the ever-expanding of electronics and communication

Unhappily, Author Lyons ha duced something closer to an ciatingly detailed publicity release er than a definitive and prob ography, a glossy photograp than an interpretive painting achievements deserve better rec —and a better biography

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village of Uzlian to try his THE NEW \$100,000 CITRUS OPEN will match the world's best golfers -America, Mama immediately March 17-20—at Orlando's rugged Rio Pinar course. Eight other courses, set among Orlando's lakes and palms, offer a year-round challenge.

FLORIDA'S ONLY PROFESSIONAL SYMPHONY makes its home in Orlando. Phillippe Entremont, Birgit Nilsson, Leonard Rose, Gina Bachauer, Duke Ellington and Jack Benny are among the artists appearing this year.



A QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE symbolized here by laser research at the Martin Company, is a vital part of the personality of the Orlando/Orange County area. \$11 million has been earmarked for initial construction of a new Florida engineering college just outside of Orlando and Rollins

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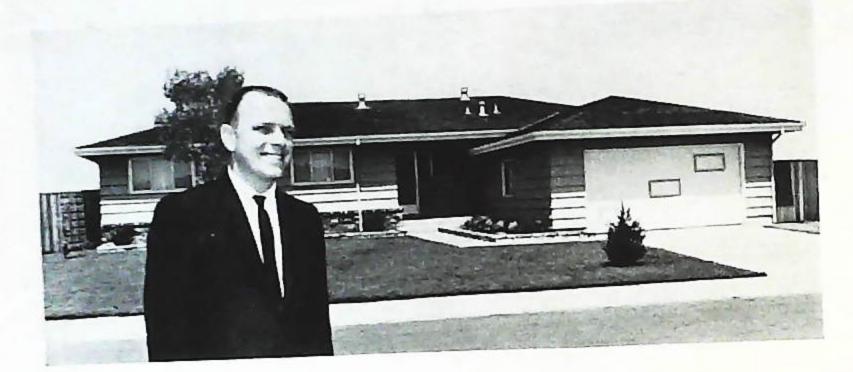
OVER HALF OF FLORIDA'S MAJOR ATTRACTIONS including Cape Kennedy, Busch Gardens, Silver Springs and Cypress Gardens are within 90 minutes driving time. Orlando is the future site of another fabulous land of Walt Disney and a new western world of Roy Rogers!

114

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

115

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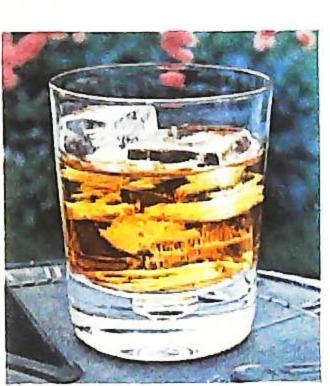
Why G.E.? "Reliable," answers Mr. Throckmorton. And there's a good reason. G.E. makes every major component that goes into its system. Every parameter matched to work perfectly with the rest. This maximum efficiency, dependable performance

Call for free survey. If you have forced-airly find out how little it costs to add G-E Central Conditioning. Call your G-E dealer for a free installation estimate. Ask him, too, about his financing terms. There's no obligation. See the Pages under "Air Conditioning Equipment."

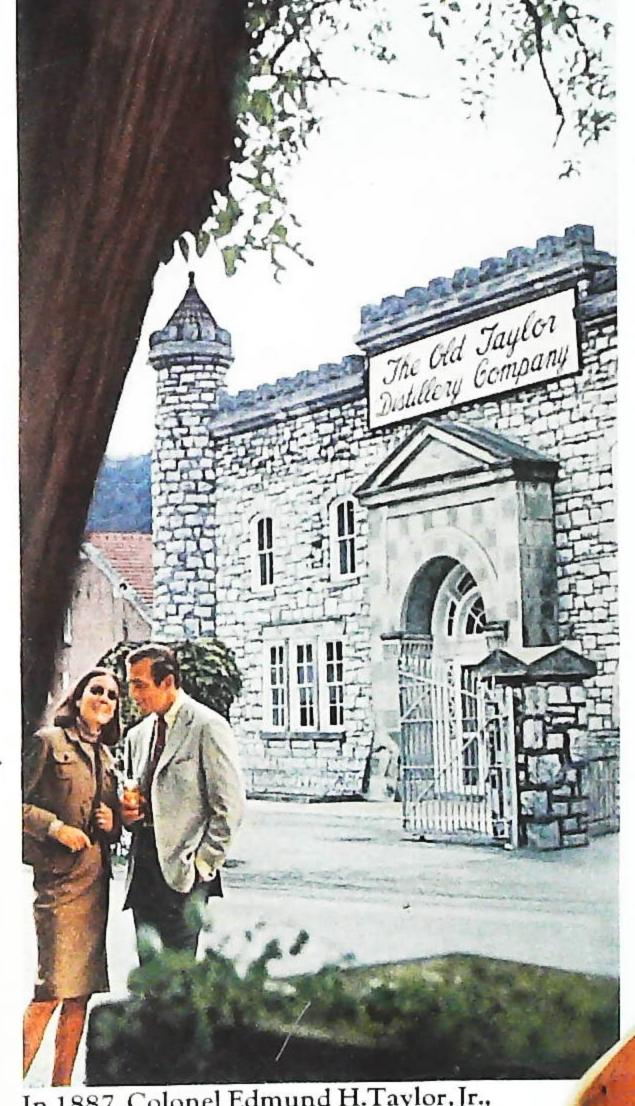
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